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RECENT SCIENCE.

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I.

THE world of chemical phenomena is so immensely wide, and the phenomena themselves are so complicated, that the founders of modern chemistry were compelled to limit the area of their investigations, and sharply to separate their own domain from those of the two sister-sciences, physics and mechanics, leaving it to the future to find out the bonds which might unite all three branches into one harmonious whole. They and their followers elaborated their own methods of investigation; they discovered their own chemical laws and worked out their own hypotheses and theories; and, with the aid of these methods, laws, and hypotheses, they created a science which not only interprets, discovers, and predicts the phenomena it deals with, but already has brought us within a measurable distance of a general

theory of the structure of matter altogether.

In proportion as chemical research went deeper into the study of the wonderful movements and interactions of molecules and atoms, the intimate connection which exists between chemistry, physics, and mechanics became more and more apparent. The physical and the chemical properties of matter proved to be so closely interdependent that they could be explained no longer with the aid of chemical theories alone; the very fundamental laws of chemistry appeared to be but so many expressions of physical facts; and chemistry stands now in such a position that no further advance in its theoretical part is possible, unless it enters the borderland which separates it from physics, recognizes the unity of chemical and physical forces, and, availing itself of the progress recently made in molecular me-

chanics, boldly attacks the great problem of a physical—that is, a mechanical—interpretation of chemical facts. This is the work which now engrosses the attention of most chemists.

The points of contact between physics and chemistry are very numerous, and the work is being carried on in several directions at once. The discovery by Mendeléeff of the so-called “periodical law of elements” has called into life numerous researches, some of which accumulate correct numerical data to express the dependence between the physical properties of various bodies and their chemical constitution; while others endeavor to interpret this very periodicity in the properties of the elements under the assumption of their compound nature. On the other side, the recent development of the mechanical theory of heat, and the interest awakened of late in electricity, have given rise to numerous researches aiming at a representation of chemical reactions as mere transformations of heat-energy or electricity. And, finally, most skilful investigations are being made, and most suggestive hypotheses advanced as regards the possible distribution of atoms within the molecules, under the supposition of their remaining in a state of equilibrium; and thus the way is prepared for a higher conception of the atoms—not motionless and mutually equilibrated, but involved, like the planets of our solar system, in complicated movements within the molecules. Works of importance have appeared of late in each of these directions. But no other domain has lately been explored with such a feverish activity as the vast domain of *solutions*; and to these researches we must now turn our attention.

In former times, it was supposed that if some table-salt, or sugar (or any other solid, liquid, or gas) is dissolved in water or in any other liquid, the particles of the dissolved body will simply spread, or glide, between the particles of the solvent, and simply be mixed together—just as if we had made a mixture of two different powders or two gases. But on a closer study a succession of most complicated and unexpected phenomena was revealed, even in so simple a fact as the solution of a pinch of salt in a tumbler of water. The solutions proved to be the arena upon which phenomena cease to be purely physical, and become chemical, and they were

studied accordingly with the hope that they might give a physical cue to chemical reactions. Hundreds of researches are contributed every year to this subject;* and although there is yet no final result to record, we are bound nevertheless to examine the present state of investigations which so much interest and excite chemists.†

Few scientific hypotheses have proved so productive in the development of science altogether as the so-called “kinetic theory of gases.” A gas, according to this hypothesis, is an aggregate of molecules which move very rapidly in all directions and endeavor to disperse in space—the rapidity of their movements being increased by every increase of the temperature of the gas. In their endeavors to escape in all directions the molecules of the gases continually bombard the walls of the vessels which contain them. They break them if they are weak enough, or else they exercise upon them a pressure which is nothing but the sum of all energies of the molecules which strike a unit of surface in a unit of time. In our

* The Committee appointed by the British Association for reporting on the bibliography of solutions had catalogued no less than 255 papers, which appeared in 1890, in a few periodicals only. The total was at that time 930 papers.

† We know no general review of this extremely complicated question which we might recommend to the general reader. The address delivered by Prof. Orme Masson before the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, in January 1891; Prof. S. U. Pickering's Report to the British Association, in 1890, on the hydrate theory of solution, followed by a most interesting discussion between Profs. Gladstone, Arrhenius, Armstrong, Fitzgerald, Van 't Hoff, Lodge, Ostwald, and Ramsay, and the elaborate report, by W. N. Shaw, on electrolysis (*British Association Reports*, 1890, Leeds), are excellent sources of general information. Ostwald's work, *Solutions* (English translation in 1891), as well as his *Lehrbuch der allgemeinen Chemie* (Leipzig, 1885; new edition of first volume in 1892), and the review, *Zeitschrift für physikalische Chemie*, which he publishes since 1887, unhappily take but little notice of the chemical aspects of the question. Mendeléeff's footnotes in his most remarkable *Principles of Chemistry* (London, 1891) are perhaps, on the whole, the best means for gaining a general and impartial insight into the whole question. Though himself one of the earliest promoters of the hydrate or chemical theory of solutions, he fully recognizes the importance of the physical theories, and sums them up with his usual clearness.

steam-engines the molecules (or rather particles) of steam bombard the walls of the cylinder; they push the piston by their aggregate energies and, setting it in motion, make it move the huge masses it has to move. This is, of course, but an hypothesis; but since it so perfectly explains the pressure, the elasticity, the diffusion, and the internal friction of gases, and permits us to predict the consequences of the invisible bombardment; and since its consequences, mathematically deduced by Maxwell, Clausius, Boltzmann, and many others, fully agree with the reality of facts—it can be considered no more as a mere guess; it is a theory.

Now, the Dutch chemist Van 't Hoff proved in 1886 that the same theory holds good for weak solutions as well. If some sugar, or some sulphuric acid, or any other liquid or solid, be dissolved in some liquid, the bonds which keep together the particles of sugar or of the acid are torn asunder by the solvent. The particles spread among those of the solvent, and they take up the same movements which they would perform if the sugar or the acid were brought into a gaseous state in a free space. They bombard the walls of the vessel, and exercise upon them a certain pressure which will be increased if the bombardment is rendered more violent by either raising the temperature of the solution, or increasing the number of bombarding particles by a limited increase of its strength. Though there is not the slightest reason for supposing that the dissolved solid or liquid may be in a gaseous state within the solvent, the very fact of scattering its particles over a broad space is sufficient to free them from their mutual bonds; they behave exactly as if the sugar or the acid were brought into a gaseous state by evaporation and filled the space occupied by the solution. They obey all the physico-chemical laws (the laws of Boyle, Marriotte, Gay Lussac, and Avogadro) which hold good for gases.

The kinetic theory of *gases* was thus extended to *liquids*, and the first step was soon followed by another, even more important step, when Van der Waals—also a Dutch chemist—still more effectively bridged over the gap between the gaseous and liquid condition of matter. He studied that state of a gas when, under an increasing pressure and a decreasing tem-

perature, it becomes a liquid; and he found a mathematical expression (an equation) which very approximately represents the mutual dependence between the volume occupied by the gas under a given pressure, its temperature, the volume occupied by its particles, and their mutual pressure. He thus expressed in a more comprehensive way how, in proportion as the lengths of the paths of its particles decrease, a gas becomes a liquid.*

The long-since suspected continuity between the gaseous and liquid states of matter was thus demonstrated once more, and rendered easy to investigate; and the importance of these conclusions was still more enhanced by Clausius when he demonstrated that a slight alteration of Van der Waals' equation makes it also represent the absorption or dissipation of heat-energy which always takes place when a body passes from the liquid to the gaseous state, or *vice versa*.

And, finally, another step in the same direction was made by the French physicist, Raoult. We all know that if some table-salt, or saltpetre, or some other salt, be added to water, the water may be cooled below zero without freezing. Its freezing temperature is lowered. Now Raoult studied the lowering of this temperature caused in water and other liquids by the addition of various amounts of various salts, and he came to a most remarkable result. It appeared that, whatever the nature of the dissolved salt may be, the freezing temperature of a solution will always be lowered by the same amount (nearly six-tenths of a degree) if we add one molecule of the dissolved body to each hundred molecules of the solvent.† Thus, again, a purely physical fact, such as freezing, proves to be dependent upon a purely chemical fact—the molecular weights of the solvent and the dissolved

* See the interesting discussions which took place upon this subject in the Physical Society, in October and November last.

† Thus, if table-salt be used, the weight of its molecule (compared to a molecule of hydrogen) is $58\frac{1}{2}$; while the weight of a molecule of water (also compared with hydrogen) is 18. So that, if we add $58\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of table-salt to each 1,800 ounces of water, we shall lower its freezing temperature by 0.62° of the centigrade scale. The same result will be obtained if we take $74\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of potassium chloride, or 101 ounces of saltpetre, to the same amount of water.

body; and this physical law is so general that it has become a very accurate means for determining such chemical data as molecular weights. Chemistry and physics appear again so closely interwoven that there is really no means of separating them.

It is not possible to describe in a few words the impetus given by the discovery of these connections to physico-chemical research altogether. A school, headed by Ostwald, of most enthusiastic supporters of what has been termed (not quite properly) the physical theory of solutions, has grown up; and this school, while bringing out a mass of important researches and widening the field of chemical investigations, has naturally come to consider itself as being on the right track for elaborating a complete theory of the subject. Unhappily, this is not the case, because the chemical reactions which undoubtedly take place in solutions are not taken into account in the just-mentioned physical laws. In reality, so long as but small amounts of solids, or liquids, or gases are dissolved in a liquid, and so long as only such bodies are brought into contact as have no strong chemical affinity to each other, the above theories are quite correct. But as soon as the solution is rendered stronger, or the solvent and the dissolved body are endowed with a mutual chemical affinity, chemical reactions set in. Part of the molecules of the dissolved body dissociate, and the atoms of which they were composed, on being set free, combine with the atoms of the solvent. Chemical forces, much more energetic than the physical forces, enter into play, and most complicated chemical reactions—the intensity of which may be judged of from the changes of temperature—begin. To deny them is simply impossible, although this has been done in the excitement of polemics. The chemical reactions which take place within the solutions, and especially the formation of definite though unstable compounds of salts, acids, and bases with water, have been rendered evident by so many careful investigations of experienced chemists,* that the secondary importance given to them by most adherents of the physical theory would be simply incom-

prehensible were it not for the hope which they cherish of ultimately explaining all chemical processes by the above-mentioned molecular movements. At any rate, in order to account for the effects of the chemical reactions, the followers of the physical theory were compelled to seek support in an additional agency—electricity. Starting from the familiar fact of solutions being decomposed by an electrical current, they admitted that in every solution part of its molecules dissociate, breaking up into their component parts, which are charged with either positive or negative electricity (the name of "ions" is usually given to those component parts). By means of this admission, they attempted to explain the discrepancies between observation and the conclusions drawn from the above-mentioned laws, especially in the case of water solutions of salts, acids, and bases, and the stronger solutions altogether. It must be recognized that many important relations between electrical conductivity and chemical action have been brought out in this way by Arrhenius* and his followers, and many discrepancies between the laws of Van 't Hoff and Raoult and the observed facts have been explained. But it is also evident that, once a partial dissociation of molecules is admitted, the whole takes a chemical aspect, and reference to such an unknown cause as electricity does not simplify the matter. All kinds of chemical reactions take place in solutions. Some molecules of the dissolved body simply exchange their atoms in succession, while maintaining the same grouping of atoms, and consequently the same chemical composition. In other molecules the grouping only of the same atoms is changed, and we have reactions of replacement, or isomerism. But, at the same time, new and more or less stable combinations between the atoms of both solvent and dissolved body take place in various proportions; double decompositions most probably occur as well; while the physical phenomena of sliding of undecomposed particles continue at the same time—the physical movements of the particles being impressed by, and acting upon, the chemical movements of the atoms within the molecules.

* We need only mention the names of Armstrong, Etard, Pickering, Mendeléeff and so on.

* Svenska Vetenskaps Academiens Handlingar, 1863.

It must be confessed that neither theory has as yet succeeded in following this multitude of movements and of catching the moment when the movements of particles are transformed into atomic movements and redistribution; and though we may name several equally important works which have been published on this subject during the last twelve months, we can mention none which have thrown new light on the subject.* Let us only add that the subject itself has been immensely widened of late by the wonderful researches of Heycock and Neville on the lowering of the temperature of solidification of metals, by the addition of other metals, and of Roberts-Austen upon alloys—that is, metals dissolved in metals—which behave very much like all aqueous solutions. However, a new departure in this branch has been made, quite recently, by Messrs. Harold Picton and S. E. Linder. They studied the structure of solutions of sulphide salts which offer the advantage of giving a whole series of gradations between real solutions (that is, liquids which seem to consist of liquid particles only) and such as contain extremely small particles of solid matter in suspension. By submitting the series to various tests, it was ascertained that all these solutions, even those reputed as homogeneous, contain infinitely small solid particles, the presence of which is revealed, on Tyndall's method, by a beam of light. In some of them the particles—all of the same size and performing rapid oscillatory movements—are even seen under the microscope, when magnified a thousand times; while in antimonium sulphide the very formation of coarser agglomerations out of invisible particles can be followed under the microscope. In short, the authors came to the conclusion that there is no sharp limit between a state under which the mutual attractions between the particles of the solvent and the suspended particles of the dissolved body are very feeble, and a state when, these aggregations becoming of a smaller size, the forces which keep them in the solution become of a de-

cidedly chemical nature. A new and promising method is thus given.

If we take into account the rapid accumulation of data relative to the subject of solutions and the various theories already germinating, we may hope that the day is not far off when a complete theory of these phenomena will be possible. Let us only remark that all the work hitherto done confirms more and more the idea which becomes more and more popular among chemists, and which Mendeléeff has so well expressed in a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution in May, 1889; * namely, that the molecules of all bodies, simple or compound, borrow their individualities from the characters of the movements which the atoms perform within the molecules. Each molecule may be considered as a system, like the systems of Saturn or Jupiter with their satellites—each separate type of such systems giving a separate type of molecules, and the chemical properties of the molecules being determined by the character of the system and its movements. It may already be foreseen that further progress in the great investigation into the mechanical basis of chemical energy will be made in this direction.

II.

One of the chief objections to the theory of evolution which was especially laid stress upon some thirty years ago, was the impossibility of producing at that time a series of "intermediate links" to connect the now existing animals and plants with their presumed ancestors from former geological epochs. To meet the objection, Darwin had to devote a special chapter in his great work to the imperfection of the geological record, and to insist both upon its fragmentary character and our imperfect knowledge of what it contains. The recent progress of both geology and paleontology renders such explanations almost superfluous. Geology, aided by the deep-sea explorations, has come to a better comprehension of the mechanism of sediments, and it knows what it may expect to find in the rocky archives of the earth, and what it may not; and, on

* Besides the leading chemical periodicals, an excellent analysis, by W. Nernst, of all the chief work done during the year 1891, and its bearing upon the theory of solutions, will be found in a chemical year-book which was started this year by Richard Meyer, the *Jahrbuch der Chemie*. Frankfurt, 1892.

* "An Attempt to apply to Chemistry one of the Principles of Newton's Natural Philosophy," in the *Principles of Chemistry*, vol. ii. Appendix I.

the other side, the discovery of the missing links between past and present has been going on of late with such a rapidity as has outstripped the most sanguine expectations. Our museums already contain whole series of fossil organisms which almost step by step illustrate the slow evolution of large divisions of both animals and plants; our present mammals already have been connected by intermediary forms with many of their Tertiary ancestors; and the palæontologist can already trace the pedigree of birds, and even mammals, as far back as the lizards of the Secondary period—not merely deducing it from embryological data, but by showing the real beings which once breathed and moved about upon earth.

At the same time one point of great moment for the theory of evolution, and only alluded to by Darwin, has been brought into prominence. The part played by migrations in the appearance of new species has been rendered quite obvious. Thus we know perfectly well that the ancestors of our horse migrated over both Americas, Asia, Europe, Africa, and probably back to Asia, and that each step in those migrations was marked by the apparition of some new characters which are now distinctive of the horse. The same remark applies to the mastodons and their descendants, the elephants; to the common ancestors of the camel and the llama, and to the Ungulata altogether. It may be taken now as a general rule that the evolution of new species chiefly took place when the old ones were compelled to migrate to new abodes, and to stay there for a time in new conditions of climate and general surroundings. The intermediate forms have *not* been exterminated on the spot; and if we want to obtain the intermediate links between two allied species, the relics of which are found in two geological formations of a given country, we must ransack for fossils all the five continents upon which the intermediate links have been scattered. This is why the discovery of intermediate types has gone on so rapidly since North America, South Africa, South America, New Zealand, and partly Asia began to be thoroughly explored by experienced palæontologists.

Many of the "missing links" were discovered, as is known, in Darwin's lifetime. Thus, the first really bird-like,

feathered lizard, the *Archæopteria*, was unearthed as early as 1862; and eight years later, Professor O. C. Marsh already described, from the Upper Cretaceous beds of North America, two more lizard-birds, one of which (*Hesperornis*) must have resembled our present fish-eating divers, while the other (*Ichthyornis*), provided with powerful wings, had—apart from its toothed jaws—all the appearance of a bird of our own time.* And, finally, the discovery of a large ostrich-like bird (*Dasornis Londinensis*) in the Lower Eocene of the Isle of Sheppey, and of another, also big and flightless bird (*Gastornis*), in the Eocene of Meudon, Rheims and Croydon, established a further connection between the bird-like lizards of the Triassic times and real specialized birds.

These last discoveries brought the series very near to our own times, and they were the more valuable as the just mentioned *Gastornis* proved to combine some of the characters of both flying birds and of those which, like the ostrich, the cassowary, and the emu, do not fly; while the Pliocene deposits of North India and the numberless remains of the so-called *moas* of New Zealand yielded specimens of still nearer ancestors of our flightless birds. The New Zealand deposits of bones became known more than fifty years ago, when Owen, on receiving (in 1839) a broken but characteristic moa-bone, determined the general characters of the great ostrich-like *Dinornis*, which inhabited the island quite recently, but is found no more in a living state. But it is especially of late that the enormous accumulations of moa-remains have been explored in detail. Cartloads of those bones have already been shipped to Europe, and new accumulations continue to be found—always with the same astonishing numbers of individuals entombed on the same spot, and in the same excellent state of preservation. Such a deposit—one of the most remarkable of its kind—has been lately discovered by Professor H. O. Forbes, near Oamaru, in the South Island of New

* R. Lydekker's *Catalogue of Fossil Birds of the British Museum*, London, 1892. For the general reader we cannot but highly recommend a charming book of the same author, *Phases of Animal Life, Past and Present*, London, 1892, which is a real model of scientific and popular literature.

Zealand. In a small hollow which did not exceed twelve yards in width, no less than 800 to 900 individuals were embedded in solid peat, under a superficial layer of a few inches of soil. Many skeletons lay quite undisturbed, and in some instances the contents of the stomach, which consisted of trituerated grass and small rounded and smoothed quartz pebbles, were found lying in their natural position, under the sternum. The bones of a giant buzzard, a big extinct goose, the Cape Barron goose, the kiwi, and so on, were mixed together with bones and full skeletons of several species of *Dinornis*, big and small.* And again, as on previous occasions, the New Zealand scientists are at a loss to explain the accumulation of so many various birds on such a narrow space. However, the most interesting part of Professor Forbes's discoveries is that he has finally succeeded in finding among this mass of bones one bone, at least, which bears unmistakable traces of having been connected with a humerus, the head of which must have been as substantial as in cassowaries. He thus considers it proved that the *Dinornithidæ*, like the kiwis, descended from birds which could fly.† The last missing link is thus discovered, and the chief points in the genealogy of birds are thus already settled while many a gap which still remains will certainly be filled up when the rich materials recently excavated in both America, have been carefully examined by anatomists.

The same may also be said in regard to mammals, if the recent discoveries in North and South America are taken into account. The earliest traces of mammals have been found, as is known, in the Triassic deposits of Germany, Basutoland, the Cape Colony, and North Carolina; and it is also known, through the previous remarkable works of Professors O. C. Marsh and H. F. Osborn, that the Jurassic deposits of Wyoming have yielded a rich fauna, among which we find the remote ancestors of various orders of the present mammalia.‡ But the most important

finds which throw a new light both on the earlier and the subsequent forms, have been made in that immense area of lacustrine beds which have been deposited in the region of the great salt lakes of Utah, Wyoming, and Colorado, from the end of the Cretaceous period down to the middle parts of the Tertiary epoch. There, and especially in the Eocene "Puerco" and "Wasatch" beds, as well as in the Eocene "Uinta" formation, a rich fauna of mammals has been unearthed.* All of those Eocene mammals had something in common in their leading features, and yet they offered a sufficient diversity for being considered as the probable ancestors of nearly all orders of placental mammals. To mention their feet only, they were adapted, in all of them, for walking upon the sole, and were provided with five toes; but it is easy to recognize in the structure of the feet of the different genera such divergences as necessarily ought to evolve, under certain conditions—on the one side, the plantigrade foot of the bears, and, on the other side, the digitigrade foot of the Ungulata (horses, camels, elephants, and so on), who walk upon the points of their toes; and, again, among these latter it is possible to find indications for an evolution which must have ended in the appearance of two divisions—the odd-toed and the even-toed ungulates. Most laborious anatomical researches were required for properly interpreting these rich materials. But the result of the work is that we already know with a great approach to certitude the genealogical-trees of most ungulates; we can go back to the ancestors of the ruminants, the cameloides, the chevrotains, the horses, and even to the common ancestors of the whole group of ungulates; while the genealogy of other large groups of mammalia has also been worked out to some extent.

The just-mentioned discoveries in North America were soon supplemented by still

Science of Philadelphia, vol. ix.; R. Lydekker, *Catalogue of the Fossil Mammalia in the British Museum*, London, 1891.

* Cope's *Synopsis of the Vertebrate Fauna of the Puerco Series*, and W. Scott and H. F. Osborn, "The Mammalia of the Uinta Formation," in *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, new series, vol. xvi, Parts II. and III Philadelphia, 1889. Also R. Lydekker's paper in *Nature*, vol. xliii. p. 177; and *Phases of Animal Life*.

* Letter to *Nature*, March 3, 1892, vol. xlv. p. 416.

† *Ibid.* 1892, vol. xlv. p. 257.

‡ O. C. Marsh, in *American Journal of Science*, 1888 to 1891; H. F. Osborn, "The Structure and Classification of Mesozoic Mammalia," in *Journal of the Academy of Natural*

more remarkable finds in South America, which finds follow each other with such a rapidity that anatomists will have to make strenuous efforts in order to keep pace with the paleontological work. The formation which D'Orbigny described as "formation guaranienne" proved to consist of marine Cretaceous beds, covered by immense land deposits, which, like the Laramie beds of North America, are of an intermediate age between Cretaceous and Tertiary. These last beds offer an immense interest, owing to their mammalian fossils (of much more specified types than those of the Laramie), which are mixed together with relics of gigantic Dinosaurians, some of the latter attaining lengths of more than 130 feet. As to the more recent deposits of the Argentine Republic and Patagonia—partly Eocene and partly Pliocene—they are so rich in mammals that more than two hundred species, some of them of the most extraordinary types, have already been described by Dr. F. Ameghino,* Burmeister, and Moreno; and every number of the *Revista Argentina* brings some new descriptions of new fossils both from the Argentine and Patagonia, which is now explored by Carl Ameghino. There are among them ungulates which, to use Mr. Lydekker's words, are "totally unlike any found in all the rest of the world put together," † and which combine the characters of both the odd-toed and the even-toed ungulates. Of them, the *Macrauchenia* seems to be a direct descendant of a type which must have been a common ancestor to both divisions. Another huge mammal, one of the *Toxodontes*, which must have equalled in size the hippopotamus, also occupied an intermediate position between the two groups; while in the earlier Tertiaries there are types which, so far as can be judged from preliminary descriptions, must have stood near the source from which both ungulates and rodents have taken their origin.

Very many interesting Edentata and

rodents have been met with in the same beds, but it is the marsupial group which surpasses all others in interest. One carnivorous animal of this group (*Prothylacinus*) is almost identical with the now existing pouched wolf (*Thylacine*) of Tasmania; while another fossil genus (*Protoproviverra*) is quite akin to the most characteristic carnivorous marsupial, the Tasmanian Devil. Although F. Ameghino's descriptions are not yet complete, the best authorities on this subject in this country and Germany do not hesitate to recognize a purely Australian type in these South American forms, which, on the other side, can safely be connected with the group of primitive carnivores (*Hyænodon*, *Pterodon*, etc.) which appeared at a later epoch in Europe. Moreover, the same beds contain fossil remains of primates (*Homunculus*, *Anthropops*, *Homocentrus*, *Eudiastatus*) which seem to represent ancestors of all the subsequent apes, but stand also in connection with the lemurs, and also with the ungulates, or, rather, with their *Toxodon* ancestors. They seem to represent the most ancient primates known, and indicate that the first representatives of the whole group must be sought for as far back as the end of the Secondary period. Finally, we must mention the discovery of remains of man which are considered by F. Ameghino as belonging to the Pliocene and Miocene ages.*

The "missing links" are coming, as we see, in such abundance that it will take several years before anatomists, in whose hands this rich material will now be put, have disentangled the numerous and striking affinities between so many different types which we have briefly enumerated. But geologists will also have a word to say about these discoveries, which raise again the very great question as to the long since noticed affinities between the faunas of all southern continents, and the presumed previous connection between those continents. Apart from all other considerations, the resemblance between the fossil marsupials of South America and the

* His chief works are: *Los mamíferos fósiles de la América del Sud*, Buenos Ayres, 1880; *Contribucion al conocimiento de los mamíferos fósiles de la República Argentina*, 2 parts, forming vol. vi. of *Actas de la Academia de Ciencias de Córdoba*, Buenos Ayres, 1889; and several papers in *Revista Argentina de Historia Natural*, Buenos Ayres, 1891.

† *Nature*, vol. xlv. p. 608.

* The *Revista Argentina* contains in its issue for December last a full description of the primates discovered by Carl Ameghino in South Patagonia. The connections which these fossils indicate between man, primates, ungulates, and rodents, are of the highest interest.

marsupials now living in Australia is so great that it is not possible to admit that forms so near to each other (and both so abnormal) might have developed independently upon two remote continents. It seems almost unavoidable to admit that some direct land connection has existed between South America and Australia, although all we know about the persistence of the chief outlines of the continents seems to be opposed to the admission. Dr. Ihering, who has devoted a good deal of time to the study of the fauna of South America, boldly concludes from his own special researches that during the Secondary period a great continent extended from Chili and Patagonia, through New Zealand, to Australia, while the connection between South America and North America was broken during both the Cretaceous period and a great part of the Tertiary epoch. The striking differences between the faunas of both Americas, and the identity of many representatives of the faunas of South America and South Africa, make him also conclude that the two latter continents were connected as late as the Oligocene period.* R. Lydekker, whose opinion has such a weight in the matter, also concludes from the many known affinities between the fossil faunas and floras of the four great southern prolongations of the continental mass of the globe that they must have stood in a more or less intimate connection, and have been partially isolated from the more northern lands.† As to F. Ameghino, he also recognizes that, at least during the Oligocene times, South America was in direct connection with the Old World; but he points out the similarity of the mammalian and Dinosaurian faunas of both Americas, and concludes that the two continents must have been connected together, as well as North America with Europe, at an earlier epoch.

It would be premature to attempt now the solution of this complicated question. It may be permitted, however, to point out that the hypothesis of a submerged Antarctic continent is not improbable from the point of view of the physical geographer. The permanence of the continents, which is a fact, and seems to be opposed

to the hypothesis, must be understood in a limited sense. In the equatorial and the two temperate zones we undoubtedly have huge continental masses, the great plateaux of Asia, both Americas, and Africa, which, so far as our knowledge goes, have not been submerged since the primary epoch; and around these backbones of the continents we have huge masses of land which have not been under the sea since the end of the Secondary period. But their outskirts have witnessed several retreats and invasions of the ocean, or of its Secondary period seas. Moreover, the permanence of the continents does not seem to extend to the circumpolar zones. When we consider the outlines of the two great plateaux of East Asia and North America, we see that these two great continents of the Secondary epoch were narrowing at that time toward the north, and that their extremities were pointing toward some spot in the vicinity of what is now the Behring Strait, in the same way as South America, South Africa, and South Australia are now pointing toward the South Pole. The great plateau of Northeast Asia, which has remained a continent ever since the Devonian age, has so much the shape of a South America pointing northeast that the resemblance is simply striking.* On the other side, we know that the Miocene flora discovered in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and New Siberia indicates the existence of a great Miocene continent where we now have but the ice-clad arctic archipelagoes. So that we must conclude that, while the central (temperate and equatorial) parts of the globe really offer a certain permanence in the disposition and general outlines of their continents, the Arctic region stands in a different position. It was under the ocean during a large part of the Secondary period, it emerged from the ocean and was occupied by a large continental mass during the Tertiary period; and now it is again under water. Such being the conditions of the Arctic region, we may suppose that the same oscillations took place in the Antarctic region as well.

* Petermann's and Habenicht's map of Asia, in Stieler's *Hand-Atlas* (No. 58), shows this shape of the plateau better than any other map. For more details see my map in the "Orography of East Siberia," in the *Memoirs of the Russian Geographical Society*, 1875, vol. v. (Russian).

* *Revista Argentina de Ciencia Natural*, No. 4 ("Sobre la distribución geográfica de los Creodontes," and letter to F. Ameghino).

† *Nature*, 1892, vol. xli. p. 12.

In such case, the two circumpolar regions would have been periodically invaded by the ocean (either alternately or during geological epochs closely following each other), and they would have periodically emerged from the sea in the shape of continents more or less indented by gulfs and channels. In short, a certain stability in the distribution of land and water in the equatorial and temperate zones, and instability in the circumpolar regions (with, most probably, an unstable Mediterranean belt), would perhaps better express the observed facts than a simple affirmation of stability of continents. If these considerations prove to be correct—and I venture to express them only as a suggestion for ulterior discussion—then the hypothesis of a former more or less close land-connection between the southern extremities of our present continents would not appear unlikely, and the striking similarity between the faunas of Patagonia and Australia would be easily accounted for.

III.

Few branches of science have developed with the same rapidity as bacteriology during the last few years. The idea that infectious diseases are due to some micro-organisms invading the body of the infected animal is certainly old. It was ventilated many hundreds of years ago; and it was revived early in our century. But scientific bacteriology is of quite recent creation. It dates from the end of the fifties—that is, from Pasteur's researches into the fermentation of beer and wine and Virchow's investigations into cellular pathology. Progress has been very rapid since. We have now numerous works, large and small, devoted entirely to the description and study of the life-history of the microscopic organisms which occasion disease; and every year brings the discovery of some new micro-organism to which some disease, or group of diseases, may be attributed. Cholera, typhoid fever, gastric affections altogether, malaria, and influenza; tuberculosis, leprosy and cancer; diphtheria, measles, and scarlet fever; rheumatism, anthrax, small-pox, rabies and tetanus; nay, even the poison of the cobra snake,* have been

traced to separate microscopical beings. The photograph of each separate bacillus or micrococcus may be found in the textbooks; its manners of life, and very often its modes of reproduction, have been carefully studied, both in the animal body and in artificial cultures; so also its morbid effects when introduced into the bodies of various animals. True that the general reader is often amazed on learning that such and such a microbe which was introduced a few months ago, as the real cause of influenza or of some other disease, is recognized now as a common inhabitant of the human body, and has nothing to do with the said disease; while a few months later the real enemy will again be discovered, but will have no more success than its predecessor. But such ephemeral discoveries are simply indicative of an unhappily general tendency among modern scientists—that of hastening to announce discoveries, and to attach one's name to something new, before the supposed discovery has been submitted to the test of searching experiment. The same tendency prevails in all sciences—the only difference being, that the general reader is seldom gratified by the daily press with the discovery of a new chemical "law," or of a new "type" of fossil mammals, while each discovery which deals with disease, ephemeral or not, enjoys a wide publicity so soon as it has found its way into a scientific periodical. The very rapidity with which the would-be discoveries of new bacilli are reduced to their real value only proves, on the contrary, the safety of the methods used by bacteriology for distinguishing between the seeming and the real causes of diseases.

We may thus safely recognize that science already knows a great number of micro-organisms which are capable, under certain circumstances, of producing certain specific diseases; and we may note that even those researches which, at the first sight, seem to overthrow established facts, only result in a deeper knowledge of diseases and their modifications. Thus, the recent investigations of MM. Lesage and Macaigne, who have finally succeeded in differentiating the typhoidic bacillus from the *Bacterium coli*—a microbe which is constantly met with in our intestines, and only under certain conditions acquires an especial virulence—are one of the best examples of how further research deepens our

* M. Calmette, in *Archives de médecine navale et coloniale*, Mars 1892; referred to in *Revue Scientifique*, 23 Avril, 1892.

knowledge of microbes; and Dr. Cunningham's discovery of ten different varieties of the choleraic bacillus* certainly will have the same effect: it will simply widen our knowledge of the different forms assumed by cholera.

Things stand, however, quite differently with the means of combating infectious micro-organisms. Most of the specifics which once awakened so many hopes have proved in the long run to be as ineffective against bacilli as the specifics periodically proposed by allopaths and homœopaths are powerless against the diseases themselves. And the more the study of bacteria is advancing, the more it is recognized that a healthy body which is capable of itself putting a check on the development of morbid micro-organisms is the best means of combating them; that sanitary measures which prevent the very appearance of morbid germs are the surest means against the possibilities and the risks of infection. But what permits a healthy body to resist its invasion by morbid organisms? What gives several animals immunity against certain special diseases? Why do rats resist anthrax, and dogs and monkeys resist the tuberculosis of fowls, while the same microbes are fatal to rabbits and guinea-pigs? And how can immunity against certain diseases be acquired, either by vaccination or by previously having suffered the same disease? We know the microbes; but what is it that renders them highly offensive in some cases, and quite inoffensive in some others?

Several theories have been constructed to explain the phenomena of immunity; and although none of them has succeeded in dispelling all doubts, it must be recognized that each of them accounts for at least large groups of phenomena. In fact, of the two leading theories, one being purely biological, while the other pays its chief attention to the chemical aspects of the subject, they rather complement than contradict each other. The broadest and most ingenious of all explanations of immunity is the theory, elaborated in 1883 by Elie Metchnikoff, which represents an extension of the leading principles of struggle for life to the microscopic con-

stituents of the animal body.* Besides the cells which constitute the animal tissues, there are in the body of man and all vertebrates a number of free cells—the white corpuscles of blood and lymph and the wandering cells of the tissues—which exhibit all the characters of real amœbæ. Four different varieties of these amœboid cells, usually known under the general name of *leucocytes*, have been described—the distinctions between them being chiefly based upon the shape and the numbers of their nuclei; but the commonest form is that of a speck of protoplasm containing several nuclei which are connected together by filaments of nuclear substance, as well as a little radiated sphere which plays such an important part in the bipartition of cells.†

The leucocytes of both the higher and the lowest animals have all the distinctive features of simple amœbæ. They protrude pseudopodia, and move about like amœbæ (only the smaller ones, usually described as lymphocytes, possessing this capacity to a smaller extent), and, like amœbæ, they are endowed to a high degree with the capacity of ingesting all kinds of small granules which they find in their way, such as grains of coloring matter suspended in water, and various smaller micro-organisms. It is very easy to observe how leucocytes of the frog, the pigeon, the guinea-pig, and so on ingest bacilli by surrounding them with their protoplasm; and an immense literature, with illustrations by photographs and correct drawings, has already been published in order to show how various bacteria and micrococci are ingested by leucocytes. In some cases, the thus ingested bacilli are *digested*—that is, transformed into a soluble matter which is assimilated by the protoplasm of the leucocyte, exactly in

* See his paper "Immunity," in *British Medical Journal*, January 31, 1891. Also his last most attractive and profusely illustrated work, *Leçons sur la Pathologie comparée de l'Inflammation*, Paris, 1892, which can be safely recommended to the general reader, notwithstanding its rather technical title. Its subject is the struggle for life carried on within organisms by the amœboid cells against the microbes.

† See "Recent Science" in *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1892, p. 758. The best morphological description of leucocytes is to be found in Ehrlich's *Fürbenanalytische Untersuchungen zur Histologie und Klinik des Blutes*, Berlin, 1891, quoted by Metchnikoff.

* *Scientific Memoirs by the Medical Officers of the Army of India*, Part VI.; analyzed in *Annales de Micrographie*, 1892.

the same way as an amœbæ digests a diatom. In other cases, the bacteria are for some time kept alive within the leucocytes, and if the leucocytes have been put into conditions which are unfavorable for themselves but favorable for bacteria, the latter develop, and are set free. It has also been seen pretty often that some bacilli propagate, by means of spores, within the leucocytes, or that the spores which have been kept for some time, seemingly without life, begin to develop and give origin to a new generation of bacilli.*

These are facts, perfectly well proved, and confirmed by numberless observations made upon both the leucocytes of higher vertebrates and the amœboid cells of lower organisms. In fact, the whole first part of Metchnikoff's *Leçons sur l'Inflammation* is given to the description of like observations upon the ingestion and digestion of bacteria and other micro-organisms, and these observations are so conclusive that we already see growing a new science—comparative pathology—which will have to study the diseases and the means of defence against disease in all classes of animals. More than that. Not only those leucocytes which happen to be near to a microbe introduced within the body, do swallow it. It is now certain that as soon as microbes, or even some foreign substance like a splinter or coloring matter, is introduced into the body, the wandering white corpuscles of the body immediately move toward the foreign matter or organism, as if they were endowed with a certain irritability or sensibility, which directs their movements. This fact is so usual that Metchnikoff is even brought to advocate the idea that the distinctive feature of every inflammation is such a gathering of leucocytes around the infected spot, in order to destroy, if possible, the cause of infection. The defence of the living body by means of its phagocytes would thus be a fundamental character of all organisms, high and low, acquired and perfected during their evolution under the necessities of struggle for life.

However, not all bacteria are ingested by leucocytes. Thus, the leucocytes of mice (which so easily succumb to anthrax)

do not swallow the anthrax bacilli; and those of pigeons and rabbits (who succumb to chicken-cholera) do not swallow the bacilli of that special disease. This fact has, however, nothing very astonishing in it, as it has its analogy in the life of the lowest organisms. Thus it has been proved that the plasmodium of the slime-fungi, or *Mycetozoa* (it occurs as a gelatinous mass on the surface of trees), which consists of numberless nucleated amœbulæ, and creeps by itself over the bark of the trees, most distinctly displays a certain option in choosing the direction of its movements. If cauterized at some spot of the part which moves foremost, it changes the direction of its motion, and leaves the cauterized spot behind. A decoction of dead leaves attracts it, while a solution of sugar or salt repels it.* The same is known of isolated amœbæ. So also the leucocytes immediately attack and ingest some microbes, living or dead, but avoid some others, and various kinds of leucocytes behave in various ways. The mono-nuclear leucocytes of man seem loath to attack the bacilli of erysipelas, while the many-nuclear ones display no such reluctance. Altogether, some substances exercise upon leucocytes a decidedly attractive power, while other substances repulse them.

As to what happens with microbes which have been ingested by leucocytes, the result may be very different in various conditions. The red corpuscles of blood, when ingested by leucocytes, are digested; globules of pus and fragments of muscular tissue also are digested by means of a special ferment (discovered in 1890 by Rosbach). And the same happens with microbes if the leucocytes of the organism are healthy and the animal is refractory to a given disease, either from natural causes or in consequence of vaccination. The bacilli of anthrax are undoubtedly destroyed by the leucocytes of the dog, as well as by those of such rabbits as have been vaccinated against anthrax. If the leucocytes are healthy, they prevent the germination of the spores which they have ingested; but they maintain this power so long only as they are healthy; because, if the animal has been submitted to cold (or to heat in the case of a frog), or if it has

* P. Netschajeff, "Ueber die Bedeutung der Leucocyten bei Infection der Organismen," in *Archiv für pathologische Anatomie*, 1891, Bd. cxxv. p. 415.

* Metchnikoff's *Leçons sur l'Inflammation*, p. 38 et seq.

been narcotized,* it loses its immunity. Moreover the very affluence of phagocytes to an infected place may be accelerated through nervous action, or slackened by various narcotics.

Such being the facts, it was quite natural to explain them, as Metchnikoff did, by maintaining that the phagocytes are the natural means of defence of organisms against infectious disease. The very necessities of struggle for life have evolved this capacity of the organisms of protecting themselves by sending armies of phagocytes to the spots attacked by noxious micro-organisms. The struggle may evidently end in either the defeat of the phagocytes, in which case disease follows, or the defeat of the microbes, which is followed by recovery; or, the result may be an intermediate state of no decisive victory on each side, as is the case in various chronic diseases.†

As to the force which attracts the leucocytes toward the microbes, it is already indicated by the extensive researches of the other school, which has devoted its chief attention to the chemical aspects of infection. It may be, as it is maintained by Massart, Bordet, and Gabrichevsky, that the leucocytes are attracted by the chemical poisons secreted by the micro-organisms; or the protein of the bacterial cells themselves may bring them on the spot, as is maintained by Buchner, who

also has conclusive experiments in favor of his theory. Only further research will be able to decide which of these views is correct, and to what extent. But under the present state of knowledge the question cannot be answered with certainty—the more so as Behring, Kitasato, Buchner, Emmerich, Vaillard, Tizzani, Cattani, Ch. Richet, and many others, have weighty arguments in favor of the opinion that the immunity of animals depends upon some ferment-like albuminous substance contained in the serum of their blood. Strenuous efforts have been made of late by Koch, Buchner, E. H. Hankin* and many others to come to some more definite knowledge of these “defensive proteins,” which are known in science under the names of “alexines,” “sozins,” “phylaxins,” and so on. But it will probably take some time before our notions about these substances take a definite form. One thing seems, however, to become more and more certain—namely, that the serum of the blood of immune or vaccinated animals, although in many cases it does not destroy the microbes themselves, is nevertheless possessed of a vaccinating power. This fact is settled beyond doubt; it is continually confirmed by fresh experiments; and it is recognized by the followers of the biological theory as well. As to its explanation, it may be sought for in the direction indicated by Metchnikoff—namely, that the serum, though not destroying the microbes themselves, destroys the poisonous substances which they are developing in the organism. In such case, organisms would be endowed with two means of defence instead of one; the two theories would naturally complete each other; and, may be, in some not very distant future they would enable man to combat with success some of the worst microscopic enemies of the human race.—*Nineteenth Century*.

* E. Klein and C. F. Coxwell in *Centralblatt für Bacteriologie und Parasitenkunde*, 1892, Bd. xi. p. 464.

† Besides the powers of ingesting and destroying noxious granules, the leucocytes also contribute to the defence of the body by forming capsules around the granules; as well as by carrying them out of the organism through the skin. Transpiration is a familiar instance of the latter case. Mr. Herbert E. Durham's observations on the “Wandering Cells of Echinoderms and the Excretory Processes in Marine Polyzoa” (*Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, December, 1891), and Brunner's researches on transpiration (*Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift*, January 23, 1892) are especially worthy of note under this heading.

* See the reports of the last Hygienic Congress held in London, in September, 1891.

IMAGINATION IN DREAMS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

It is said that the imagination of man cannot portray what the eye has not seen, or what has not entered into the channel of the senses through conversation, the reading of books, the contemplation of pictures; and the assertion seems to be incontestible. If a man had never seen a tree, or if the description or the pictorial representation of a tree had never been conveyed to him, he could not place a tree before his imagination, or his imagination place a tree before him. It seems to follow that familiarity with one kind of tree would not help his fancy to create another of a distinctly different appearance. In a country of oaks where no willow and no poplar had ever been seen, neither of these could be known to imagination.

The artist, the poet, is compelled to acknowledge that the most creative fancy is incapable of creating anything; and that whatever his gifts of imagination may be they can supply him with nothing more original than the discovery of harmonies, discords, resemblances, between the things that every eye may see and every ear can hear. It is not supposed that Architecture would have conceived its Gothic style, the most splendidly imaginative of all, if there had been no woods and no tall avenues roofed with interlacing boughs. The poet may make a thousand inspiring applications of the beauty of the rose or the glories of the dawn; but when Shakespeare imagined his island in writing "The Tempest," even he could put nothing into its fields, its air, its sky, that was not drawn from actually created things. Looking at that piece of work, we may be sure that its great author bent the whole force of his fancy upon a task of creation; but yet there is nothing in Prospero's domain that answers to the first rose ever seen—no invention, we need not say of natural splendors like the dawning light, but none that matches with the fen-fire or the rushes in the fen.

But it is not in Art or in Poesy that the limitations of imagination are most sharply illustrated or most sorely felt, but in Religion. At every movement of religious thought we are conscious of in-

domitable hard-set boundaries, which yet we are forever leaping at. The difficulty of imagining Heaven is a familiar example of what I mean. This has been a distress to thousands and thousands for countless generations; and the distress has been greatest where the faculty to overcome it has been greatest too. The stronger the effort, indeed, the more complete is the sense of failure. You have still to fall back on winged angels, dove-creatures; on white robes, golden thrones, gates of pearl; strains of music which, though you need not suppose them drawn from fiddles according to the frankly-acknowledged fancy of the old painters, are in fact such compositions as Bach, Beethoven, or some other mundane master has put into your head. There is nothing more inspiring to the mind of man than religious enthusiasm; its fervors are more kindling to the imagination than any other; and many clear intellects are ready to believe that the yearnings of religious enthusiasm to behold in vision the world beyond are sometimes rewarded. But if so, nothing has been brought back to earth that was not found there before. Neither the religious enthusiast nor the fancy of our Miltons and Dantes (poets and religious at the same time) has ever got many inches from the ground. The limitations of imagination have been too strong for them; and John Martin painted his pictures to illustrate the same disability.

But what if we have to make distinctions between the waking imagination and the dream imagination? This, in fact, we have to do; and the first difference to be marked between them is that the one is far more limited than the other. Every effort of the waking fancy to place before the mind's eye a tree different from all known kinds of tree is embarrassed by a sense of travesty; we are burlesquing the real, and not inventing a variation. And so of everything else. When, in writing a play or a romance, we picture a face to ourselves, we are aware at once that it is a memory, and not an original product of imagination. But as to the faces we see in dreams, we are often quite confident that they are not memory pictures. Most

of the faces seen in dreams are memories, no doubt; but the remarkable thing is that others are not. We feel that we never beheld them before with the same degree of certainty that we feel, when glancing at some striking face in a crowd, that we never saw it till that moment. Moreover, the dream-face is no mere outline of shadowy and meaningless feature. It is (often) not less strongly marked by individuality of character than by distinction of lineament. Indeed, no memory-picture presented to the mind when we are awake is nearly as sharp and vivid in either particular (that is to say, in physical feature or suggestion of character) as these hitherto unseen faces that rise before us in dreams. And the same thing must be said of all that we see, or seem to see, in dreams. The pictures surrendered by the waking memory are never as distinct as those that are presented to the mind in sleep.

Of course it may be said that as to the originality of these sleep-born visions, the explanation is that the faculty which would tell us that they *are* memories is dormant. The dream-face passes for one that never came into the mind through the waking sense because the faculty that would detect it as a memory is itself asleep. That seems likely, but then, when this same faculty wakes with us in the morning, and we think of the dream-faces, it is a common experience to feel quite sure that they are no portraits of memory. Indeed it often happens that the one thing we dwell upon on waking is that we never saw in life the features that haunted our sleep-darkened minds. And what is yet more remarkable, we know that we never discovered in any human being the peculiar distinctions of character that spoke from the face invented by some faculty within ourselves. No such invention is possible when we are awake, and sane; yet in sleep it is common. Is it said that these are really memories, though they cannot be recalled by the waking will? That explanation will hardly hold, because it implies that memory can be charged with lasting impressions of things seen, which yet passed through the visual sense unnoted and unknown of it. Though not inconceivable, that is incredible. There is the fact that after these faces come into view in sleep, the waking mind (with all its faculties intent upon

them, and memory most of all) refuses to acknowledge that they ever did pass through the senses. And judgment goes on to declare that characteristics so striking could not have passed unobserved through the gates of perception to fix themselves in whatever nook of memory visual perceptions are recorded: for such perceptions are only recorded in memory when they do arrest attention at the moment they meet the sight. Yet to what conclusions do these observations lead us? If dream-visions are creations of the mind, then it appears that the limits of imagination which philosophy marks out, and which no effort of the waking mind can surmount, are overleapt in sleep.

We have spoken of dream-faces by way of example; not, of course, because they are the only ones, but because they are among the most frequent and complete of what may be called the original creations of dreams. And it may be serviceable to remark that visions of this kind sometimes present themselves to us in the dark, when we are awake, perfectly sane, unaware of any sort of physical disturbance, and without any effort of imagination. Maury calls these visions "hallucinations hypnogogiques." According to him, they appear between sleeping and waking—when we are "dropping to sleep." They are dream-stuff, so to speak, and the precursors of the dreams that fill our minds when quite asleep. Galton, too, has written of these "visions of sane persons," phantoms which have all the appearance of external objects and which are certainly not produced by any exertion of either memory or fancy. In this way a lady (he says) used to see showers of red roses, which turned into a flight of golden speckles or spangles; and not only were the roses presented to her vision as distinctly as real flowers in broad daylight might be, but she could smell their perfume. There is nothing like that in my experience, except that at infrequent times of fatigue I share the sensations of those who are said to have discovered a rose-scent flowing from and about them. An evanescent but very distinct violet-scent flushes from my hands, or so I fancy. But M. Maury and Mr. Galton relate stories of faces seen in the dark in like manner; faces seemingly standing off upon the air, and coming and going as if with a will and purpose of

their own. These I know something about. Not that it is a very uncommon experience, perhaps; at any rate, I have been familiar with such apparitions for years, and it may not be a waste of paper to repeat a description of them written some time ago.

These faces are never seen (in my case, as in M. Maury's) except when the eyelids are closed, and they have an apparent distance of five or six feet. Though they seem living enough, they look through the darkness as if traced in chalks on a black ground. Color sometimes they have, but the color is very faint. Indeed, their general aspect is as if their substance were of pale smoke; and their outlines waver, fade, and revive, so that, except for the half of a moment, the whole face is never completely or clearly visible at one time. Always of a strikingly distinctive character, these visionary faces are like none that can be remembered as seen in life or in pictures. M. Maury's experience seems to have differed from mine in this particular. In his case, these phantoms nearly always represented persons known to him. In mine it has never been so on a single occasion; and the difference is a noticeable one. As I look at these faces, asking myself who was ever like that or that, I find no answer except in a fancied resemblance to some historical or mythological personage. They strike the view as entirely strange and surprisingly "original." Possibly, Blake's visions were some such faces as these, presented to his eyes in broad daylight; I am inclined to think so, because his wonderful, dreadful drawing, "The Ghost of a Flea," is precisely such a transcript as I could have made by the score had I possessed his pictorial skill. Under my own eyelids I have seen many a face of the same awful family; some even more dreadful still, being all astir with animation. But the greater number of them are not of the too-terrible kind. After the fact that nothing foreknown or familiar ever appears among them, the next most remarkable thing about these visions is that they often look like the fleeting embodiment of some passion or mood of the mind; usually not the bettermost. Some faces expressive of a great nobility and serenity appear, but I have never seen among them the mask of pity, or love, or any soft emotion. Grief the

most despairing, scorn, cunning, pride, hate, inquiry, envious or triumphant mockery—no human face that ever was seen, I feel sure, displayed these emotions with a comparable fullness and intensity. It is not the characteristic of all, but it is of some to an almost appalling extent; and if Blake did see these faces, either in daylight or in darkness, he had more than his imagination to draw upon when he depicted the Passions.

We now come to the remark which connects these faces in the dark with what has been said before about dream-faces. The apparitions of our waking hours are absolutely independent of the will, and can neither be imitated nor commanded by any effort of will-directed imagination. This, too, Maury seems to have found; though at the same time he has no doubt that will is in suspension when these apparitions appear. A "condition de non-attention, de non-tension intellectuelle, est dans le principe nécessaire pour la production du phénomène." This is completely opposed to my experience, which is invariable, and has been repeated many times. You may be awake, thinking in an orderly absorbed way of this or that, when, as a wreath of smoke might arise, there before you is a face in the dark. At once your attention is fixed upon it; but if you wish to retain it for contemplation (as does happen, for sometimes the phantom has a profoundly meaning, or appealing, or revealing look) you wish and try in vain. Your will did not bring it, and your will cannot hold it. Under the strenuous intent grasp of your sight it will change altogether, after the manner of "dissolving views," and then fade out. When it has died away, by no effort of will or imagination can it be recalled. The endeavor to recall it having failed, make an experiment. Bend will and fancy to the production of another and (necessarily) preconceived image, such as the face of a child or of an old woman; and even while you are in the utmost stress of the attempt a completely different apparition will rise to view. It comes in opposition to your will, and to the defeat of your imaginative powers in set competition.

From this it would appear that the phantoms have their origin in physical disturbance. Tired or disordered eyesight seems to be the most natural expla-

nation; because, though these visions cannot be called up by the will, nor dismissed by the same operation, they can be got rid of in a flash by the opening of the eyelids. But we have not got far when we have arrived at this explanation. We have yet to learn how it is that the organs of sight, whether disordered or not, can deliver themselves of images for their own contemplation which are not the stored record of things either seen or heard of. Memory, being closely interrogated, replies that it knows nothing about them; nor can they be evoked by the waking fancy, which works within the limitation of things seen and remembered. It seems, then, that so far the phantom faces, and the more remarkable of those seen in dreams, are alike. And they are alike, though in the one case they are presented to the mind in sleep, when our faculties are in we know not what state of disorder, while in the other case they bring themselves under the inspection of the waking faculties in full attention, full co-ordination: the account which these faculties render of them being that they are inexplicable as products of the mind itself. They are exterior to the mind, which combines all its faculties to examine and explain them precisely as if they belonged to the great variety of phenomena presented from the world without.

If we could conceive that our physical senses have an independent faculty of imagination, "faces in the dark" would become more intelligible. We might then say, perhaps, that the visual sense having become over-excited, or otherwise disordered, it casts up memory impressions which are changed into something like actual creations by the working of its own special and unembarrassed imagination. And if that theory could be allowed, it might also help us to understand some of the more remarkable dream-visions. To be sure, it is not easy to conceive that the organisms of sense should be endowed with independent imaginative powers; but it is not very much more difficult than to accept the theory that the separate and independent action of our mental faculties is the explanation of dreams. Yet that they do work separately and independently is little doubted; though how they should do so remains a wonder, especially when we consider the kind of dream of which I give

two examples from my own experience. The details of both were carefully noted at the time.

I dream that I am ill in bed, and that, while talking to a child at my bedside, I hear the voice of a nurse newly arrived, who is speaking with some one in an ante-room. What the woman says I cannot distinguish, but am struck by the pleasant, cheerful, friendly tone of her voice and (as we often do in like case when we are awake) I fit the voice with a corresponding face and figure. Presently she comes to the foot of my bed, and, looking up to her, I am struck by the incongruity of the woman and the voice. I expected to see something quite different from this tall, well-shaped, slender figure, surmounted by a strange sub-sinister face, very small, very pale, with eyes, eyebrows, and hair all of one color; precisely the color of fresh gravel. Now since it was I who imagined the face, why was I so much surprised at it—not expecting it, but expecting something different?

Again I dream of being insulted in the garden of an hotel. The man who insults me, in a sudden fit of passion which I do not understand, is wildly abusive; and then, as if in too violent a heat to trust himself, he rushes off abruptly. Soon afterward, and while I am still lingering in the garden, one of the hotel servants comes to me, and I understand him to say, "He has repented." Repented! It strikes me (in my dream) as a very unusual word for a waiter to employ under the circumstances, but that remark is immediately lost in a feeling of satisfaction that my abuser had become sorry for his rudeness so soon. More particularly I wish to know whether he is sufficiently ashamed to send an apology. So I say to the waiter, "Repented, has he? What did he say?" "No, no," is the reply, "he hasn't paid it," meaning the bill, as I immediately understand. Therefore what I myself put into the mouth of the waiter I mistake for something different, the phrases being easily mistaken one for the other if indistinctly heard: "He has repented,"—"He hasn't paid it." Now since my thoughts are running upon the outrage to myself I am of course prepared to make precisely this mistake. Nothing could be more natural. That is to say, nothing could be more natural if it were:

a scene in real life. But that it was not; and the point for observation is that the waiter's sayings were the invention of the same mind which invented a lapse of hearing to account for misunderstanding what it had previously put into the waiter's mouth. If a dream of this kind is not like the composition of a story in the mind of a novelist, it is hard to know what to make of it. But here it is I, the author, who put into the waiter's mouth the words which I mistake for something quite different till I explain myself through him. It seems, too, that I have knowledge of an unpaid bill which yet I know nothing about till I inform myself by the mouth of my own creature. Finally, the hitherto incomprehensible violence of the gentleman in the garden is explained with the sudden *éclat* of an answer to a puzzling riddle. The gentleman's wrath was a comedy. In my dream, I laugh as it bursts upon me—the author of the comedy—that he had got up a “row” in order to escape in the bustle without paying his bill.*

* Another example of the proleptic dream was given to me by a distinguished architect thus: “Early in 1886, when the excitement about Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule was at its height, I dreamt that I was surveying one of the royal palaces, and had to pass up one of the staircases. On the half landing I came upon the Queen in conversation with a lady whom I knew instinctively to be a Miss Cowper. I did not know, nor did I ever know, of such a person in real life. I caught the drift of the conversation. Miss Cowper was endeavoring to persuade the Queen to withhold the royal assent from Mr. Gladstone's Bill when it came before her. At this point I offered to withdraw, but was asked to remain by the Queen, who said that what she had to say might be heard by any one of her subjects. The conversation continued at great length, Miss Cowper seeming to urge every argument at her command, the Queen declaring that she could not depart from constitutional usage. During the entire conversation I was annoyed by a loud ticking noise which I could not account for.

“The scene of the dream changed, and the time. It was the morning following the conversation that I was in the smoking-room of a certain club. There I saw a well-known publisher, who asked me whether I had seen the *Times* of that day. It contained, he said, an account of a very interesting conversation between the Queen and Miss Cowper, and, he added, your name is mentioned in connection with it. I got the paper, and saw the conversation printed at length. It occupied several columns, and I marked the introduction of my own appearance and the

It appears, then, that here was a complete little story, unsuggested by anything that had actually happened, and so coherent and orderly that it could not have been better designed if it had been worked out impromptu by an anecdote-inventor at a dinner-table. And of course there is nothing singular in this dream, which is described merely as an example. Many people have had many such dreams without giving much attention to the one remarkable thing about them, which is this: Here is a dramatic conception of my own mind; yet I am taken into it as a character in the piece, and in that capacity my own mind follows the developments of the story in ignorance from moment to moment of what will come next, and wondering what it is all about. A mental operation like this is far out of the range of possibility in the waking hours.

Dreams are generally discussed as if they must all have precisely the same origin, and as if no explanation of them can be acceptable that does not include every variety. In all likelihood that is a mistake. Dreams differ very much in character, and probably in origin too. Some differ as much from others as sheer insanity differs from genius working in its most harmonious moods; and nothing will be made of dreams as long as we stipulate for an explanation that applies to all alike. But as to the sort of dream above described, what is most remarkable about it may be explained up to a certain point by imagination working in detachment. It points to a divisibility of faculties in sleep; a loosening of the bonds of inter-union; a falling away from each other through the lapse into rest of whatever is called Will: will, which is the laborious guide, controller, and steady driving-power of all—at work when we are as unconscious of its efforts as we are of the play of muscle that keeps us upright. It is a familiar experience that while we drop to sleep we are conscious of a sensation that precisely answers to such a loosening; and, when we wake, of another sensation which is just what we

Queen's desire that I should remain. At this point it flashed upon me that the clicking noise which I had heard was accounted for. I said to myself, ‘All the time the conversation was going on it was being telegraphed to the *Times* office.’”

might expect if our various faculties, slumbering for a while in independence and apart, rushed to link themselves together in their appointed places. No better explanation has been arrived at by the most studious investigators of dreaming. But yet its inventors would have to acknowledge that it leaves much in doubt. If we suppose some of our faculties suspended in sleep—(will slumbering, attention dormant, while imagination wakes to revel in perfect freedom)—we certainly attain to some reasonable understanding of many dreams, if not all. It is possible to conceive that under such conditions imagination may be capable of inventions, embellishments, distortions, combinations far more original than the waking sense can ever be got to produce. The fact is, however, that the romances invented, the images called into the mind in sleep, do come under the observation of the very faculties which are supposed to limit and control imagination when we are awake.

It has already been pointed out that will cannot always be suspended in sleep, because we sometimes wake ourselves by a deliberate effort for the reasoned purpose of putting an end to a distressing dream. Neither is the lapse of attention complete. Attention of some sort must be directed on these visions of the night, or there would be no record of them in the mind when we wake. But what sort of an attention it may be we do not know. It is impossible for us to distinguish between (1) the kind and the degree of attention under which a dream-vision was viewed, and (2) the kind and degree of attention bestowed on any matter of interest while we are awake. In many cases, however, it must be in sleep an uncritical attention (for attention may be fixed and yet uncritical), as when it discovers nothing strange in words, transformations, deeds, which the waking mind recognizes as absurd and impossible. But attention is not always uncritical in sleep. It is sometimes brought to bear on dreams with the same discrimination which it employs when we are awake and in a theatre; though rarely, perhaps never, with the same closeness and continuity. And then the theory of imagination at work in perfect freedom—the controlling faculties lying dormant—has to be considered in relation to the kind of dream instanced above: in which all the faculties

necessary to the construction of a dramatic sketch seem to have combined to give it a coherency, a consistency, and an orderly development, which the single detached faculty of imagination appears incapable of supplying. But if these other faculties were also employed to make up the garden story (for example), it is extremely difficult to understand how the author should be so much detached from the work as to be unaware of the plot of it while it was in course of construction. Observation, curiosity, reflection, reasoning, were awake in the dreamer's mind, equally with the imagination; and though these faculties endeavored to do so, they failed to comprehend what they contributed to invent. It is as if Sheridan wondered, while he was writing the "School for Scandal," why on earth a screen was to be placed on the stage in Act iii., and found out the purpose with a shock of surprise when he caused the screen to fall.

One thing tells strongly in favor of the detachment theory—namely, the fact that the pictures made by imagination in sleep are far more vivid than any that appear to the waking fancy. It would seem that, freed from the restraint imposed on it when it has to work in harness with, or in the harness of, other faculties, imagination becomes infinitely more active, powerful, impressive. The difference in point of distinctness between the images that appear in dreams and those which we call into the mind or that wander into it when we are awake are extremely great. The one is much more feeble than the other. If, the moment after looking intently on a house, a tree, a face, we close our eyes and recall it to mental vision, we find the impression faint and weak as compared with similar appearances in dreams. Yet one set of apparitions is immediately derived from actual existing things; the other (very often) has no such derivation that we can recognize. When, being awake, we draw pictures before the mind by fancy's aid—as the novelist does—we are conscious that they do not differ from memory pictures. They arise in the mind in the same way, and they appear in the same faint outline, which cannot be steadied and held to view without some degree of effort. It is altogether different in the case of dream-pictures. Not only do they appear in far greater clearness, but it is as if the actual sight of the

dreamer was addressed to real objects, which it looks forth at. It seems from all this that in sleep imagination does attain a freedom which not only works with enormously increased pictorial force, but develops "creative" resources which the utmost urging cannot bring it to reveal in waking day. Indeed, waking imagination can hardly conceive itself capable of surrendering the creations of which it is freely delivered in sleep.

The minds of children afford the strongest illustration of the theory that dream-imagination is so powerful because it works in detachment from other faculties. In childhood there is no such mutual supervision of faculties (some of them having yet to grow, indeed) as there is in the case of adult persons. And inasmuch as those other faculties *have* come to growth in children, they have yet to be linked in the closer association that binds them when we come to maturity. All our faculties work more independently of each other in childhood than when we are grown up, or till we come to the second childhood of old age. But, however that may be, we evidently detect in the waking imagination of children a nearer approach to the spontaneity and vividness of fancy-production in dreams. Moreover, imagination seems to place its creations before the waking minds of children with much of the same objectivity in which they are presented to us in sleep alone when we have grown older, and when our various faculties have been brought into more complete co-ordination. The saying that "genius is to madness near allied" imports the same idea—imagination comparatively unhampered by the control of other faculties; and we should remember that it is the common experience of men of genius that their noblest "thoughts," their keenest "intuitions," seem to flash into the mind from without, rather than to spring up from within. They seem to proceed from some independent agency external to mind and yet at home in it; which is just what might be said of dreams. Madness itself has been robbed of half its terrors by the extremely probable theory that the state of madness is a state of constant dreaming; and wherever insanity appears it certainly seems that the mental faculties have fallen apart from each other, and that imagination takes full possession in unbridled strength.

But now comes in another important point for remark. So far as we know, neither the freer imagination of childhood nor the absolutely unfettered faculty in the insane is ever productive of the kind of dreams which are called supernatural for want of a word more accurately expressive. These are the most remarkable phenomena of sleep; and it appears that prophetic dreams, the dreams which seem to import something of the supernatural, only arise in sane minds, and not in these till the mental faculties have come to full growth, and are brought into a condition of close inter-dependence. If so, then they are all the more remarkable. We are at liberty to say in that case, perhaps, that dreams of prophecy and revelation (which, using the word "prophecy" and "revelation" in their customary sense, do undoubtedly occur) are *not* among those which are produced by imagination while other faculties are dormant, but arise when all the mental faculties are lifted into a higher range of freedom, at the same time maintaining their accustomed harmony. Even so, imagination is dominant, no doubt, but that is what we should expect. Naturally, it is imagination that speaks—by fable and picture; the strange thing being that it does so as if gifted with independent powers of reflection and reasoning, which it brings to bear upon those other powers of reflection and reasoning that belong to the work-a-day machinery of mind.

As an illustration of this more remarkable kind of dreaming, I may relate one of a series of dreams which followed each other at intervals of a year precisely—a year to a day.

A long time ago a gentleman who may be called A. lost a child by death. He had been very fond and proud of the boy, who was seven or eight years of age, I think, when he died. Indeed, between the two there had always been a strong sympathy, and when the child was taken the father was plunged into the deepest grief. Like many another one in the same situation, his thoughts by day and night were tortured by the question, "But yet, is he still in existence? Is there a place in this vast universe where I may think of him as living—no matter how infinite the distance, or even if we are parted not only now but forever and ever?" Many poor souls have been

tossed about in the same yearning speculations, day after day, month after month, with no diminution of doubt and pain. A. was one of these unfortunates. To this great trouble was added another, which took the shape of a deep and surprising disappointment. At first, one of the poor man's very few comforts had been that the boy would haunt his dreams, and that they would be together many a time that way. But it is not invariably true that what you think of most you dream of most; and for all his hoping and praying the father never once dreamt of his son. That is to say, he never had any such dream for a whole year, by which time, I daresay, the praying had been given up and the hope exhausted. But then, on the morning of the child's death, and at the very hour on which he died, the father woke from a wonderful dream, so intimately and touchingly responsive to the whole year's grief that it cannot be thrown into the glare of print. It is only mentioned—together with the fact that after another twelve months of blank and empty nights another dream of the same character occurred at the same hour—in order to give its own setting to the third dream.

The morning had again come round. A. dreamed that he had awakened about dawn, and, thinking of nothing but the hour to rise, had drawn his watch from under his pillow. In doing so he saw that it had been completely shattered. But how could it have been broken so violently, lying where it had been snugly placed a few hours before? A reasonable but an injurious conjecture occurred to him: at some time in the night the watch had been taken from beneath the pillow by his wife, who had allowed it to fall. Satisfied that there could be no other explanation, he was about to drop asleep again, to get rid of ill-humor at the accident (this is all in the dream, be it understood), when the door opened, and in came a foreman of works to whom A. gave instructions every day, and between whom and himself there was a great liking. It seemed as if the man had come for the usual draft of work to be done, and it did not strike A. as anything out of the way that he should be visited in his bedroom for it. But he *was* struck by the look of mysterious inquiry on the man's face. The next moment he con-

nected this look with the broken watch, and drew it out again: the glass gone, the hands swept from the dial, but seeming less like his own watch now. What was the meaning of it? While A. was asking himself this question in a sort of expectant trepidation, the foreman of works said, "Put it to your ear, sir." This A. did; and as he listened to the even beat within, the other said, "Sir, we know how much you are troubled, and this is our way of showing you that, though every sign of life is destroyed, life may still be going on."* Whereupon A. woke "all of a tremble," heard the tranquil tick-ticking of his watch under his pillow, and, when he could compose himself to take it forth, saw that the hands stood at within five or eight minutes of the time when his boy died on the same day in the calendar.

When such dreams as these occur (and this one is told quite faithfully, without a word of omission, importation, transposition, or embellishment) they make an impression on the mind which no reasoning can efface. Anxious as we may be to assert our emancipation from superstitious idea, confident as we may be that the dream is and must be explicable by some morbid condition of organic function, no sooner is attention drawn from that conclusion than belief in the supernatural creeps in to replace it. As often as it is expelled it will return—shadowy but inexpugnable, or expugnable only for a while. It comes back again and again like an exile to its home, where the reasonings that chase it away are as foreigners and conquerors. It may be that it had no right to exist in the mind at all; but the mind itself feels that the yearning to supernatural belief is more truly native than the mental forces that forbid it to remain.

However, we are not obliged to enter upon that question. We may put all the rest aside to remark on the extreme difficulty of explaining such dreams as the one related above as a consequence of physical derangement, or by the theory of the unrestrained action of imagination in sleep. All the more remarkable characteristics of the other dreams which we

* The "we" and the "our" were understood to signify that the kindly plot had been got up, not by the foreman alone, but in concert with others employed under him.

have printed are here. Again we view the mind of a man creating a little drama in which he himself—that is to say, his whole conscious being, all that he ever called “myself”—is made to play a part, and yet who has to follow the developments of the story in ignorance of its every turn. Not in an idle ignorance either, but in striving and baffled ignorance; for he was eagerly curious to make out the incidents of the dream as they arose, and even came to wrong conclusions about them at first. And they were—? his own inventions, apparently. So far as that goes, however, this visitation was only a striking example of a certain kind of dreams which are commonly meaningless, and sometimes nonsensical. But it was more than that. It was marked by a difference which carries it into quite a different order of “sleep’s imaginings.” Apparently, a reasoned purpose had to be achieved—as much by set design as when Nathan made up his parable of the ewe lamb, and it *was* achieved; for the dreamer was more at peace from that hour than he was before. First we may ask, then, whether the purpose and the design were A.’s. He would answer that they were as strange to him when they were set in operation as the parable was to David when Nathan began to speak. And yet what but A.’s own mind—which is A. himself—could have invented the design and directed the purpose? What, indeed, but his whole mind, with all its parts working together in due contribution and in full accord? For it is barely conceivable that such purpose and such design as we see here could be planned and carried out by any single faculty, no matter what powers it may be capable of exerting when freed from the control of the rest. To do as much as that, imagination, the one faculty to which all dreaming is referred, must be capable of far more than an extension of its own powers when in a state of detachment. It must be able to develop in itself nearly all the other qualities of mind, including will or intention: qualities, be it observed, of which it is more the servant than anything else while we are awake. That imagination is capable of all this is a fascinating conjecture, but one that will hardly stand. It would be easier to believe that such dreams arise at moments whence not imagination alone, but all the faculties of

mind, released from the restraints of the corporeal senses, soar into a higher range of freedom, while maintaining their natural relations in full harmony. Easier still is it to suppose the mind of man dual—its faculties supplied in a double set. Duality appears to be a common law in nature; and much of the difficulty of understanding dreams would disappear if we could believe that our mental faculties are duplex, and that though the two sets work together inseparably and indistinguishably while we live our natural lives in the waking world, they are capable of working apart, the one under the observation of the other, when all are out of harness by the suspension of the senses in sleep.

To some extent, perhaps, this explanation would account for what is called the supernatural in dreams; and, for my part, I do not doubt that dreams of warning and prevision do occur, however they may be explained, and could speak as to some with the utmost confidence. When such dreams as these are discussed by believers in an origin which, though conceivably within the laws of nature, is unacknowledged by science, some subtle communication of mind with mind at a distance is assumed as the explanation of a great deal. And supposing such “waves of communication” possible, most dreams of this order would be comprehensible at once. But others would still remain unaccounted for, as this which I am about to relate; and it is not likely to be singular.

Between a certain man and woman—both of a rather romantic cast—a strong affection had grown up from childhood; an affection tried and tried again, but never quenched and apparently unquenchable. Through a variety of commonplace circumstances, they could not marry. They had to remain apart in honorable separation, and nearly always at a distance; but with communication enough to be assured from time to time over ten or a dozen years that the old affection remained what it was at the beginning. Toward the end of this period the man was tormented by a series of dreams, occurring at intervals of days, weeks, or months, in which the woman figured as avowing herself “false as Cressid,” and shamelessly glorying in her freedom. “Tormented” was his own word; but

not because these dreams ever disturbed his faith for a single waking moment. Indeed, he described himself as puzzled and humiliated that such phantasies could invade his mind by any avenue or in any shape. The torment was endured no longer than the dream lasted, or till he had shaken off the horror he woke in. It was not surprising to hear, however, that the repetition of these visions during a space of two or three years became increasingly distressing, and the more so because their only difference was in scene and circumstance. There was a casual meeting, now on a country road, now on a seaside parade, now at a garden-party; but whatever the place of meeting the same thing happened on all occasions. With a defiant gayety, and with a "Now do you suppose?" or, "Why, dear me, yes;" or, "Are you so stupid as to imagine?" she scattered confessions as lightly as if she was flinging roses. The lady died; and when she was dead the leaves of a sealed book opened (how need not be told), revealing what no one expected to read in it, and all in accordance with her lover's dreams. Not that there were any signs of the pagan audacity that were so amazing in *them*; but, on the contrary, tokens of violent passions of remorse, frequently recurrent.

Not much help from superstition is needed to impress one with a story like this. R.'s persistent dreams were not accounted for by doubt, or anything observed or heard of that could sow the seed of suspicion. They were dreams of intimation from without, if any such dreams there be. And yet it is difficult to explain them by the "wave of communication" hypothesis, because it is certain that the unhappy woman could never have been eager to present herself to her lover's mind as she did appear to him in sleep. To be sure, the psychologist or the poet might make something of it. We know that remorse will sometimes drive a sensitive nature to extravagant lengths of self-condemnation and self-punishment: and if the poet chose he might make a pretty picture of the poor lady overcome at times with violent shame at her deceit, her mind straining with a wish that he might know and be defrauded of his confidence no longer, and going forth to him in an excess of remorse and extravagant self-revelation. For some men and women self-

accusation of the most merciless kind answers to an act of atonement; it is confession and penance at the same time. This is the explanation of a great deal in Carlyle's little book, written after his wife's death.

Whether, putting aside all question of warning, or revealing, or prophetic sleep-visions, dreams are of service to the dreamer, has often been discussed, though the general disposition of the shrewd is to regard them as valueless in that respect. But the experience from which opinion is drawn differs widely; and this is a matter in which most men are resolutely suspicious of the experience of others as remembered and related. Nearly all dreamers, however, can be brought into one theory—namely, that since in dreams we pass through a great variety of experiences, none of which are ever likely to befall us in real life, we are put to tests of character which we should never endure otherwise; and therefore that we ought to come to a better acquaintance with ourselves. Thus, if I have never been placed in a situation of extreme danger, as by attack of armed thieves, or in a burning house (together with others more helpless perhaps), how am I to know what my feelings and conduct would really be under such circumstances? Think of himself what he may, no candid man can give a confident answer to that question. It is a common experience to discover in one's self a surprising coolness and resource, or a totally unsuspected and crushing cowardice, under a sudden severe test. To some such test, it has been surmised, we are frequently exposed in dreams; passing through emotions strong enough to affect our physical senses no less than if the danger were real—as broken knuckles and quaking limbs testify when we awake—and therefore all the more to be trusted as like to those which we should actually experience if the dream were reality.

If this supposition held good there could be no doubt about the use of dreams. We should have to consider them of immense importance in extending self-knowledge and self-discipline, while at the same time a sympathetic understanding of our fellow-creatures would be widened. This last advantage would be heightened by the fact that we sometimes dream of passing into conditions of temptation and guilt

such as it is hardly possible we shall ever experience, though we see that that is the lot of others. For example, many years ago I dreamed of having killed a man by throwing him from the verge of a quay. The murder itself did not come into the dream, which began (according to my waking remembrance) just after I had turned from the scene. The dream was of guilt alone; and whenever I recall that vision of myself walking away through the narrow old streets that bordered the quay (it was early morning), the whole mind of me an abyss of listening silence, my very footsteps seeming to have become noiseless, and a wide environment of distance standing between me and every passer-by, I believe I really do know the awful solitude a murderer feels, or know it far beyond mere imagining.

Now no man can be the worse, he must be benefited in every sense, by such experiences. They are expansion, enlightenment, discipline; and some of us have had many such. Nevertheless, this kind of dream cannot be at all depended on for revealing to us ourselves. In many cases we do and say in them what we certainly should not say or do in waking life and actual circumstance. But what is true of most cases is not true of all; and if we are to come to a better understanding of the phenomena of sleep, we should begin by discarding the notion that all dreams are due to the same causes. To do this, it is not necessary to import ideas of the supernatural or the operation of impalpable influences from without. But it is necessary, or at any rate it will be found convenient, to suspend the conclusion that dreams are always occasioned by senses and sensibilities in a condition of disorder. Some are, no doubt, and by far the most. But others, and those which alone seem worth noting, may be explained by a condition of mind so different as to be the opposite of disorder.* Condorcet's famous

* Maury, who has treated of this subject at considerable length, and with great care, believes entirely in mental disorder as the explanation of dreams; yet he is compelled to say in one place: "*Mais ce qui est plus étrange c'est que l'intelligence peut accomplir de prime abord, sans l'intervention de la volonté, un acte qui dénote le concours de toutes les autres facultés.*" No doubt. And in our waking hours how much is accomplished by the concurrence of our other faculties, without the conscious exertion, or even

dream is an example of this sort. No doubt there have been many others equally remarkable that found no record; but even one is enough to show what the possibilities are. The capture of half a dozen sea-serpents would prove no more than the stranding of a single specimen on Yarmouth beach.

We may close these discursive pages with the remark that dreams would not cease to be a worthy subject of study though the usual explanation of their origin were ascertained to be correct. No sooner does it appear that a dream was occasioned by the firing of a gun, a shouting in the street, or some other external suggestion, than all interest in it is allowed to drop. However remarkable the dream really was in itself, the first feeling of mystery is instantly swamped by something like derision. This habit is probably accounted for by the all but universal disposition of mankind to seek for supernatural influences in dreams. If no such influence can be suspected, away goes all interest in the matter. When it comes out that a long, long dream, full of strange coherent incident, was started by the slamming of a door, a laugh is raised as if at a ridiculous imposture, and the dream is thought of no more. But it may deserve a good deal of attention however it was started. For example, the firing of a gun, the beating of rain upon the window-pane, do not account for the enormous rapidity with which a long succession of images will pass before the mind in the dream that ensues upon the sound. There is nothing in these noises to explain how it is that in our waking hours the mind is incapable of reviewing such scenes as they originate in a hundredth part of the time; neither do they explain the fact that those scenes are presented to the "mind's eye" with a vividness far in excess of all that our waking imagination can achieve when put to the utmost strain. They do not account for the invention which it would puzzle us to emulate with the aid of all our waking wits; nor do they forbid us to speculate upon the limitation on the one hand, the potentialities on the other, which the difference of mental scope and

the conscious supervision of the will? Many of the tasks which we set ourselves are begun, not by a determination of will to begin them, but by the stir and solicitude of the faculties necessary to their accomplishment.

activity seems to disclose. As to the confusion in dreams, the rapid inconsequence of them, the swift transitions, the sudden changings and mergings of scene and circumstance which so often make them seem merely ridiculous, two things have to be considered. In the first place, the whole transaction of a dream proceeds at a prodigious pace, and therefore it is not remarkable that the transitions should seem monstrously abrupt to our waking senses. In the next place, very few of us note at the end of the day how many hours of it have been spent in a loose medley of imaginings as excursive as those that occupy our minds in sleep, and like them in this very particular of breaking off into sudden transition; like them,

too, in being soon forgotten. Here again, however, the greater activity, force, and impressiveness of imagination in sleep becomes apparent. For the day-dreams in which, unnoticed by ourselves, so many hours of our waking life are spent, are not only paler than these others while they last, but are hardly ever remembered for five minutes. None are remembered as vividly as many a dream of the night, though such dreams have become proverbs of passing things; and—unless they are something more than day-dreams—never do they influence thought, feeling, conduct in any degree at all: which is not true of dreams of the night.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS AND THE GERMAN WAR.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

UNDER the unassuming title of "An Englishman in Paris," a book* has been published within the last few weeks, which throws a flood of light on the inner life of the French capital during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe and the whole of the period from his abdication to the end of the Commune in May 1871. The work is both anonymous and posthumous, but no mistake can be made in ascribing the authorship of it to the late Sir Richard Wallace, who, it is an open secret, was an illegitimate son of that notorious person the third Marquis of Hertford—Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne—and the half-brother of the fourth Marquis and Lord Henry Seymour, both of whom spent most of their lives in the French capital. Throughout the book the identity of the author discloses itself repeatedly. He lives with, travels with, visits with, his "near relative," Lord Hertford. It was in virtue of that relationship that the highest circles were open to him, that he was a guest at Compiègne, the Tuileries, and the Château d'Eu, with the entrée to every great function and the fullest opportunity—as there was with him the keenest zest—for obtaining the best information in regard to every subject of

interest or importance. He reveals himself as having for a "near relative" an officer on the staff of General Vinoy, whose aide-de-camp I knew as a young "Capitaine Edmond Richard Wallace," the son of the then Mr. Richard Wallace. Writing of events on the eve of the war, he alludes to a "connection of mine by marriage" who was a general officer *à la suite* of the Emperor. One of the few officers who accompanied Napoleon the Third when he came out of Sedan on the morning after the great defeat was pointed out to me as General Castelnau and further described as "the brother-in-law of Richard Wallace;" and Lady Wallace, who still survives to lament the loss of husband and son, is stated in the baronetage to have been a Castelnau. Such evidence as this is conclusive; and Sir Richard, indeed, has disguised his identity so thinly that he might as well have allowed his name to go on the title-page of his book.

No Frenchman could know his Paris better than this Englishman who was in essentials at least half a Frenchman, and who describes himself on the eve of the Franco-German war as "probably the only foreigner whom Parisians had agreed not to consider an enemy in disguise." Through his pages, in which all moods vibrate from cynicism to sympathy, there defiles a long train of persons of distinct-

* *An Englishman in Paris (Notes and Recollections)*. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall, Lim. 1892.

tion in every sphere—princes, statesmen, grandes dames and famous members of the demi-monde, poets, painters, soldiers, sculptors, authors, officials, boulevardiers, lawyers, detectives; all of whom he knew with greater or less intimacy, all of whom in one sense or other were worth knowing, and of all of whom he has something to tell that is new, bright, engaging, and to use the formula “to the best of deponent’s knowledge and belief,” true. He had a legitimate and worthy curiosity to learn what the Americans call the “true inwardness” of the incidents and events occurring around him, and the evidence of his pages is fairly strong that he rarely failed to know most things that were to be known.

Perhaps the most prominent figure of his second volume, which concerns itself with the period of the Empire, is the Empress. An intimate of the Emperor, a frequent visitor to Compiègne, bienvenu in all the ramifications of imperialistic and official circles and coteries, nobody could have better opportunities of judging of the character of Eugénie, and of the nature and weight of her influence on affairs, social and national alike. It is clear that the author considers the Empress to have exercised the most important individual impression on the destinies of the Empire. I do not propose to formulate for him the conclusions to which his comments directly point, preferring in part to quote, in part to summarize, those comments, and so leave the reader to form therefrom his opinion to what extent the responsibility for the ignoble collapse of the Second Empire rests on her whom the discontent Parisians were wont to style “the Spanish woman.” It is seemly, for obvious reasons, to treat of a bereaved and desolate lady solely in her province as Empress, as the social ruler of France, and as the strong consort of a pliable and listless husband; and it is to be regretted that the author has occasionally permitted himself in this respect to transgress boundaries which he might have been expected to recognize. Apart from this his honesty and candor are conspicuous, and of this an illustration may be given. The Emperor was fond of ceremonious display, and had set his heart upon his bride having a brilliant escort of fair and illustrious women on her marriage-day. There was no hope of such an escort from the old

noblesse; and the honor was declined even by the nobility who owed titles and fortunes to the First Napoleon. There were, it was true, plenty of men and women ready to accept honors and titles in the suite of the brand-new régime, “and to deck out their besmirched though very authentic scutcheons with them; but of these the Empress, at any rate, would have none.” “Knowing what I do,” continues the writer, “of Napoleon’s private character, he would willingly have dispensed with the rigidly virtuous woman at the Tuileries, then and afterward. But at that moment he was perforce obliged” (at the instance of the lady whom he was about to espouse) “to make advances to her, and the rebuffs received in consequence were taken with a sang-froid which made those who administered them wince more than once. At each renewed refusal he was ready with an epigram: “Encore une dame qui n’est pas assez sûre de son passé pour braver l’opinion publique;” “Celle-là, c’est la femme de César, hors de tout soupçon, comme il y a des criminels qui sont hors la loi;” “Madame de —; il n’y a pas de faux pas dans sa vie, il n’y a qu’un faux papa, le père de ses enfants.”

The author dilates freely on the imperious temper of the parvenue Empress. The slightest divergence of opinion was construed into an offence, and all who offended her suffered inexorable ostracism. The result was that in a few years the so-called counsellors around the Emperor were simply her abject creatures and puppets, moving solely at her will. Bold men who dared to differ from her and think for themselves were removed or were driven into fierce and bitter opposition, or else voluntarily withdrew from the court “sooner than submit to a tyranny, not based, like that of Catherine the Second or Elizabeth, upon great intellectual gifts, but upon the wayward impulses of a woman in no way distinguished mentally from the rest of her sex, except by an overweening ambition and an equally overweening conceit.” Of this tyrannical intolerance he gives several remarkable illustrations. One evening at court a charade was being played, in the course of which some of the amateur performers, of both sexes, threw all decorum to the winds in their improvised dialogue. In her Majesty’s hearing an officer high in favor with

her and the Emperor gave expression to his disgust at such license of language in presence of the sovereigns. The Empress turned upon him with terms of unrefined contempt for his prudishness. "Vous n'êtes pas content, colonel; hé bien! je me'en fiche, refiche et contrefiche" (words which the editor translates, with the remark that his translation inadequately represents the vulgarity of the original, "You don't like it, colonel; well, I don't care a snap, nor two snaps, nor a thousand snaps"). The Emperor, with a laugh, applauded his consort; the colonel recognized the situation, and presented himself no more at court. One of the ablest soldiers in the army, he served in Mexico without promotion, and he was still a colonel when, after Gravelotte, he impressed on Bazaine the wisdom of leaving a garrison in Metz and breaking out with the army of the Rhine. I think I am not mistaken in identifying this officer as Colonel Lewal, who subsequently under the Republic attained high and deserved promotion. Had the Empire lasted, he would probably have remained a colonel to the day of his death.

Boitelle, an honest shrewd man of the bourgeois type, was a prefect of police in Paris under the Empire. Eugénie, actuated whether by philanthropy or whim, took it into her head to pay a visit to Saint-Lazare, an institution combining the attributes of a hospital and a bridewell for women of the town of the lowest type. Boitelle was requisitioned as cicerone. The Empress took exception to the dinner of the inmates, since no dessert crowned the meal. Boitelle's sense of the fitness of things had already been strained, and the plain man blurted out, "Really, madame, you allow your kindness to run away with your good sense. If they are to have a dessert, what are we to give to honest women?" Next day Boitelle was kicked upstairs into the sinecure of a senatorship; his services, which were valuable, were lost to his department; and to the end of the Empire her Majesty's resentment against him never relented. Her wrath also deprived the bureau of secret police of its upright and conscientious chief, M. Hyrvoix. It was his wont to report daily to the Emperor, who gave him his cue by the question, "What do the people say?" The incident narrated by the author—which shall be given

in his own words, M. Hyrvoix himself being his authority—occurred at the time when the tidings of the Emperor Maximilian's fate caused in Paris the ominous rumbling of discontent and disaffection.

"What do the people say?" asked Napoleon.

"Well, sire, not only the people, but every one is deeply indignant and disgusted with the consequences of this unfortunate (Mexican) war. They say it is the fault of—"

"The fault of whom?" demanded the Emperor.

"Sire," stammered M. Hyrvoix, "in the time of Louis the Sixteenth people said, 'It is the fault of the Austrian woman.'"

"Yes; go on."

"Under Napoleon the Third, people say, 'It is the fault of the Spanish woman.'"

The words had scarcely left Hyrvoix's lips when a door leading to the inner apartments opened and the Empress appeared on the threshold. "She looked like a beautiful fury," said Hyrvoix. "She wore a white dressing-gown, her hair was waving on her shoulders, and her eyes shot flames. She hissed, rather than spoke, as she bounded toward me; and, ridiculous as it may seem, I felt afraid for the moment."

"You will please repeat what you said just now, M. Hyrvoix!" she gasped in a voice hoarse with anger.

"Certainly, madame," I replied, "seeing that I am here to speak the truth; and this being so, your Majesty will pardon me. I told the Emperor that the Parisians spoke of 'the Spanish woman' as they spoke seventy-five years ago of 'the Austrian woman.'"

"The Spanish woman! the Spanish woman!" she jerked out three or four times—and I could see that her hands were clenched—"I have become French; but I will show my enemies that I can be Spanish when occasion demands it."

With this she left as suddenly as she had come, taking no notice of the Emperor's hand uplifted to detain her. The author significantly adds that next morning M. Hyrvoix was relegated to the receiver-generalship of one of the departments—in other words, "exiled to the provinces."

Although quite apart from the specific

topic of this article, the interpolation may be pardoned of a pretty little anecdote told by the author of Queen Victoria, when that royal lady visited Paris as the guest of the Emperor and Empress in 1855. The scene was the ball in the Hôtel de Ville given in her Majesty's honor by the municipality of the capital.

"I remember one little incident," records the author, "which caused a flutter of surprise among the court ladies, who even at that time had already left off dancing in the pretty, old-fashioned style, and merely walked through their quadrilles. The royal matron of thirty-five executed every step as her dancing-master had taught her, and with none of the listlessness that was supposed to be the 'correct thing.' I was standing close to Canrobert, who was in attendance on the Emperor. After watching the Queen for a few minutes, he turned to the lady on his arm, and spoke: 'Pardi, elle danse comme ses soldats se battent, "en veux-tu, en voilà;" et correcte jusqu'à la fin.' There never was a greater admirer of the English soldier than Canrobert."

It has hitherto been the generally accepted belief that the actual decision to go to war with Germany was come to at the Cabinet Council which was held on the 14th of July as the result of the communications from Benedetti, and after the Emperor had returned to the council-chamber from an interview with the Empress, and, in answer to his final anxious question as to the preparedness of the army, had received Lebœuf's confident assurance as to the last soldier's last gaiter-button. But the author of *The Englishman in Paris* traverses this impression, and expresses his conviction "that war was decided upon between the Imperial couple" so early as between the 5th and 6th of the month. And certainly it seems that he adduces fair reason for the belief he holds. He narrates that early in the afternoon of the former day Lord Lyons, driving into the courtyard of the British Embassy, beckoned him in, and that he had a ten-minutes' interview with the Ambassador. He brought away the impression that, although the Duc de Gramont and M. Emile Ollivier chose to bluster in face of the Hohenzollern candidature, there was little or no fear of war, because the Emperor was decidedly inclined to peace. Lord Lyons had just re-

turned from an interview with the Foreign Minister, and expressed himself to the effect that the Duc de Gramont was the last person who ought to conduct the negotiations. "There is," his lordship had remarked, "too much personal animosity between him and Bismarck, owing mainly to the latter having laughed to scorn his pretensions as a diplomatist when the duke was at Vienna." And he added, "I can understand, though I fail to approve, de Gramont's personal irritation, but cannot account for Ollivier's, and he seems as pugnacious as the other. Nevertheless, I repeat, the whole of this will blow over: William is too wise a man to go to war on such a pretext, and the Emperor is too ill not to want peace. I wish the Empress would leave him alone." Most writers who have dealt with this period have regarded Ollivier's attitude as the reverse of that described by Lord Lyons, who, however, could scarcely have been mistaken.

On this same day, the 5th of July, two ministerial councils were held at Saint-Cloud, at both of which the Emperor presided. Apart from the author, there is a certain amount of evidence that when the latter of those councils rose the Emperor's sentiments were still in favor of peace. But he is able to strengthen this evidence, indirectly it is true, but in a very significant way. It is of course well known that Napoleon the Third had for years been suffering acutely from the painful and debilitating disorder which ultimately caused his death. So worn was he by it that, in the author's words, "he was weary, body and soul, and but for his wife and son he would, perhaps willingly, have abdicated." About the beginning of the month his condition had become so grave that a consultation of the leading French specialists was held, resulting in the unanimous opinion that an immediate operation was absolutely necessary. The professional report to this effect was, however, the author states, not communicated to the Empress, and indeed it was only after the Emperor's death that the document was found at Camden Place. The consultation was kept a secret, but the author new of it from Dr. Ricord, who was one of the specialists composing it and the author's intimate friend. In favor of the view that the Emperor was looking forward to an immediate operation, and that therefore it was extremely improbable that he

should be desirous of war, he adduces the following incident. "On the evening of the 5th of July, while the second council of ministers was being held, the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to my house for the exact address of Mr. Prescott Hewett,* the eminent English surgeon. I was not at home, and on my return an hour later sent the address by telegraph to Saint-Cloud. I have since learned that on the same night a telegram was sent to London inquiring of Mr. Hewett when it would be convenient for him to hold a consultation in Paris, and that an appointment was made." It has to be said that this summons might obviously have resulted from a desire on the Emperor's part to have the opinion of an eminent and independent foreign surgeon as to whether he would be able to endure the fatigue and exertion of a campaign. Mr. Hewett did visit the illustrious patient, but not until after he had been some time in the field, and had suffered severely in body and mind. His condition in both respects is thus reported in a letter from an eye-witness to the author. "The Emperor is in a very bad state; after Saarbrück Lebrun and Lebœuf had virtually to lift him off his horse. The Prince Imperial, who had been by his side all the time, looked very distressed, for his father had scarcely spoken to him during the engagement. But after they got into the carriage the Emperor put his arm round his neck and kissed him on the cheeks, while two large tears rolled down his own. I noticed that the Emperor had scarcely strength to walk the dozen yards to his carriage."

But to follow the thread of the author's evidence that Napoleon 'verted or was perverted from peace to war during the night between the 5th and 6th of July. On the morning of the latter day there was a third council of ministers, for the purpose of framing the answer to M. Cochery's interpellation regarding the Hohenzollern candidature. The same afternoon the author met Joseph Ferrari, the intimate of Emile Ollivier's brothers, and so a likely man to have exclusive information. "It is all over," said Ferrari, "and unless a miracle happens we'll have war in less than a fortnight. Wait for another hour, and then you'll see the

effect of de Gramont's answer to Cochery's interpellation in the Chamber." "But," remarked the author, "about this time I was positively assured, and on the best authority, that the Emperor was absolutely opposed to any but a pacific remonstrance." "Your information was perfectly correct," replied Ferrari, "and as late as ten o'clock last night, at the termination of the second council of ministers, his sentiments underwent no change. Immediately after that, the Empress had a conversation with the Emperor, which I know for certain lasted till one o'clock in the morning. The result of this conversation is the answer the text of which you will see directly, and which is tantamount to a challenge to Prussia. Mark my words, the Empress will not cease from troubling until she has driven France into a war with the only great Protestant Power on the Continent. . . . It is the Empress who will prove the ruin of France!" How well informed was Ferrari as to the tone of the ministerial answer to Cochery's interpellation its specific terms show. "We do not believe" (so spoke de Gramont in the Chamber) "that respect for the rights of a neighboring people obliges us to endure patiently that a foreign Power, by placing one of her own princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, should disturb to our prejudice the existing balance of power in Europe, and endanger the interests and honor of France. This contingency we hope will not occur. But if it should be otherwise, we all know, gentlemen, strong in your support and in that of the nation, how to do our duty without fear and without hesitation."

The author pays a well-merited tribute to the strong good sense and high statesmanship of Lord Lyons in his relations with the Empress. While the Italian and Austrian ambassadors stooped almost to seem her creatures, and flattered her amour-propre by constantly appealing to her, the representative of Great Britain courteously but steadfastly declined to be drawn out by the Empress in regard to diplomatic affairs. He paid the due tribute of respect to the woman and the sovereign, but he tacitly refrained from regarding her as a participant in the affairs of international politics, and in his quiet manner had little respect for those of his colleagues who were swayed by her influ-

* The late Sir Prescott G. Hewett, Bart.

ence. "I do not know," he writes, "whether Lord Lyons will leave behind any 'Memoirs,' * but if he does we shall probably get not only nothing but the truth, but the whole truth, with regard to the share of the Empress in determining the war; and we shall find that the war was not decided upon between the Imperial couple between the 14th and 15th of July, '70, but between the 5th and 6th." If the author is right (and he speaks with show of authority), the Emperor, far from being zealous for war, was in regard to that enterprise the creature at once and the victim of his imperious consort. On the information of one who was scarcely ever at this time away from the side of Napoleon, he describes that unfortunate man as racked with anxiety, not as to the issues of war, which he thought himself able to prevent up to the night of the 5th of July, but as to the consequences of peace. For he realized that the Republican minority, strengthened by recent accessions and by the ominous result of the plébiscite, was striving, not to spur the Emperor on to war, but to make him keep a peace which it would have vituperated as humiliating to France, seizing on the opening to deride the Empire as too feeble or too pusillanimous to guard the national honor. And the Empress unwillingly played into the hand of the minority. Her the author represents as urging on the war with Germany with the intent of saving to her son the crown which she knew to rest precariously on her husband's head; and he holds that the Republicans considered that the war which she favored would serve their turn nearly as well as peace, since war would give them the opportunity to denounce the iniquity of standing armies, and the phases of it would expose that corruption and deterioration of the French army of which they were well aware. That the Republicans were prepared to go to great lengths for the subversion of the Empire is no doubt true; but it must be said that the author discloses an animus which weakens the force of his arguments when he allows himself to write that "this is

tantamount to an indictment (against the Republicans) of having deliberately contributed to the temporary ruin of their country for political purposes, and such I intend it to be." That aspersion goes to water when the heroic defence of Republican France after the revolution of the 4th of September is remembered.

Before the Emperor left Paris for the seat of war, the reaction from the wild ebullitions of the earlier moments had already manifested itself to the keen observation of the author. Shrewd and sometimes cynical men, even of the Imperial entourage, were allowing themselves to speak their minds. The author cites some utterances of a connection of his by marriage, who is described as a frequent and welcome guest at the Tuileries, and who may safely be identified as General Castelnau. This personage frankly owned that, but for his fine voice and skill in leading the cotillon, he would probably never have risen beyond the rank of captain. Records of service were never looked into as a criterion for promotion. "A clever answer to a question by the Emperor, a handsome face and pleasing manners, are sufficient to establish a reputation at the Château. The officials take particular care not to rectify those impulsive judgments of the Emperor and Empress, because they know that careful inquiries into the merits of candidates would hurt their own protégés. All the favorites burn with jealousy of each other; and this jealousy will now lead to disastrous results, because the Emperor will find it as difficult to comply with as to refuse their individual extravagant demands." Colonel Stoffel, it is well known, was reprimanded by Lebœuf for writing so strongly from Berlin of the magnificent efficiency of the Prussian army, because the minister and his light-hearted companions objected to be harassed in their frivolities by mistrust on the Emperor's part of their soldierly capacity. "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand . . . Où le père a passé, passera bien l'enfant," was their creed, and they continued to dance, flirt, and intrigue for gilded places. " 'There are no bad regiments, only bad colonels,' said the first Napoleon; in the opinion of those gentlemen, there were no bad colonels, except perhaps those who did not constantly jingle their spurs on the carpeted floors of the Empress's bou-

* Lord Lyons predeceased Sir Richard Wallace, but there is internal evidence that the latter wrote his *Recollections* during the lifetime of that nobleman, and he presumably did not give himself the trouble to revise them in regard to such passages as the above.

doir and the parqueted arena of the Empress's ball-room. And she applauded the vaporings of those misguided men. 'Le courage fait tout' had been the motto for nearly a score of years at the Tuileries. It did a good deal in the comedies à la Marivaux, in the Boccaccian charades that had been enacted there during that time; she had yet to learn that it would avail little or nothing in the Homeric struggle which was impending."

The author indirectly but unmistakably conveys the impression that the Empress was urgent for her husband to take the field in person, notwithstanding his wretched state of health, because of her eagerness for the regency; in his own words, "the Empress always showed herself exceedingly anxious to exercise the functions of regent." According to him, this desire was manifested so early as the Crimean war period. It is matter of history that the Emperor more than once expressed his intention of taking the command of his army on the Chersonese. His ministers strongly dissuaded him; similar advice came from high officers in the field; Lord Clarendon quietly but strongly combated the project; and Queen Victoria, to whom the idea was broached during her visit to Paris, threw cold water on it. But, writes the author, the Empress encouraged it to her utmost. "I fail to see," he states that she said to our Sovereign, "that he would be exposed to greater dangers there than elsewhere." It was, he continues, the prospect of the regency, not of the glory that her consort might earn, that appealed to the Empress, for she had no more sympathy with the object of that war than with that of the contest against Austria in 1859. During the absence of the Emperor in the field in the latter year the regency was vested in her; and her coterie of both sexes openly discounted the political effect of every victory. Austria, according to them, would be granted peace at the cost of few sacrifices, for she was a Conservative and Catholic Power, and therefore did not deserve abject humiliation. And the author asserts it as a positive fact within his own knowledge that "the Emperor was actually compelled to suspend operations after Solferino, because the Minister for War had ceased to send reinforcements and ammunition by order of the regent." Eugénie's regency

of 1865, during the Emperor's absence in Algeria, while not in itself disastrous, the author characterizes as fraught with disastrous consequences for the future. It gave the Empress the political importance she had been coveting for years; and henceforth she was habitually present at the councils of ministers, who did not fail to inform her of matters which have been solely for the ear of the head of the State. Ollivier in this respect repudiated the precedent set by his predecessors, and avoided informing the Empress on State affairs. It was, says the author, an open secret that the regent was determined, on the first French victory, to dismiss Ollivier and his cabinet. No French victory came, but fast on the heels of the first French disasters Ollivier was succeeded by the more facile Palikao.

It was also immediately after the reverses at the Spicheren and Wörth, on the 6th of August, that, according to the author and in his own words, "the entourage of the Empress began to think of saving the Empire by sacrificing, if needs be, the Emperor." He quotes a remark made by a lady-in-waiting to a near relative of his own: "There is only one thing that can avert the ruin of the dynasty, and that is the death of the Emperor at the head of his troops. That death would be considered a heroic one, and would benefit the Prince Imperial." The author does not pretend to determine "how far the Empress shared that opinion," contenting himself with stating some facts for the truth of which he "can unhesitatingly vouch," and which he rightly regards as not generally known up to the period at which he wrote. They are not, indeed, generally known to-day—although some of them are not unfamiliar to those who have made a special study of the subject—and tend in some measure to confirm the statements made by the author. The Empress was aware that the Emperor had long been the victim of a cruel disorder; and immediately after the disasters named, the younger Pietri, the Emperor's private secretary, informed her by telegraph that the disease had been seriously aggravated by his Majesty's having undergone much riding on horseback since joining the army. He added that the Emperor was not disinclined to return to Paris, resigning the command of the army of the Rhine, but that he required some sem-

blance of pressure put on him to save appearances. The author claims to have had this information from the lips of the elder Pietri, then prefect of police in Paris. There is no reason to doubt this; this telegram is extant; it is part of the same confidential message which suggested that Bazaine instead of his master should be thrown to the wolves; to quote its own genial terms, "If misfortune should still pursue the army, Bazaine then," the command having been devolved upon him, "would be the victim of obloquy, and so take the onus of responsibility off the Emperor's shoulders." Within twenty-four hours after the despatch of this message, Lebœuf is stated by the author to have proposed to the Emperor that he should return to Paris, accompanied by Lebœuf himself, leaving the army of the Rhine to attempt under another head to retrieve the situation by hard fighting. But the Emperor "sadly shook his head," and declared that he could not quit the field in view of the double defeat the army had suffered under his leadership. What then, asks the author, had happened in the twenty-four hours immediately following the despatch of Pietri's message? And he answers thus his own question: "Simply this: not only had the Empress refused to exercise the pressure which would have afforded her husband an excuse for his return, but she had thrown cold water on the idea of that return by a despatch virtually discountenancing that return."

Her telegram is in evidence, although apparently the author was not cognisant of its specific terms. It runs thus: "Have you well reflected on the consequences of your return under adverse circumstances? I dare not advise one way or the other. If you come, it must be as the organizer of a new army. Your best friends here consider your return dangerous." And there are known later circumstances, also seemingly unknown to him, which strengthen the credibility of the author in regard to this matter. When Napoleon reached Châlons, Trochu was there; Trochu was in great popularity with the Parisians; and the Emperor proposed that Trochu should take the turbulent Mobile Guards of Paris back to the capital, and pave the way for the speedy and safe return of the Imperial sufferer, who was certainly when at Châlons in no

better physical case than he had been earlier in Lorraine. Trochu accepted the mission, returned to Paris, and informed the Empress of his errand. It was then that the Empress expedited to her afflicted husband the following telegram:

"To the Emperor.—Do not think of returning here unless you wish to kindle a fearful revolution. This is the advice of Rouher and Chevreau, whom I have seen this morning. People here would say that you were running away from danger. Do not forget that the departure of Prince Napoleon from the army in the Crimea has affected his whole life.—Eugénie."

The authenticity of this message has not been questioned; Count d'Hérissou found the draft of it on the writing-table of the Empress after she had left the Tuileries. Notwithstanding its terms, the Emperor persisted in his intention of returning to the capital. M. Rouher was sent to dissuade him, and Napoleon yielded to his earnest and doubtless sincere representations. He went away with MacMahon to Sedan and captivity, and the revolution occurred all the same.

There may have been sound reasons for keeping the Emperor away from Paris; but it is difficult to imagine any motive in common humanity, not to speak of tenderness, for enforcing a stay with an army in the field of a boy of fourteen, of weak physique, whose nerves had been strained by the bullet-fire at Saarbrück. It is known that when the news of the disasters of August were made public in Paris, Ollivier telegraphed officially to the Imperial headquarters at Metz to request the return of the Prince Imperial, in accordance with the general wish expressed in the Paris press. "On this same day," writes the author, "M. Pietri (the elder) told me that the minister's telegram had been followed by one in the Empress's private cypher, expressing her desire that the Prince should remain with the army. She did not explain why." The author's statement is perfectly correct; the precise terms of the Empress's cypher-message were as follows: "For reasons which I cannot here explain, I wish Louis to remain with the army." The boy finally left his father in the Ardennes a few days before the battle of Sedan, and underwent many vicissitudes and some danger before, by way of Belgium, he reached England a week after that catastrophe.

The author vouches for an episode which is new to me, illustrating yet further the reluctance of the Empress-regent that the Emperor should quit the army in the field. On the 7th of August, the day after Wörth and the Spicheren, the Cabinet despatched by special train to Metz M. Maurice Richard, the Minister of Arts, to inquire into the Emperor's state of health and the degree of confidence with which he inspired the troops. Of this mission the author mentions that he was informed by the premier's brother within two hours after Richard's departure. The latter returned to Paris next day, bringing back the worst possible news. In view of those tidings, Ollivier, at a council of ministers held on the 9th, urged the immediate return of the Emperor, in the assurance of support from his colleague who had been to Metz. The Empress energetically opposed the proposal, "and when Ollivier turned, as it were, to M. Richard, the latter kept ominously silent. Not to mince matters, he had been tampered with. Ollivier found himself absolutely powerless."

This article may fitly close with the author's elaborate analysis of the character of Eugénie in her position as Empress, expressed in his own words. "That playful cry of the Empress, which she was so fond of uttering in the beginning of her married life—'As for myself, I am a Legitimist'—without understanding or endeavoring to understand its import, had gradually grafted itself on her mind, although it had ceased to be on her lips. Impatient of contradiction, self-willed and tyrannical both by nature and training, her sudden and marvellous elevation to one of the proudest positions in Europe

could not fail to strengthen those defects of character. Superstitious, like most Spaniards, she was firmly convinced that the gypsy who foretold her future greatness was a Divine messenger, and from that to the conviction that she occupied the throne by a right as Divine as that claimed by the Bourbons there was but one short step. A corollary to Divine right meant, to her, personal and irresponsible government. That was her idea of legitimism. Though by no means endowed with high intellectual gifts, she perceived well enough, in the beginning, that the Second Empire was not a very stable edifice, either with regard to its foundations or its superstructure; and until England propped it up with an alliance and a State visit from our Sovereign, she kept remarkably coy. But from that moment she aspired to be something more than the arbiter of fashion. As I have already said, she failed in prevailing on the Emperor to go to the Crimea. In '59 she was more successful, and in '65 she was more successful still. In the former year she laid the foundation of what was called the Empress's party; in the latter the scaffolding was removed from the structure, and thenceforth the work was done inside. She, no more than her surroundings, had the remotest idea that France was gradually undergoing a political change, that she was recovering her constitutional rights. Her party was like the hare in the fable that used the wrong end of the opera-glass, and they lived in a fool's paradise with regard to the distance that divided them from the sportsman, until he was fairly upon them in the shape of the liberal ministry of the 2d of January, 1870."—*Nineteenth Century*.

VASSILI.

BY SIDNEY PICKERING.

ONE autumn, never mind how many years ago, I, Basil Ogilvy, then junior attaché to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, was spending a week or two at the house of a cousin of mine who was married to a Russian general.

The Zagarines lived in a large provincial town, and as they were sociable people and entertained a good deal, I made

acquaintance at their house with the best society of K—; the officials civil and military, their wives and daughters, and the country gentlemen who stayed at the principal hotel and gambled from morning to night till the lightness of their purses obliged them to return to their own houses. The most conspicuous personage among the latter class, the leader of the

jeunesse dorée, was a certain Prince Serge Erisoff.

Being a lieutenant in the Chevalier Guard, the Prince generally adorned the brighter sphere of the capital and was only spending his leave at K—near which his property was situated. He was a big, dark, broad-shouldered man, of seven or eight and twenty, handsome rather than otherwise, with a ruddy complexion, hard restless black eyes, and waxed black mustaches twisted up to his prominent cheekbones. His manner had little of the polished courtesy peculiar to Russians of the best class, and his every look and word betrayed an irrepressible arrogance; but in spite of this he was generally popular, and much admired by women. My own feelings toward him were of a friendly nature, for it so happened that he went out of his way to be civil to me, and, in spite of his arrogance I found him a pleasant companion. Thus, when he pressed me to spend a few days at his country house so soon as my visit to the Zagarines should be over, I readily accepted his invitation.

"My place," he said, "is a wretched old barrack, at which I don't spend half a dozen weeks in the year; but if you can put up with a bachelor *ménage*, I can promise you a wolf-hunt and some fair shooting."

It was late on an October afternoon that I reached Paulovsk, as Erisoff's domain was called. A thick drizzle was falling, and the rain dripped from every eave and cornice of the old seigneurial dwelling. A barrack it certainly was not, nor even an ordinary white-washed Russian country house, but a mansion built in the finest rococo style by an ambitious Erisoff of the eighteenth century. The stucco on its *façade* was discolored by the damp of years, thistles and wild oats grew undisturbed round the steps, the out-buildings seemed falling into decay, and the whole place had a neglected, deserted appearance. The interior of the house exactly corresponded with its exterior. The large lofty reception rooms, over the ceilings of which sprawled gods, goddesses and cupids, damp-stained and scarred by ugly cracks, were furnished with a faded magnificence of pale brocades and tarnished mirrors. Only the Prince's smoking-room wore a comparatively modern air.

In any case the old house would have

interested me. As it was I had heard queer stories about it and my host's grandfather, the man who built it; for of Serge Stephanovitch Erisoff, his boundless profligacy and pitiless cruelty, ghastly legends still survived, and about the house which had been made notorious by his crimes lingered the ghost of its old evil reputation.

On the night I arrived we were a party of ten at dinner. Among the servants who waited on us was an old man whose appearance attracted my attention, partly because of the contrast it presented to that of his fellow-servants. He must have been at least seventy-five, and his tall lean figure was bent with his years; his thin aquiline features were the reverse of Muscovite, nor less so were his large piercing black eyes. Once, chancing to meet mine, these eyes flashed at me from under their shaggy brows a wild stare that almost startled me. After this I often found myself watching him, and as he waited (and he waited deftly) it seemed to me that though he rendered like one accustomed to it the service required of him, he yet did so under silent protest and against his will.

The next day we were out shooting till late in the afternoon, and made a good bag of wild duck, but toward evening the rain came down in torrents and we got home wet to the skin. The Prince, who had shot badly, was in a vile temper and since he could not vent his wrath on us at dinner the servants suffered for it. Vassili in particular (the old servant whose looks had interested me), he rated like a dog. The old man listened with bent head, meekly enough, but on one occasion looking up suddenly, I saw his face reflected in a mirror on the wall opposite, a face so distorted with hate, that I involuntarily started, sending a fork at my elbow clattering on to the floor. Instantly Vassili was on his knees groping for it. As he replaced it his glance met mine, and at the same moment a shiver passed over me from head to foot, accompanied by a curious feeling which I hardly know how to describe, a feeling akin to fear. Puzzled and annoyed at this inexplicable sensation I went on with my dinner in silence.

We were none of us very talkative that evening till the champagne had loosened our tongues, and our host, under the same benign influence, had partially recovered his good humor.

"Have you observed poor Serge Feodorovitch?" said my left hand neighbor, M. Boris Volutine, the eldest and soberest of our party. "He is a charming fellow, the best of fellows; but what an infernal temper he rejoices in! It is a possession that he inherits from both father and grandfather."

"Did you know Prince Feodor?" I asked.

"No. He died while his son was a child. He married a pretty French widow, the Comtesse de Leiris, who also, I believe, had a temper. She lives in Paris, regarding our poor Russia as a barbarous country unfit for human habitation."

"The Prince, I know, is an only son," I said presently. "Did his grandfather leave many children?"

"Serge Stephanovitch was twice married; first to a lady who bore him several children, all of whom died young, and again late in life to the mother of Prince Feodor, who died at her son's birth. Serge Stephanovitch was rather a celebrated character, as perhaps you know."

"If report speaks true he was a monster," I answered hastily.

Volutine raised his eyebrows slightly. "It is rash to believe all one hears, Monsieur. Serge Stephanovitch was, I imagine, like the rest of us, the result of heredity and circumstance. He lived much abroad, and with him the gallantry of a Frenchman was grafted on the patriarchal disposition of a Russian *grand seigneur*. Allowing for the difference of period and training our young friend, Serge Feodorovitch, is, I fancy, not unlike his departed grandfather."

I looked across at Erisoff. Yes, I could easily imagine him twenty years older, his hard, handsome face worn and lined by dissipation; a bad man, free to gratify every half insane caprice, and ruling despotically over thousands of souls. Such must have been Serge Stephanovitch.

Although it was nearly noon when I went down-stairs next day into the dining-room, neither my host nor my fellow-guests had as yet put in an appearance; and I walked to the end of the room where hung a portrait I had noticed the evening before, and wished to inspect more closely. It was a fairly well painted portrait of an extremely handsome woman, wearing a white, scanty imitation of the Greek costume. Her features were

aquiline and perfectly regular, she had bright red lips and unnaturally large dark eyes; a red gauze scarf hung from her shoulders, and leaning one shapely bare arm on a marble balustrade, she held a rose between her taper fingers. It would have been a conventional portrait from the Book of Beauty, but for the strange, wild, almost fierce expression of the woman's black eyes. Where else had I seen eyes of which these reminded me?

Becoming aware just then that some one was standing behind me, I turned and saw old Vassili, who, bowing low, expressed a hope that I had slept well. I had been learning Russian for the last three years and could speak it with tolerable fluency. I answered that I had slept admirably, and asked whether he could tell me who the portrait above us represented.

"Certainly I can tell your Excellency," said the old man with a faint smile. "That is the Signora Maria Fiordilisa, and she was once a great singer; she lived here many years ago, in the lifetime of the blessed Serge Stephanovitch,—may his soul have peace!"

Was it my fancy, or was there a touch of repressed irony in the old man's low soft voice? As this thought passed through my mind the door of the dining-room opened and Erisoff came in.

"What!" he said with a laugh, when he had growled out some order to Vassili, who left the room to obey it. "What! Has the old fellow been showing you his mother's portrait?"

"His mother?" I repeated, half incredulously, but it struck me at that moment to whose fierce wild eyes those of the Signora Maria bore a strange resemblance.

The Prince laughed again. "He did not tell you then? I thought he might have. He is a queer old fellow and more than half mad, though quite harmless; the peasants and the other servants say that he is a sorcerer, and has the evil eye, and I believe the same thing was said of the beautiful Maria, because she was the only woman who ever kept her hold over my grandfather. By the way, have you ever seen his portrait? No? Come this way then."

And putting his arm through mine he led me up some steps into a little ante-chamber. It contained but one picture,

and the light from the uncurtained window fell full on the half-length figure of a young man with powdered hair, wearing a gold laced uniform.

"They say I am like him," remarked Prince Serge.

There was a certain likeness between Serge Stephanovitch and his descendant, but the former was by far the handsomer man of the two; his features were straighter, less Russian in type, and much more finely cut; he had a delicately clear complexion, and long womanish gray eyes. Something in the expression of those eyes, the straight lines, faintly defined as yet, between his delicate nostrils and the corners of his mouth, were the only outward indications of his cruel and voluptuous nature; and still one felt that, to that beautiful face, man, woman, and child must have appealed for pity in vain.

Erisoff stood with folded arms under his grandfather's portrait. "Do you see the likeness?" he inquired smiling.

"Yes, I see it. Your grandfather must have been a good-looking fellow."

"The handsomest man of his day, *mon cher*," said the Prince complacently. "And now let us go to breakfast."

The rain having completely passed and the sky cleared, when breakfast was over I expressed a wish for some fresh air; but my companions all exclaimed at the idea of leaving the house, and had settled cheerfully down for an afternoon at *écarté*. "If," said my host, "you would care for a solitary ride,—the roads are not fit for driving—a horse and a man,—you will want a guide,—are of course at your disposal."

This offer I eagerly accepted, and coming out into the court half an hour later I found the horses waiting, led up and down, as I saw to my surprise, by Vassili, who, after I had mounted, swung into his saddle with more activity than I should have expected from so old a man. We were soon riding rapidly away from Paulovsk, side by side, as I meant to have the benefit of Vassili's society. He had asked in which direction I wished to ride, and I had answered that I left the choice to him. Little by little we entered into conversation, and though at first, as he answered my questions, the old man shot at me now and then a swift suspicious glance, after a time he gained enough confidence and assurance to volunteer remarks of his

own. Struck by the wretched appearance of some hovels by the roadside, I inquired whether the Prince's estate was well looked after in his absence.

"The steward," Vassili replied, "looks well after his own interests. His Excellency only comes here for a few weeks in the year, and then he cares for nothing but the chase." Then, answering all my questions with apparent frankness, he gave me information which made me exclaim in amazement: "But why do you not tell the Prince how shamefully he is deceived and robbed?"

The old man looked at me with that faint smile of his, which seemed less the expression of a present, than the ghost of a dead and gone mirth. "Neither his Excellency's affairs nor those of the village are any concern of mine. Serge Fedorovitch would curse me for a crazy old meddler, and the steward (a good fellow) would become my bitter enemy."

For a little while I meditated in silence. Trees in plenty grew round the old house at Paulovsk, but we had left them far behind us, and on either side of the road (a road little better than a track) lay a limitless monotonous stretch of gray moorland, broken only by scattered clumps of birches and the thatched roofs of a distant village. I thought it was the bare flat landscape which oppressed me with a feeling of melancholy. "Vassili," I said, rousing myself, "have you lived at Paulovsk all your life?"

"Yes, your Excellency," he answered after a moment's pause, "there I have spent my whole long life. There I was born and played at my mother's knees; there I wooed and won my little Sacha,—and there I lost her." He spoke the last words in a tone of intense sadness.

"She died young?" I said gently.

"She died, but first I lost her. Lost her? She was never mine. Listen, and I will tell you the story of my life. My mother, as you know, was an Italian singer. She sang at a beautiful theatre at a beautiful place called Napoli, where she lived in peace till, in an evil day, she left it with Serge Stephanovitch. He brought her back with him to Paulovsk,—she would have followed him to Siberia. She was a good mother, and because she loved me I was an abomination and a plague-spot in the eyes of Serge Stephanovitch. True, I was his son, and as a father he

chastised me, knowing that he could make her suffer most through me. So it went on till I was a boy of ten; then, one day he told her that she was growing old and ugly, and might go if she liked. That night she cut her throat,—it would have been better had she cut his as well."

His low monotonous voice betrayed not the smallest emotion. The Prince had called him half mad; I wondered whether he was so in reality.

"After that," he continued, "Serge Stephanovitch hated me more than ever, for I reminded him of the dead; therefore I, the son of the master, was sent to work in the fields and treated like a serf. But he soon left Paulovsk, and when he returned I had grown into a man and was betrothed to Sacha, the daughter of Ivan Dimitrief. He gave his consent to our marriage. He made me fine promises, lying with smiling lips, for my little Sacha, who was but fifteen, had found favor in his eyes. He sent for her three days before our wedding-day, and she came to the house unsuspecting; in the evening two days later he set her free. It was the evening before our wedding-day. All night she raved and moaned while I knelt beside her, and at dawn she died."

I uttered an exclamation of horror, which Vassili did not seem to hear, and then we were both silent. The vague melancholy which I had felt before, deepened and intensified by the old man's ghastly story, weighed on me like a nightmare, and it was a relief when a prosaic incident turned the current of my thoughts.

As we were approaching the village I have mentioned, Vassili noticed that his horse had gone lame, and on dismounting to see what was the matter, he found that it had lost a shoe. The blacksmith's *izba*, Vassili said, was the first we should come to; would I be so gracious as to wait there for a few minutes until the loss was remedied? The blacksmith, as fate would have it, was drinking at the village tavern and his wife had to go and fetch him. I was not disposed to sit waiting in the stuffy *izba*, and I proposed to Vassili that we should walk up and down outside.

We walked away from the village in the direction of a little clump of birch trees, and soon I broke the silence by a question which I had been pondering over for some minutes past: "Since you were free, and

no serf of Prince Serge's, why did you not leave Paulovsk?"

For a moment he did not answer; his keen eyes were fixed on the distant misty horizon. "After she died, I was mad," he said slowly. "When I came to myself I knew that I should be avenged some day, and for that day I waited. It was long, very long in coming, and sometimes I grew impatient and longed to kill him, but the time passed and still I waited; I had grown very old, and my hair was white already before the blow fell. Serge Stephanovitch loved his son Feodor as much as it was in his power to love. One evening the young man arrived unexpectedly at Paulovsk, and though he had been travelling all day and had scarcely stopped to take food, the supper grew cold on the master's table and the door of his room remained shut. Inside we heard murmuring voices, and at last, suddenly, the voice of Serge Stephanovitch rising almost to a scream; then the door opened and his son came out. Pale as death he passed through the room, and I never saw him again. Fresh horses were put into his carriage and galloped off with him into the night. The beat of their hoofs died away on the road, and still Serge Stephanovitch let his supper grow cold. Prince Feodor had shut the door after him, but Timoféi Alexeief, having spoken and received no answer, opened it trembling with fear. He had no need to tremble; his master lay senseless on the floor. For months Serge Stephanovitch could not move hand or foot, nor utter anything save sounds that no one could understand; but there was strength in him yet, and little by little clearness of speech returned to him, though his body from the waist down was paralyzed and he lay as helpless as a log. Then began for him what was not a happy time. His restless spirit chafed and fretted like a devil in chains; he who had never been content to rest like other men was more weak and powerless than a child. In the house, in the village, on the estate, his will was no longer law. Before his face his dependents were humble enough, but he knew that behind his back they laughed at his orders and mocked at his helplessness. As for his son, he did not return; and the neighbors shunned the house. All through his illness I tended him; the others, men and women, were alike stupid and clumsy, and

grew frightened when he swore at them and tried to strike them, whereas I watched over him with patient fidelity, and bore with him as a good son should. At night he could not sleep, and was troubled by strange fancies. Every night men and women he had once known, and who had gone before him to the grave, stood at the foot of his bed. Sometimes they cursed him, sometimes they mocked; but she who stood there oftenest,—a pale and slender girl—neither mocked nor cursed, but only looked at him silently with wide open terrible eyes; yet she it was whom he most dreaded, whom he vainly implored with groans and tears to leave him to die in peace. For all my care and patient service he paid me with hatred, and also, even in the day-time, with a hidden, unspoken, unacknowledged fear. Had he any cause to fear me? Not for a million roubles would I have deprived him of one moment of his miserable death in life; the torments of hell we can only guess at, but I was quite sure of his. His end was very sudden. One day a letter came which told him that his son was dead. Once again the hand of God struck him, and though he breathed till morning his spirit had already fled."

"A hidden, unspoken, unacknowledged fear;" those words had made a deep impression on me, for they exactly described my own involuntary, unreasoning feeling toward the man at my side,—a feeling compared with which my pity for his wrongs and sufferings had proved but slight and transitory. "Let us go back," I said abruptly, "we have come a long way." Daylight was fading fast as we reached the clump of birches and the village lay behind it out of sight. Vassili either did not hear what I said or pretended not to hear. Filled with a vague uneasiness I eyed the darkening landscape and the lowering sky; lines of white mist were clinging to the low ridges of the moorland and rising slowly from its marshy pools, and it seemed to me that as they gathered substance they changed into floating figures beckoning with shadowy arms. "You can stay here if you like," I said; "I am going back."

The old man laid a detaining hand upon my arm. "Stop," he said, "don't you see how the fog is thickening? We must wait now till the moon rises."

His voice had grown strong and imperi-

ous; it was he who commanded now. In silence I yielded and stood beside him, staring at the ground. I remember I stirred it with my heel and watched the water ooze up from under my boot,—then I raised my eyes. Great Heaven! We were not alone!

Gathering round us, hemming us in on either side, surged a vast crowd of shadowy, shifting forms; sometimes pressing so close that I could plainly distinguish their faces, and sometimes receding into vague uncertainty again. A cold sweat broke out on me, and my brain reeled. "Courage!" said the voice of Vassili close beside me, and suddenly all terror and excitement left me, and in their place came a great awe as in the presence of death. And I looked and saw that there were men and women and children in the crowd, and all their faces, whether old or young, were rigid with the same despairing woe, and all their eyes were wide open and terrible in a fixed imploring stare. How closely they pressed round us, and how silently! A thronging multitude, and yet this deathless stillness,—not a rustle, not a footstep, not a breath.

"Who are they?" I asked my companion.

He stretched out his hands toward them. "Look at them and see. These are they who in the long centuries of the past dragged out their miserable lives and died by cruel deaths; the bodies of some have crumbled long ago to dust, and the hearts of others have but just ceased to beat. See, from all parts of the Empire they have come, from Holy Russia, from Poland and Lithuania, from the steppes of the Ukraine, from the mines and forests of Siberia. These are the oppressed of an accursed country and an accursed race. These were given over, tied and bound, to the mercy of their fellow-men. These are the countless unknown victims to whom the sunlight became a mockery and all hope a lie, who cried to God for vengeance and God avenged them not. Some passed in chains along our roads and streets, the endless procession that ever passes to the land of living death; some yielded their last breath beneath the knout; some languished and went mad in prison-cells; some crawled away maimed to die in holes and caves of the earth; some surrendered willingly all that makes the world sweet, spending themselves on

a forlorn hope, giving their lives for a hopeless cause; others, yet more miserable, perished like the beasts, walled in by ignorance, not knowing why they lived or died; and all, all are forgotten! But when the books are opened and the long list is read, surely there will be found recorded not only the nameless tortures, the lifelong captivities, the lingering deaths, but also the illusions destroyed, hopes deceived, minds forever embittered, warped natures, broken hearts. Surely the heart's blood of these, though they be not all saints or martyrs, crieth from the ground, *How long, O Lord, holy and just and true, how long?*"

His voice died away, and even as it ceased there rose a low wail from the very ground under our feet. It rose higher and higher, it swelled louder and louder, till it grew into a great cry. And then all those death-like faces were raised to heaven, and the cry became a mighty shout for vengeance, shaking the earth and rending the sky, and with that shout ringing in my ears I sank into the blackness of night.

When I returned to consciousness I was lying on the floor of the blacksmith's *izba*, with some one bending over me and holding a glass to my lips; it was a woman, and the light from the forge played on her face and dress. Not quite certain if I was in the land of the living yet, I mechanically gulped down the proffered draught, horribly as it scorched my throat. The painful sensation revived me a little, and I realized that Vassili was kneeling beside me, supporting my head with one arm.

A mad rage took possession of me. "I suppose you want to poison me," I cried in English, "not content with beguiling me out there and half killing me. But you shall repent this. Do you hear, you old villain!"

"Poor Barine!" said the woman, pityingly. "He raves!"

"You hear her!" I cried, clutching his arm. "Tell her that she lies; tell her how the dead rise from their graves at your bidding, and stare and stare. . . ." I sank back exhausted into the old man's arms.

Of what took place afterward I have only a confused and uncertain recollection. This much I know; they pressed

more *vodka* on me and I refused it. Before I remounted my horse I made Vassili swear by all his saints that he would guide me not back to Paulovsk, but to the Zagarines' house at K——.

I cannot tell how long that ride lasted. At first, as I saw the dim moonlight irradiating the endless misty plain, it seemed to me that we should ride on forever. Then an intense drowsiness stole over me, so that I had enough to do to keep from reeling in the saddle. There is a blank in my recollections after that, and I can only dimly remember the amazed face of the Zagarines' *dvornik* as I staggered into the house, and the startled voice of my cousin from the landing asking who had arrived.

I awoke from a heavy sleep late the next day, almost as weak as if I had been recovering from an illness, but not in a high fever, as my cousin had feared might be the case. She told me that Vassili had followed me into the house, and had insisted on her giving him a note for his master, explaining that I had been taken ill while out riding, and had ordered him to conduct me back to K——.

Neither Mme. Zagarine nor the Prince heard any other explanation than this one, though I wrote to the latter and duly apologized for my unceremonious behavior. I started for St. Petersburg directly I felt strong enough to travel. During the winter which followed I often met Erisoff in society, and never without remembering old Vassili, though I avoided as much as possible all allusion to my interrupted visit to Paulovsk. Early in the spring I left Russia.

One afternoon four or five years later I was at a large reception at a senator's house in Washington, when St. Leger, one of our secretaries, came up and touched me on the shoulder.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"Sorry to interrupt," he answered, "but there's an old Russian here who says he knows you. His name is Volutine, and he thinks you may remember him."

I replied that I remembered him perfectly, and at once sought out my old acquaintance, who, grown a shade grayer and stouter than of yore, held out his hand with his usual pleasant smile, and professed himself delighted at our unexpected meeting. I returned the compliment, and retiring into a window-recess

we talked of mutual friends, chiefly people belonging to K—— or its neighborhood, for I had not seen him since that memorable afternoon when I rode away from Paulovsk.

"How is Erisoff?" I asked presently.

"Ah! That was what I was meaning to tell you. Le beau Serge married four years ago a Mademoiselle Vera Luvoff, whose father, General Luvoff, you must often have seen at Court. It was a love-match, and never was a young man more strikingly improved by matrimony. You think as a rule it has a deteriorating effect? Then Serge Feodorovitch is an exception. His wife is charming, pretty, amiable, and clever, and adores her big Prince absurdly. Paulovsk, where she spends every summer, has been painted and partly refurnished, and the Princess has an English garden. While the house was being done up, by the way, the left wing caught fire one night, quite unaccountably, and long before the engine could arrive from K—— it was burnt to the ground. The rooms were all dismantled, so it was no great matter, and happily the flames were prevented from spreading to the rest of the building. Old Serge, Erisoff's grandfather, used the ground floor of the left wing as a prison, where he confined his refractory serfs, and such old wives' tales were told about sights and strange noises which haunted it, that no one would have entered it after nightfall for any sum of money; yet it was at night and on the ground floor that the fire originated. Talking of Serge Stephanovitch, a most curious thing happened. His portrait, which hung, as you may remember, in the ante-room, disappeared on the night of the fire and has never been recovered. No one knows who did it, but some hand cut it clean out of the frame; it was as if the Prince, made restless by the destruction of his property, had stepped down and walked away into the night."

"There was a queer-looking old man whom I remember," I said, when I had expressed my surprise at the mysterious disappearance of the portrait; "Vassili I think his name was; do you know if he is still alive?"

Volutine looked at me with unusual sharpness and curiosity in the glance of his little pale eyes. "What was the nature of the sudden illness which took you back to K——?" he asked smiling.

"My illness!" I exclaimed, taken aback.

"Perhaps," said Volutine, "you think me unduly inquisitive; probably you will think me still more impertinent if I ask you whether you believe in the black art?"

"Well," I answered, recovering myself, "I should like to know what makes you ask that last question?"

"The reason is very simple. When you left Paulovsk and started for your ride you appeared to be in perfect health, and yet I knew from others besides Marie Zagarine that your illness was not a pretence and an excuse; every servant and peasant at Paulovsk was persuaded that Vassili had 'overlooked' you. To this day Erisoff does not know that he persuaded Filofei to let him take his place as your groom. Filofei brought the note from Marie Zagarine and described in my presence the sudden fainting-fit which came upon you while you were waiting at the blacksmith's. I only heard the truth as one always hears it, late in the day."

"The truth?" I said hastily. "Only old Vassili could have told you that; as for me, I know no more of it than you do."

"And Vassili Sergeief will keep his own counsel, for he died on the night of the fire. Old as he was he worked like a man in helping to extinguish the flames; later on they missed him, and at dawn found him lying dead, struck down by some falling stone-work."

My loquacious companion talked on, but his soft voice seemed to recede into the distance; and though as I stood looking out of the window, my eyes rested on the sunshiny Washington street, I was standing in reality with a very different companion on a desolate darkening moorland, and strange figures were thronging round us with wan faces of despair. What was the truth? At the bidding of what strange power had the evening mist taken shape before my eyes with the forms and faces of the dead? Only one man could have answered that question, and he had passed beyond questioning. I thought of him lying dead in the gray dawn, and wondered whether the faint mysterious smile that I remembered had been on his lips when death sealed them. The sound of a familiar name roused me from my reverie.

"Sacha, did you say?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Volutine, "she is their eldest child; they have now a boy as well. Sacha is a sweet little gray-eyed girl, the image of the Princess. Do you remember the room at the end of the great corridor? It was old Serge's room, and he died there. Now it is used as the children's play-room. If I had been the Princess I should have chosen some other apartment, but she says that it is light and airy, and that the ghost of Serge Stepanovitch has never been seen by any one."

So the weed-grown gardens are bright again with flowers, and where the old Prince raved and cursed, little Sacha

laughs and chatters, little dreaming of another Sacha whose pale face came there long ago to haunt a dying man. Can Vassili see her I wonder, this little namesake of his dead bride, or has he forgotten the things that were, the old wrong and the old hatred, and is he wandering hand in hand with his own Sacha in some dim and happy land?

I cannot tell, but at least, as he said in mockery of his dead father, I can say most honestly and heartily of him, "May his soul have peace."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY RICHARD EDGCUMBE.

WHILE Shelley was at Chamounix, in July, 1816, there lived, unknown to him, in the modest hamlet of Les Pélerins, hard by the Glaciers des Bossons, a man scarcely past middle age, whose name was destined to be mentioned with respect and admiration by mountain-climbers from every quarter of the civilized world. Shelley's contemptuous opinion of the Chamounix Savoyards would certainly have been modified could he have heard from the lips of Jacques Balmat the thrilling account of his first ascent of Mont Blanc. Thirty years had passed since that memorable 8th of August when, at the age of twenty-four years, the intrepid mountaineer proved to the world that the redoubtable *Taupinière Blanche** was accessible. Jacques Balmat was born at Les Pélerins in 1762. His father, though in humble circumstances, was one of the most prosperous among the small cultivators of land in that neighborhood. He gave his son an education of the simplest kind. In boyhood Jacques Balmat was employed as a laborer on his father's land; but the monotony and drudgery of toil became daily more and more distasteful to his adventurous nature. Whenever he could escape from his work he would scale the Montagne de la Côte in search of crystals, for which there has always been a ready sale. Gifted by nature with a vivid imagination, and possessed of more than

ordinary courage, young Balmat soon became popular among those visitors who, without attempting anything great in the way of climbing, occasionally ventured upon the glaciers. At eighteen years of age he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the famous naturalist De Saussure, whom he accompanied on several Alpine excursions. From that time Balmat forsook the farm altogether, and devoted himself to a calling for which he was in every respect so well qualified. A restless ambition to distinguish himself by some remarkable exploit awoke in his mind the desire to ascend Mont Blanc, a feat for whose accomplishment De Saussure had offered a sum of money, and which was at that time deemed beyond the power of human endurance. De Saussure's bribe had induced other guides to make the attempt; but, after they had attained to a certain height, the fear of passing a night among the glaciers (to say nothing of the difficulty they experienced in breathing and the loss of strength even among the strongest) induced them to regard the project as hopeless. Jacques Balmat turned the matter over and over in his mind, and, without taking any one into his confidence, made several attempts in vain. At last he was forced to admit that no man unaided could accomplish this supreme task. Amid these circumstances, he consulted his friend Marie Couttet, a youth of his own age, destined in after years to play a heroic part in the

* So named by the peasants of Chamounix.

dangerous career of guide. Couttet instantly fell in with Balmat's plan, and agreed to make the attempt by the Tacul glacier. Crossing the rocky *arrête* and glaciers which separate it from the Corridor, they decided to scale the Rochers Rouges. The ascent was steep almost beyond endurance, and the long détours so fatigued them that on reaching the foot of the *arrête* they saw the impossibility of climbing its almost perpendicular face. Slowly and unwillingly they retraced their steps to Chamounix, not without a sense of humiliation. Undeterred by this failure, Balmat made two more attempts: one by the glacier of Miage, and one by the Montagne de la Côte, reaching to the Petit Plateau, where his further progress was barred by a huge crevasse.

Meanwhile, other guides, stimulated by the hope of gaining De Saussure's prize, were on the march attempting by different routes to reach the summit. Among others, Jean-Michel Cachat, commonly called "the Giant," Pierre Balmat, Francois Paccard, Marie Couttet, and Joseph Carrier, had formed themselves into a band, and were concerting ways and means at the moment when Jacques Balmat, unconscious of rivalry, was planning an attempt single-handed. Pierre Balmat and Marie Couttet, both of whom had accompanied Monsieur De Saussure on his abortive attempt by the Aiguille du Gouté, were told off to try again in that direction, while Jean-Michel Cachat, Francois Paccard, and Joseph Carrier were to proceed by the Montagne de la Côte. They agreed to leave Chamounix simultaneously, and to meet, if possible, on the summit of the Dôme of Gouté. Soon after Balmat had reached his cabane at Les Pélerins on his return from the Petit Plateau, he heard of the departure of these men. Without waiting to enjoy the repose he had so well earned, he put a small stock of provisions into his sack, and started after his rivals, whom he eventually overtook on the Glacier des Bossons, not far below the Grands Mulets. His arrival was not welcome, and he was coldly received. The party had no wish to encounter so formidable a competitor. After some hesitation, it was agreed that they should all start together. Having crossed the Glacier de Tacconaz, they reached the Grands Mulets, and at three in the morning were on the Dôme du Gouté. Thence the party mounted to

the Bosse du Dromadaire; but, owing to the slipperiness of the surface, they found it difficult to get a foothold, and the guides showed signs of wavering—all except Balmat, who, on taking the lead, astonished his companions by getting astride upon the *arrête* in question. This act of daring met with much remonstrance, and no one followed his example. In vain they implored him to desist. He would listen to no one, and persevered on his course for a distance of about a quarter of a league. In mentioning this matter afterward, he refers to the ice line upon which he was riding as "un veritable chemin de danseur de corde." Balmat says that he would certainly have reached his goal if his passage had not been riven by crevasses which he could not circumvent. At length, unable to proceed farther, he turned about, and ultimately regained the spot from which he had started. Poor Balmat! there was no one to welcome him; for his companions had returned to Chamounix, leaving only his sack behind them. In mentioning this matter many years later to Alexandre Dumas père, Balmat did not blame these men for leaving him to his fate. His words are characteristic of that brave spirit which can always make allowance for human weakness: "A la vue d'une si grande témérité, ne pouvant m'en détourner, ils me laissèrent et rébroussèrent chemin contre Chamounix, supposant que, étant leste, je les retraperais."

Finding himself alone in a desert of snow and ice, his mind wavered between a strong desire to rejoin his companions and the ambition to make the ascent of Mont Blanc unaided. He says that—not only was he piqued by the desertion of his companions, but—he had a strong feeling that his next attempt would prove successful. At last he decided to go on; and, shouldering his sack, entered the Grand Plateau, and paused at the Glacier de la Brenva. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon of July 9. Courmayeur and the fertile Val d'Aosta slept peacefully below, while a gentle haze veiled the summit of Mont Blanc.

The spot chosen by Balmat for the night was not inviting. Let the reader imagine an enormous inclined plane, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, swept from end to end by frequent avalanches of ice; the whole plateau surrounded by

towering mountains of ice and snow, except on the northern side, where it is exposed to the bitter north winds. There is not on the entire surface of this terrible desert a single rock, or a single stone, upon which a man can sit, or behind which he can take shelter. All around him a measureless expanse of shifting snow, swept into columns by the fury of the winds, where, even on the hottest summer's day, a thermometer standing in the sun marks zero (centigrade). It was in this desert, on the brink of a huge crevasse, without any covering,—in fact, with nothing but a coarse sack,—that Balmat, abandoned by his companions, and left to his own reflections, bravely resolved to await the dawn.

When one imagines his situation at nightfall in these vast solitudes, with nothing but his own brave heart to support him in the face of unknown danger, well knowing that in case of accident no human aid could reach him, one may form some notion of the patient heroism of this extraordinary man. He tells us that, owing to a feeling of nausea, he could neither eat nor drink.

"Je posai donc mon sac sur la neige, je tirais mon mouchoir en rideau sur mon visage, et je me préparai de mon mieux à passer une nuit pareille à l'autre. Cependant, comme j'étais à 12,000 pieds, il fallait s'attendre à un froid bien plus vif. Une petite neige fine et aiguë me glaçait ; je sentais une pesanteur et une envie de dormir irrésistibles ; des (pensées) tristes me venaient dans l'esprit, comme celles de la mort ; je savais très-bien que ces pensées tristes et cette envie de dormir étaient un mauvais signe, et que, si j'avais le malheur de fermer les yeux, je pourrais bien ne plus les rouvrir."

From his couch on the snow he could see, ten thousand feet below him, the glimmering lights of Chamounix, and the houses where his comrades who had deserted him were seated at their firesides, or perhaps snoring in their beds.

"Je me disais : Peut-être n'y en a-t-il pas un parmi eux qui pense à moi, ou, s'il y en a un qui pense à Balmat, il dit, en tisonnant ses braises ou en tirant sa couverture sur ses oreilles : A l'heure qu'il est, cet imbécile de Balmat s'amuse à battre la semelle. Bon courage, Balmat !"

"It was not courage that failed me,"

Balmat continues in his interesting narrative,—“but strength. Man is not made of iron, and I was thoroughly exhausted.” During the short intervals of silence that intervened between the thunder of falling avalanches and the cracking of the glacial fields, Balmat distinctly heard the barking of a dog, from the village of Courmayeur, which slept in security a league and a half below him. Those sounds brought him solace ; it was the only sign of life that cheered his solitude. At midnight the sounds ceased, and an awful silence succeeded. It was as the hush of a cemetery in the dead of night. At about two o'clock in the morning Balmat perceived a streak of light over the eastern horizon ; and gradually the dawn broke. Mont Blanc wore his nightcap—a sign that his majesty is in a bad humor, and a warning to climbers.

"Je connaissais son caractère ; aussi, je me tins pour averti. Lorsqu'il fume sa pipe, comme on dit dans la vallée, il ne faut pas chercher à lui éteindre."

"At last," continues Balmat, "the sun arose, and I was frozen. But by beating my arms across my chest, and stamping violently on the snow, I gradually became unnumbed and able to proceed on my journey." He had noticed while descending to the Grand Plateau that a steep incline led direct to the summit of the Rochers Rouges. He decided to make the attempt in that direction ; but, finding the incline greater than he had expected, and the snow too hard to walk upon, he was on the point of abandoning the enterprise when he found that it was possible to dig out steps with the point of his alpenstock. In this manner he proceeded upward ; but progress was slow, and the fatigue he experienced considerable. At last he attained his reward, and planted his foot upon the Rochers Rouges.

"Oh ! me dis-je, d'ici sur la cime, plus rien qui nous empêche ; tout uni comme une glace."

But he was in no condition to proceed further : he was cold and hungry and tired. The day was creeping onward, and many hours of work were still to be done. He decided to retrace his steps, and, with a certainty of success for his next attempt, gradually regained his home. Balmat told Alexandre Dumas that on reaching home he was nearly blind. He crept into the granary to avoid the flies, and

slept without intermission for twenty-four hours.

For three weeks following this perilous adventure the weather was in every respect unfavorable. But Balmat never for one moment abandoned his intention. The only persons whom he took into his confidence were his wife and the celebrated Dr. Paccard, who, besides being a clever physician, was a naturalist of repute. Paccard had often been acquainted with De Saussure, and both had often gazed upon the round white summit of Mont Blanc in hopes of being able some day to make scientific observations from that high vantage; but the thing seemed so utterly impossible, and every attempt apparently so hopeless, that neither of them had much faith in the dream.

Paccard, without the slightest hesitation, consented to second the intrepid Balmat in his next attempt; and it was agreed that with the first fine weather they would start in company. Thus, on August 7, 1786, Balmat went to Dr. Paccard's house and asked him whether he were still of the same mind.

"The time is arrived for us to start on our journey," he said, and the doctor rose to accompany him.

But, while turning the key in the lock, Paccard showed signs of hesitation, which Balmat rightly interpreted as a mark of indecision.

"I think it would be wise to take a couple of guides with us," said Paccard, after a pause.

"No. I will make the ascent alone with you," replied Balmat; "or you shall make the attempt with others. I am determined to be the first man up there, and not the second."

These firm words settled the matter definitely. Paccard withdrew the key from the lock, and said boldly, "Well, I place myself in your hands, and under the protection of the Most High."

Before starting they went into a small shop to purchase some syrup with which to dilute the brandy in their flasks. As the woman there seemed to suspect something, they agreed to take her into confidence, and, under a promise of secrecy, told her to look in the direction of the Dôme du Gouté at nine o'clock on the following morning. They started at five o'clock in the evening—by different routes to avoid suspicion—one by the left

bank of the Arve, and the other by the right. They eventually met in the village at the foot of the Montagne de la Côte. Balmat, with characteristic unselfishness, had brought a blanket which he destined for the doctor's use, as he well knew that without it the latter would have spent a miserable night on the ice-bound summit of the Côte. For himself he had brought a sack, on which he slept soundly until 1.30 A.M.

At two o'clock the gates of dawn stood ajar. When these gallant fellows awoke there was not a cloud to be seen, and their hearts beat exultingly. A quarter of an hour later they stood upon the glacier of Tacconnaz. The first steps on this frozen sea, amid yawning gulfs of ice, caused Paccard some uneasiness; but as they proceeded he gradually gained confidence, and trudged along without pausing at the Grands Mulets. Balmat says:—"Ce montrais au Docteur la place on j'avais passé la première nuit; il fit une grimace très-significative, garda le silence dix minutes, puis, s'arrêtant tout à coup:—Crois-tu, Balmat, que nous arriverons aujourd'hui au-dessus du Mont Blanc? Je vis bien de quoi il retournait, mais je le rasourais en riant, sans lui rien promettre."

Two hours later they were on the Grand Plateau. Since the dawn the wind had freshened; and the summit of Mont Blanc was crowned by the "diadem of snow," which at a distance looks like vapor. For a long time they plodded onward in silence; and, having scaled an almost perpendicular incline, eventually reached the rocks of the Petits-Mulets. At this point a sudden gust of wind carried off the doctor's hat, which drifted away at a terrific pace toward Courmayeur. "Il paraît," says Balmat, "que le vent avait pris goût à la plaisanterie, car, à peine avais-je fermé la bouche, qu'il nous arriva une bouffée si violente que nous fûmes obligés de nous coucher à plat ventre pour ne pas aller rejoindre le chapeau. Nous ne pûmes nous relever de dix minutes; le vent fouettait la montagne et passait en sifflant sur nos têtes, emportant des tourbillons gros comme des maisons."

Paccard now showed signs of wavering in his purpose, and seemed to regret having undertaken a task so formidable; but Balmat reminded him of the woman in the valley below who must at that moment have been watching them through a tele-

scope. The words roused Paccard's spirit a little ; but nothing would induce him to stand upright. He followed Balmat like a dog, on all fours. Progress amid such circumstances was slow ; but at length they reached a point from which the village of Chamounix could be seen. Balmat, through his glass, distinctly saw the good woman standing in the principal square at the head of about fifty persons, many of whom had telescopes. A sense of shame caused Paccard to rise to his feet, and they were recognized—"lui à sa grande redingote et moi à mon costume habituel"—says Balmat. The people in the village made signs to them by waving their hats, and Balmat did the same ; but Paccard, who had lost his, could not follow his example. Beyond rising to his feet, Paccard was helpless, and neither words nor signs of encouragement could induce him to proceed farther. Having exhausted every mode of entreaty in vain, Balmat resolved to proceed alone, and, advising his companion to keep moving, so as to avoid being frozen to death, continued the ascent. Having taken about thirty paces, Balmat looked round, and saw the poor doctor sitting in the snow with his back to the wind. From that time the ascent was not difficult ; but with every step upward the effort to breathe became more and more trying. Every ten paces brought Balmat to a standstill for want of breath.

Having folded his pocket-handkerchief, he drew it over his mouth, and thus facilitated respiration ; but the cold had become intense, and an hour's hard toil with bowed head reduced him to the last stage of exhaustion. At length he reached a point on the ascent which caused him to raise his head : it seemed to lead nowhere. It could lead nowhere : there was nothing above him but the dark blue vault of heaven. Unconsciously he had bowed his head in the presence of the monarch of mountains. He had attained the summit of Mont Blanc ! Trembling with excitement, Balmat looked around, fearing to behold some pitiless aiguille beckoning him upward. But no : "j'étais au terme de tant de recherches exploratives et infructueuses ; j'étais arrivé là où personne n'était venu encore, pas même l'aigle ou le chamois, seul, sans autre secours que celui de ma force et de ma volonté. Tout ce qui m'entourait semblait m'appartenir."

At four o'clock in the afternoon Balmat gazed in triumph upon that marvellous panorama and was almost beside himself with joy. He glanced at the village of Chamounix and waved his hat. Through his telescope he distinctly saw a large concourse of people returning his signals. The whole population of Chamounix had turned out to see his triumph, and he felt a pride which only a successful climber can know. The first moments of exultation over, Balmat began to think of his companion crouched in the snow, paralyzed by fear, and in a pitiable condition. He descended toward him as fast as possible, and called Paccard by name. There was no reply. Impelled by fear for his comrade's safety, Balmat quickened his pace, and in a quarter of an hour came in sight of Paccard, huddled up and motionless. On reaching the spot he found the poor fellow with head bowed between his knees, and his face as white as the snow around him. Balmat tapped him gently on the shoulder, and Paccard raised his head mechanically. All interest in the ascent had vanished. In vain did Balmat acquaint him with the success he had achieved. His only answer was, "Let me sleep—for God's sake, let me sleep." But Balmat was not disposed to be so easily moved to compassion when only one final effort was needed to ensure the triumph of a lifetime. By main force, he lifted Paccard from the ground and led him a few paces forward. To the doctor it seemed a matter of indifference whether he moved forward or backward. He was too apathetic, too cold, too weary, to think of anything. Balmat led him in this condition onward, and, as they proceeded, the blood began to circulate.

"Alors il me demanda si je n'aurais point, par hasard, dans ma poche, des gants en poil de lièvre, que je m'étais fait exprès pour mon excursion, sans séparation entre les doigts. Dans la situation où je me trouvais moi-même, je les eusse refusés tous les deux à mon frère : je lui en donnai un."

At six o'clock they reached the summit. Although the sun shone brightly, the sky was of the darkest blue and they saw some stars. Below them lay immense fields of ice and snow, rocks, aiguilles, peaks, and a panorama of matchless beauty. Balmat tried to make his companion share his ecstasy ; but the doctor

could see no beauty in anything—every sense was numbed, and he was only half-conscious.

Balmat thus describes his own condition of mind :—"Quant à moi, je ne souffrais plus ; je n'étais plus fatigué : à peine si je sentais cette difficulté de respirer qui, une heure auparavant, avait failli me faire renoncer à mon entreprise ; nous restâmes ainsi sur cette cime trente-trois minutes."

It being now close upon seven o'clock, there was little more than two hours of daylight before them. Balmat waved his hat by way of signal to his friends in the valley, and led his helpless companion downward. There was no marked route, he tells us. The wind being very cold, the snow was as hard as ice. They had nothing to guide them but the small holes which the iron points of their sticks had bored into the hard surface. For about an hour Paccard stumbled onward, more dead than alive, now led, now carried in the arms of Balmat. Night began to fall, and darkness overtook them while they were rounding the huge crevasse at the foot of the Grand Plateau.

"A chaque instant Paccard s'arrêtait, déclarant qu'il n'irait pas plus loin, et a chaque instant je le forçais de reprendre sa marche, non par la persuasion, qu'il n'entendait plus, mais par la force."

At eleven o'clock Balmat and his helpless companion, with feelings that can be easily imagined, at last planted their feet in safety on rocky ground. Paccard could not use his hands, which were as blanched as those of a dead man. Balmat had only one of his hands frost-bitten.

"Je lui dis que nous avions trois mains de gelées à nous deux ; cela paraissait lui être fort égal," says Balmat. "Il me demandait qu'a se coucher et à dormir." By rubbing their hands with snow they made the blood begin to move ; but their agony was intense. Balmat wrapped his companion in a blanket as before, and laid him under the shelter of a rock. Then, placing themselves as near as possible in order to keep warm, they slept until the morning. Paccard awoke first, and aroused his companion. "It is strange," said he : "I hear the birds singing, and yet it is not day." The fact is that he was temporarily blind. Balmat told him to hold the end of his sack and walk immediately behind him ; and it was in that manner that, some hours later, they

reached the village. "Comme je craignais que ma femme ne fût inquiète," says Balmat. "Je quittai le docteur, qui regagna sa maison en tâtonnant avec son bâton, et je revins chez moi. C'est alors que je me vis. Je n'étais pas reconnaissable, j'avais les yeux rouges, la figure noire et les lèvres bleues. Chaque fois que je bâillais on que je riais, le sang me jaillissait des lèvres ; enfin je ne voyais plus qu'à l'ombre." Four days later, being sufficiently presentable, Balmat started for Geneva to report his success to Monsieur de Saussure.

Balmat's career as a guide was stirring and adventurous ; but, as his achievements have been merged with those of De Saussure and others who have left copious records, we will not here enlarge upon them. It is only fair to state (for there is no official entry to that effect) that, previously to acting as guide to the great naturalist, Balmat made an ascent in the subsequent year. It was this second triumph which finally decided Monsieur de Saussure to make his now historic ascent on August 3, 1787.

For a space of forty-seven years Balmat's name disappears from the records of Chamounix. He pursued his gallant calling modestly, and never lost the respect of his compatriots ; but he does not seem to have attracted any special attention. Taking his regular turn of duty with others, he may possibly have accompanied some of the tourists who ascended Mont Blanc between 1787 and 1834 ; but there is no record of the fact. In those forty-seven years only eighteen persons, of whom twelve were Englishmen made the ascent.

Balmat, though essentially ambitious, was not vain-glorious. We have seen how ambitious he was to be the first to ascend Mont Blanc ; he was now ambitious to become the wealthiest man in Chamounix. Weary of climbing for hire, and discontented with the modest competence which his land afforded him, he dreamt of amassing wealth by commercial speculations. He soon discovered his inaptitude for business, and abandoned trade. Having heard that a rich vein of gold lay buried in the rocks which tower over the Sixt Valley, he determined to discover it. In his seventy-second year* this

* In September, 1834.

wonderful man started alone in quest of fortune ; and, after traversing a terrible wall of rock which overhangs a precipice, he found himself unable to proceed a step farther without assistance. He was not the man to be deterred by a sense of danger, and a few days later confided his wishes to a noted chamois hunter, who agreed to accompany him. They started unseen, their absence unnoticed ; and after ascending the Brévent, and descending thence to the valley of the Diosaz, they mounted the Col d'Antherne. The exact route taken by Balmat and his companion can never be known ; but after many hours of hard climbing they reached the place, on the summit of a wall of rock, which Balmat had attained on his previous journey. At the sight of this narrow shelf of rock, overhanging a precipice, where nothing but a chamois could keep its feet, the hunter stopped, and implored Balmat not to advance. Words were useless. Balmat proceeded alone. He was seen to climb a precipitous rock, when suddenly his foot slipped, and with headlong speed the brave Balmat fell into a horrible abyss four hundred feet below. His companion was powerless to render him the smallest assistance. He had not even a rope, and he was in such a state of absolute despair that for a time he lost his senses. The most wonderful part of the whole business is that the chamois hunter returned to his home without mentioning one word of the catastrophe to any one. He seems to have been afraid of the law holding him responsible for Balmat's death ; and, as he believed that no one knew any of the circumstances which would connect his name with Balmat's disappearance, he held his tongue. It

came out that some peasants, working in the valley of Sixt, had actually seen Balmat fall, and told the hunter of it. By a bribe—in fact, by the promise of a share in whatever might be found in those rocks—their silence was secured, and Balmat's death remained a mystery for nineteen years. Then some of the details leaked out, and a party of guides—the most expert that could be found—started in search of Balmat's body. They obtained some slight information from the chamois hunter—then an old man—and, under the direction of one of Balmat's sons, mounted the fatal rock and gazed into the abyss.

"Ce fut avec un sentiment de vive douleur," says one of these brave fellows, "que nos guides contemplèrent l'effroyable abîme où Balmat avait trouvé une fin si funeste. La prudence la plus vulgaire conseillait de ne pas le sonder autrement que des yeux : car, outre sa profondeur, il s'y engouffre à chaque instant des avalanches de pierres et de glace." It was instantly seen that any attempt to rescue the body of this Napoleon of guides would be worse than useless, for the danger of searching in that gulf was beyond all doubt. The party returned that evening to Sixt, and on their arrival at Chamounix next day imparted their experiences to the other guides.

Jacques Balmat's grave, situated four hundred feet below a nameless peak, is a rock-fanged abyss, dark and fathomless ; and the deepest recesses of that awful gulf are invaded every few minutes by avalanches of solid ice. It is a tomb worthy of a Snow King—a tomb worthy of the prince of guides—a tomb the like of which he may perhaps have often dreamed of as his own.—*National Review*.

SOMERLED AND THE SEA-BIRD.

BY MOIRA O'NEILL.

It was more than two thousand years ago, in the time when the Children of Lir lived as swans on the rough waters of Moyle. They swam between the shores of Erin and the blue islands of Scotia ; and their voices were wild and sweet. Often they passed by the island of Rachray, the home of the sea-birds, lying low on the water, with white cliffs that

gleamed ; and they saw the strong white castle on the highest cliff of all. That was the *dún** of the King of Rachray.

The king was not yet old, but he was sad at heart. He cared little for this island, the sea-birds' home : and it was all he had left of his wide dominions ;

* Stronghold.

the rest were lost in fight. Once King Donn had a son ; but the thought of his son was sorer than the thought of his lost kingdom. For the prince was young and strong, but he would not fight his father's enemies. He was bewitched by magic, they said ; and he swore that no power should make him kill a man. He swore it on a great feast-night, before his father and the warriors of the Red Branch ; and the same night he vanished from the island of Rachray, and was never seen again.

But King Donn had one other child, his daughter Taise. She was so beautiful that no living thing was afraid of her ; and the little wild sea-larks on the beach would run and twitter about her feet.

West of the island of Rachray lay the shores of Erin, and three leagues of the sea lay between. The shores fell back into wide bays, where the sea swept in smoothly over white sands. Then great cliffs rose black and high ; these were the dangerous cliffs of Ulla. They were curved overhead like the crests of Atlantic waves, and rent into deep chasms down their sides ; the winds raved above them, and the seas broke over their feet. High up in a hollow between the two highest cliffs there was a small lake of fresh water ; and in the centre of the lake an island, and on the island a thorn-tree, and beside the thorn-tree a little hut, shaped like a bell. In the hut there lived a strange nameless man. The island did not belong to him ; nothing belonged to him, except a small *corrack** moored under the bank, and some tackle with which he caught fish. The wild people in those parts feared and fled from him. For want of a name they called him the "Leaf on the Water ;" and they believed he was one of the lost heroic race of the Druids, who were magicians. Also they feared the dark lake where he lived, lest the waters might be enchanted.

At that time there reigned a king in Norway who was young and gallant. He could swim through rough breakers, and bend the strongest bow with one hand. All his people loved Somerled the king, and they wanted him to marry the fairest princess on the earth. So they proposed to him one princess after another : some were fair, and some were dark ; but he refused them all. Then the oldest counsel-

lor, and the wisest in the land, spoke his opinion.

"Beauty is vain," he said ; "but there is strength in sweetness. Bring here the sweet-voiced Stiorna, and let her sing before the king."

So they brought the maiden Stiorna, all unwilling ; and she sang when they bade her. Her voice rose, and hovered like the voice of a lark when he hangs between the blue sky and the green earth ; and then it sank again softly so that they caught their breath to listen. But Somerled, who was carving a figure for the prow of his war-ship, rose, and struck heavy blows with his hammer on the wood and drowned all the music. After that there was despair in the counsels of Norway ; for it was thought that the king would never consent to marry, and the kingdom would want an heir.

But the oldest counsellor went to Somerled, and said, "Tell me the truth, my king ! Have you not seen the maiden that you love ?"

And Somerled answered, "I have seen her."

"Where ?" asked Narboden, the counsellor, with his hand on his long white beard.

And Somerled told him this story :—

"When my father was king in this land, he gave me once five ships, and crews of Northmen for the ships ; and I set sail with these, to take the world for my pillow. We sailed to the island of Erin in the West, and landed in the kingdom of Ulla, which is the home of the Knights of the Red Branch, the Clanna Rury, whose fame is great. I looked from the shores of Ulla, and saw an island lying low on the face of the deep sea. It was Rachray, the kingdom of Donn ; but when I desired to visit that island, no man would sail with me. So, because a prince may not command twice, I rowed there alone, in a fishing-boat. The sunlight flashed on the waves, and I sang as I neared the island. But a strong sea-current caught the boat, and wrecked her on a rock ; and after great peril, I swam to the shore : and having gained the shore, I lay like a seal on a great flat rock, warmed by the sun, and fell asleep, spent with swimming. When I awoke, a maiden was standing by, looking on me. She seemed more beautiful than any creature since the beginning of days : her eyes

* A frail boat.

were dark, as the skies at night ; but her hair was gold, as the skies at dawn ; and she spoke softly, with a dove's voice.

" ' Whence do you come, O stranger ? ' "

" And I answered, ' From the shores of Ulla, from the kinsmen of Lir. ' "

" ' Then you will be slain, ' she said, ' if the men of the island find you here. I am Taise, the daughter of King Donn. Follow me ! ' "

" And I followed her out of the sunlight into a dim, dark cave under the cliff ; and I waited on her words, for I was prisoner. Then she gave me many warnings, and spoke like the daughter of a king, yet with pity ; forbidding me to leave the cave, for fear of death.

" ' Wait until the morning, ' she commanded, ' and yet for an hour after dawn. When the tide is full, come out to the little hidden cove south of the cliff, and wait for me ; but hide from any other. Do this, and he warned ! ' "

" So she left me. And the light went with her.

" Then I slept all night in the cave, and woke with the dawn, and waited the hour. And I went forth, and found the place south of the cave, where the sea flowed in, deep and narrow. There, sitting where the shadow fell from the cliff, I sighed for the good weapon that went down under the waves, when my boat struck the rock. Then suddenly I saw a boat coming swiftly over the water ; and in it was the Princess Taise, rowing alone, and bending to the oars. White-breasted gulls swam alongside her boat, and sat upon the gunwale ; but as she drew into the cove, they shook their silver wings, and scattered in a cloud. Then I took the oars ; and the princess laid her hand on the helm, and spoke to me, standing in the stern, with her sea-green robe fluttering round her.

" ' Listen, O stranger, and believe ! This island is perilous for you ; and in the strait the currents are strong and treacherous, crossing midway. Therefore you cannot gain the shores of Ulla, except from the northern point of Rachray ; and there I will steer you, for I know the currents and the tides. Then you must take the boat, and make for the other side alone. But our island-men are fierce ; if they see us now, as we row under the lee, they will give chase in their swift boats, and will certainly overtake us, being

many, while you are one. Then you will be slain ; for these dog-fish will not spare you for my words. But think not at the last hour that I am treacherous. I would save you ; and there is no other way. Enough ! These are the words of Taise. ' "

" Then I pushed out of that cove into the waters of the strait, and rowed for the northern point. There was no boat in sight on all the sea, and no cloud in the sky ; yet we crept close to shore, as silent as shadows. The eyes of the princess were dark with terror, as she gazed on one side and the other ; and she spoke no word, but steered skilfully. And my heart grew light as I rowed, looking only on that fair maiden in the stern ; and I cared nothing at all for these dog-fish, the islanders of Rachray. I would have rowed round their island once and again. But we came to the northern point, and touched the beach ; there the princess sprang on shore, speaking no word of farewell, only pointing with her hand where Ulla lay across the strait. Then I turned the boat's head for Ulla, and bent again to the oars, while she watched from the shore. But when the last moment came, she cried after me, with her sweet voice—

" ' Stranger, tell me your name ! ' "

" And I called it back aloud to her,— ' Somerled ! ' "

" And I saw her no more. ' "

This is the story that Somerled, the King of Norway, told to Narboden, the counsellor.

And Narboden answered, when he heard it—

" The way is far to Rachray on the coasts of Erin ; and King Donn is a vanquished sovereign, with his island-men fierce and feeble. What alliance is this for Norway, great among the nations ? But the king shall have his will. Let an embassy be sent to Rachray, to ask the hand of the Princess Taise in marriage. It will be given, and the king shall be contented. ' "

This then was resolved. Three ships were made ready that day, and stored for the voyage ; three great nobles of the Northmen commanding them. And early in the morning they hoisted their splendid speckled sails, and put to sea. Day and night they sailed, in that short summer season, and were glad when they saw the

low white cliffs of Rachray, for this was the end of their voyage.

So they landed on the side open to the sea, and went up to the strong white castle on the height, the Castle of Donn. Here the king received them, and he made a feast that night in their honor; and the Northmen were astonished at all they saw. For the feasting-hall was great and round, and in it sat many warriors, but King Donn was the noblest to look upon in the hall. Each man hung his weapon on the wall over his own head, for that was the custom; but the bards had no weapons, only their harps. The chief bard had a harp of gold, and he swept the strings with a heavy hand, and sang of Conn the Hundred-Fighter, while the Northmen listened, for they knew nothing of Conn.

Then, after the feasting had lasted long, King Donn rose, and asked his guests for what purpose they came to Rachray? And they answered promptly—

“The King of Norway desires to wed Taise, the daughter of Donn. His ships wait in the harbor, to carry her over the sea. And henceforth her kinsmen shall be welcome in Norway, for her sake.”

But Donn answered, “This is a lost journey you have taken. My daughter is betrothed to Fearghus, the son of Layde, a king in Dalaradia. And even were it not so, she should not marry the King of Norway, for his country is too far across the sea, and his alliance therefore useless. I desire it not.”

Then the proudest of the three proud Northmen spoke, biting his beard in anger. “Shall the little sea-mew desire no alliance with the falcon of the cliff? Be warned, King Donn! for if you will not send your daughter with us, our king will come to take her.”

“And what will he do, when he has come?” asked Donn.

“He will order his sea-captains to put their cables round this island of Rachray, and tie it to the sterns of their ships, and they will sail home, dragging the island with them. There will be screaming among the sea-mews that day.”

At these words there were shouts of rage from the warriors in the hall, and they rushed from their places; but Donn shook the “chain of silence,” and they fell back with their arms in their hands, while the Northmen smiled. Then the king spoke bitterly—

“Were it not for the blackness of treachery, and because you are guests in this hall, you should die a thousand deaths for the thing you have spoken. Let me not hear the like again! I am Donn, the son of Iolchar, the descendant of Conn.”

On this the Northmen, wondering, were led from the hall, and into a great sleeping-chamber. There they lay that night on couches of sealskin, but slept little.

In the morning early they went down to their ships in the harbor and embarked; and as they sailed from the island, one called Harða said to his brother—

“I will remember the way to Rachray, for soon the ships of Norway will want a pilot in these waters.”

Now very shortly after, a messenger arrived at the palace of Layde, which was in Dalaradia, and desired to speak with Fearghus, the son of Layde.

Fearghus was three days returned from a raid into the country of his enemies. When the messenger was brought before him, he lay on the grass, weak and wounded, under the shade of an elder-tree, with its large, milk-white blooms. For the elder tree cures many things by its own virtue; therefore his servants had laid him there. The messenger said to him—

“I have a message, O Fearghus, son of Layde! King Donn desires that you will not lose a day, but gather your men and your father’s men and bring them to his aid in Rachray; for the King of Norway demands your bride, and we expect his ships every hour on our shores. Now then, let it be seen if the children of Erin can keep their own from strangers!”

When Fearghus heard this he rose up as lightly as a deer, and shouted for rage. The champions of his royal house came out from the Dûn of Layde; and at the news of the wrong that threatened their prince, they raised the Dord Fian—the war-cry. At that wild music Fearghus smiled, feeling himself avenged.

On the same day, after sunset, a company of warriors travelled swiftly over the southern plains of Ulla with their faces to the north, and Fearghus was in the chariot that led that company. Too weak to wear his armor, he kept it by his side, and would not remove his hand from the broad-headed spear; but still he urged

the charioteer to drive faster, till the horses' feet and the bronze wheels thundered over the ground. And the moon rose slowly over the great shoulders of Slemish to light the warriors on their way; and at last they came to the sea, and heard the chime of breaking waves upon the beach. Wild was the pace they kept that night, and wild was the morning's welcome in Rachray.

But the Princess Taise sat alone in her bower, weary at heart. She cared nothing for Prince Fearghus in the fire of his pride, and nothing for the King of Norway, who wooed and threatened. But she bent her head and sighed, thinking of the yellow-haired stranger who had come and gone in a day and a night—young and brave and gentle. Then she took in her hands the musical *tympann*,* and sang a song to it, simple and unrhymed, like the songs the bards sang in her father's hall, concerning the deeds of heroes:—

"Lonely this island, the home of the sea-birds—

Rachray, washed by the wandering waves!
What brings you hitherward, over strange waters,

Proud sails of Norway?

Taise is betrothed to a champion of Ulla:
Slender and fierce is the dark son of Layde;
His hand will pinion the wings of a sea-bird—
King Donn's daughter.

Where now is he that was wreckt on Rachray?
Low in the sunlight he slept at my feet.
I gave him his life: I steered him safely,
Yellow haired stranger.

Now is a long day of sun-bright hours
As empty as night with the stars unlit;
For no wind blows him again to Rachray—
Somerled! Somerled!"

So she sang her song, and wept for loneliness. But no one heeded the princess; for all day long they thought only of the fight that was coming on the island.

The people on the mainland of Ulla heard of it; and they knew why Layde's warriors had crossed the land by moonlight, from the hosting in Da'aradia. They rejoiced, for Donn was their enemy; and now his heart must be sore for his son who was lost, and sad for his daughter who was threatened, and anxious for his kingdom and his life. This thought was great contentment to them.

* Musical instrument.

The nameless man, who lived alone on the Dark Lake, heard of it; he was still the "Leaf on the Water." From that time he fished no more in his *corrach*, nor spent long hours gazing into the black depths of those unrippled waters; but he left his bell-shaped hut on the island, and crossed to the farther bank, and thence to the grassy headlands above the wild cliffs of Ulla; and here he wandered unceasingly, a strange figure to see, wrapped in a gray robe, with wide, unhappy eyes, always searching the horizon. Once his feet failed, and he fell; and where he fell he lay, without moving, three hours long; and this is what he saw.

A silver sky, and a long sea-line with blue islands scattered upon it, far away; near at hand, the island of Rachray, shaped like an arrow-head, low on the water, with white cliffs that gleamed; and their gleaming filled the eyes of the nameless man with tears. And he watched how wildly the sea raced through the narrow strait below him, so far below that not a whisper came up from all the countless waves. But over their glancing green lay a broad, still shadow, the shadow of the great cliff that was under him; it was black where it fell on the land, and purple where it fell on the water, and the shining gulls flew across it, dipping and sinking. Now on the black face of that sheer cliff there grew a little flower—a bell of blue on a hair-like stalk, wildly blown about by the wind, but rooted fast in a crevice as wide as a thread. And at last the sad eyes of the nameless man fell on the flower where it waved; and after looking long at it, a strange thought passed into his mind,—a thought so daring that he rose up comforted, and went away resolved, never knowing that it had come to him from the flower so fairy-like and fine.

The sun went down behind the hills, and the night wind blew thin clouds over the sky. On the haunted strand where the waters of the Mairge creep downward to the sea there was a silence, and the light was dim, but it grew no darker. The Children of Lir were to rest there that night. For these things happened in the days when the enchanted Swans, the four Children of Lir, were wearing out three hundred years of penance on the sea of Moyle, before they flew away to the west. The Swan-children had sweet human voices, but seldom were they heard; and

if any man heard them afar, he knew that they boded evil, and shivered at the faint notes that wandered to him over the wild waste of waters.

There was but one spot in all Erin where the Swans might rest for a night; and this was the haunted strand where the waters of the Mairge flowed out to the sea—a strand that no human footstep had ever printed. But to that spot came the nameless man from the Dark Lake, driven by a great desire. He crossed it at twilight—softly as a shadow—wrapped in his gray robe; and when he came to where the fresh creeping water of the Mairge touched with a brown stain the salt, living waves of the Moyle, there he rested on the strand, and took no step farther, but waited.

And on the hours there fell a silence; and the light was dim, but it grew no darker.

He knew not if it was night or morning when he heard far off a wailing music on the waters. It ceased, and he looked if any white bird-shapes might be moving there, but there were none to see; and the music rose again, and floated nearer. Then his heart failed; for though he could hear those enchanted voices, he could not bear to see no shape of the presences that were approaching. His face sank down between his knees, and his heart beat slow. The Children of Lir were coming.

It seemed as if a chill breeze fanned the sea. Then a gentle sound arose, like the sound of water that ripples and closes round a boat's prow or a bird's broad breast. At last the ripple broke on the shore, close to his feet; and he heard the rustle of feathers, and the soft clap of wings; then a silence. It was the sister-Swan, Fionnghuala the gentle-hearted, spreading her wings over her brothers, before they slept; Aedh, the eldest, under her right wing, and Fiechra, the second, under her left wing; but Conn, the youngest, golden-haired Conn, under the white feathers of her breast. So rested the Children of Lir.

But the mortal man who was near them could see no gleam of those strong bird-wings; only he felt how, in uplifting, they winnowed the air cold about his brows; and fear was too strong for him, till he cried out loud. It was the first time for long years that his voice had

sounded in his own hearing; and now he poured out a wide lament on that dim sea-shore, to the beings he could not see.

"Children of Lir!" he cried. "O Fairy Swans, that wander forever on the wandering waves, listen to my voice! I am the nameless man, the dweller in the Dark Lake, the Leaf on the Water. Yet had I a home, and a country, and the name of a prince; and by your counsel, I will win them again, or else die. For life is not to live, young and exiled, strong and helpless.

"King Donn of Rachray is my father; the Island of Sea-birds is my home; the fairest princess in Erin is my sister Taise. Bright and unshadowed was the morning of my life. A day was coming, when together King Donn and I should have faced our foes, and swept them from the coasts of Ulla, which are ours. But before that dawn there fell a night, drear and death-like as the night that fell on the Sea Giants, when first they slept in the Isle of Destiny;* a night of heavy darkness, of moaning winds, of voices from the hidden, wandering stars. And the voices called me, and dumbly I followed them into the dark, and the winds moaned over my head. Then instantly I knew that the *gesa*† had been laid upon me, and my life was under a spell. Clearly I heard the warning; but if it came from my own star on high, or if it came from the earth beneath, or if one of the evil Daughters of Air whispered it in the dark, I cannot tell. And this was the warning:—

"That if I, a prince of Rachray, and a knight of the Red Branch, and a champion of Ulla, should once strike a man to his slaying, by day or by night, in wrestling or in fight, for a false cause or a true, then woe must befall the house of Donn, and a stain darker than treason, and a loss dearer than life.

"Thus was I left under *gesa*; and silence laid upon my lips for a law. Thus did I return to the home of my fathers; but no princely heart from that night beat under the palace roof of Donn. For what is life, but to rule with the right hand, and to fear no foe? What was life to me, lying helpless under *gesa*, and weaker than a woman? Better to have died in

* Innisfail, the Isle of Destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

† A mysterious misfortune, connected with each man's separate destiny.

the fight before Dervoch, before I knew the joy of an onset, and the ache of a wound. No longer could I bear my home, or the face of my father. I waited till the feast-night, when the warriors of the Red Branch were gathered in the hall. There, before that noble ring, I swore that no power should make me kill a man: I took the name of Iolchar to witness, and the light of my own birth-star. Deep was the silence after that oath; but steadily I looked upon them all. I saw the red brows of Clarta bent in a frown. I saw the tears in Cormac's blue eyes. Last I saw the pale face of King Donn, with grief and scorn upon his bearded lips. Then I went out from the warriors' hall, where my place was no more. I left the happy island, where the sea-birds make their home. On the Dark Lake, in the land of my enemies, I lived for long years. But they knew not who I was; and they feared me for a Druid, and one of the lost race.

"Evil days are coming on us now—evil and glorious. The foe from the north is keener than a March wind, swifter than a swallow on the wing. And the King of Norway could find no maiden fair enough in all his frozen north: he must send for Taise on her island, a sea pearl in a shell. But the islanders will fight before they lose that jewel. Let the March wind scatter arrows like hail! they will melt as fast. Is the sea-birds' home a narrow island? then a band of true men may ring it round, with spears pointing outward. . . . And who will lead them on that day? Will not Donn, the dark-faced king, stateliest among his warriors? Even now I see him, casting back the folds of his purple silken *bratta*,* shaking his spear with the golden rings that clash out music, calling on his son in the forgetfulness of fight: 'Stand fast, son of mine! Strong hand upper-most!' thinking I am by his side, as when we fought at Dervoch. What spell was ever woven like this *gesa* laid on me? What exile was so heavy, what life so darkened as mine? Give me an answer, O Children of Lir, wiser-hearted than the sons of men! Have you forgotten your home in the palace of Lir, and the love of your father? . . . Once the sound of your voices was held as the cure of sorrow, and the healing of sick-

ness, and the end of doubt—when the wise Milesians gathered and encamped on Darvra's low shore, for the sake of your slow, sweet, fairy music in the night. Yct again, give answer to a seeker! My need is sorer than theirs: I have dared more, I have suffered more. Now tell me, is there a charm to undo this *gesa*? What is the woe that must befall if I strike for Rachray and King Donn? What is the stain darker than treason, and the loss dearer than life? My words are ended. Sing now, Children of Lir!"

After long moments, a sound of strange singing rose on Mairge's shore. It was low, as the first breath of a storm, clear as a throstle's note in spring, secret as water heard running underground, sad as life, strong as death. Now it sounded like the senseless fall of waves, now like the chanting of spirits in the air. To the nameless man on the shore it was as a breath that upbore him, and a weight that bowed him down. He feared no longer, but only listened. And he knew that this was not the old, sweet fairy music, loved by the wise Milesians; he knew that it was strange to the whole earth and to the listening sea. And he heard it grow faint and far, and seem to die upon the waters. But when all had sunk to silence, he woke to life again in the dim, gray morning hour, with strange words speaking in his mind. Like words in a dream they seemed to him; of misty meaning, and half forgotten in waking:—

"One *gesa* only never may be broken.
Spells slowly woven, slowly are outworn.
Death to the dying! Heed the thing
spoken. . . .
Follow love's leading. The hour comes at
dawn."

The Children of Lir were gone. If it was indeed their voices he had heard, or if he had dreamt a dream on the haunted strand, he knew not yet. But slowly as he rose to turn his face homeward, he saw lying by the water-side a smooth, silver feather, and he stooped to lift it. But even as his hand closed, it melted away under his eyes. And the same moment he heard the waves fall again, and the wind rise again; and the hour of spells was past, and he returned to his own dwelling on the Dark Lake.

Then all that day the nameless man followed with his eyes the bright sun's path through heaven, yearning for the day to

* The cloak.

close. He watched till the long bright arrows of light shot upward and sank behind the ridge of Cuoclayde, the broad hill to the west; and then till the hill grew dark and huge against the sky, and then till the first star trembled above it. And his heart shook with the trembling star, till he rose and said—

"I will see the next day die from the cliffs of Rachray, if it be the last I see forever."

So, happy at heart, he stepped into the *corrach*, that floated lightly on its own light shadow under the edge of the island, and he rowed it over the Dark Lake to the farther shore; and lifting it on his shoulders, he carried it to the verge of the steep, black cliffs of Ulla. There he began the descent, climbing lightly over the side and warily downward, by a way he knew, perilous yet possible. There seemed no way at all to other eyes; no rock-rooted bush to hold by, no swinging ivy to clasp, only the black naked face of rock; yet his feet found their way onward, and he stopped but once. It was when the blue rock doves, scared from their night-shelter in a rent of the cliff, wheeled out in thick confusion, and a hundred soft wings beat about his face, and blinded him. But he went on, till the rustling air was still again over his head, and the blue doves flew back to their rest. It was a long hour's toil. When he stood at the head of the great cliff, and looked down, there was one star in the sky: when he stood at the foot, and looked up the black wall, and beyond, there were many. But the time was short, and the waves were loud on the beach, to remind him. Still breathing hard and quick, he carried the *corrach* down to the edge of the water.

It was too dark to see the white cliffs of Rachray, when he pushed from the shore. Only one bright light streamed across the waves. It came from the great banquet-hall in the *dún* of King Donn, his father. He fixed his eyes on it, until the waves rose as he drove along farther from shore, and ran in ridges mounting and falling, and hiding the light from his eyes. They rocked the frail little *corrach*, and tossed it from one to another. Such a boat had never put out on those waters, so small, and round, and light, to ride the wild waves of Struth-na-Moyle. The waves were in doubt if to play with it, or

to drown it. Sometimes they spun it madly round, as the wind spins a leaf; but the man who sat in the *corrach* watched for the light on Rachray with calm eyes, and rowed steadily. Then the waves grew wilder; they foamed in the dark, and the wind rose. Night was thick. He lost the light: and in his ears sounded the singing of the Swans, the wail of the Children of Lir.

In the great hall where the light shone there was a feast. It was the hall where King Donn had received the messengers from Norway; and now again he sat upon the dais, but Fearghus, son of Layde, sat beside him. And three times as many warriors filled the hall, and hung their weapons on the smooth white walls; while they drank deep draughts out of twisted horns with lips of gold, pledging each other, in fair faith and laughter. In the pauses of the feast, the bards sang aloud to their harps, as they had sung to the nobles of Norway. But whereas on that night when all was peace they had chanted the battles of Conn and the deeds of the Clanna Rury, now when the foe was forward and the fight was near, they sang instead of Joy and Beauty, of Tirnanoge, the land of the Ever Young; of Angus, great son of the Dagda, the bright-faced god, whose songs take wing like birds, and his arrows are burning kisses. And even as the bards sang, there entered one breathless, a watcher from the northern heights; and he stood and cried from the centre of the hall—

"The Northmen are here, King Donn! I have seen the lights of their ships. Come down, and meet them by the sea!"

Then hushed was the music, but loud was the tumult, as each man sprang to seize his weapon from its place, and to take his stand in the order of the Red Branch. King Donn stood up and listened, and the sound of his warriors' feet on the floor was like the rush of dry leaves whirled by a wind, and his heart was glad,—till his eyes fell on a sword, a spear, and a lance left hanging alone upon the wall, the weapons of the prince who was lost; and his heart was sorrowful. And the warriors who stood ready, waiting for his word, "To the sea!" heard him cry out instead, with a tender voice, "My son!" But the white-haired bard,

he who sang of Angus Oge, smote upon his harp to drown the word. He struck out mighty chords from the golden strings, and the sound of them circled wide. They were notes the warriors knew—the notes of the Dord Fian! And when the Red Branch heard it, they raised their war-song, and no man could have held them, and no fiend. Out of the hall they dashed, out into the night, down to the sea, shouting the Dord Fian, close in their order, wild for the fight.

Then sighed the Princess Taise, and shuddered, in her darkened bower above, as she heard the rush of feet past the wall, and the scream of the Dord Fian rose and passed in the dark, swifter than the scream of a night-bird against the storm that carries him by. And she bowed her head low, and mourned in silence, woman-like, for the men who were yet unhurt, saying in her heart—

“I am the cause that takes them to their death, so many noble knights. O flower of the Red Branch and friends! . . . Now who will guard the head of my father, seeing he has no son?”

But the men on the shore thought not of Taise; they had forgotten women's faces.

The ships of the Northmen drew into the harbor; their oars dashed in time and stopped together. The Northmen crowded to the side, and some plunged into the water; but still the islanders waited. For King Donn's command was—

“Let them land all who will, and hinder not! for none shall leave the shore again. And the ships we may take when their crews are dead.”

But he knew not the men when he said this; and he erred through pride. Mighty were these Northmen—wolves of the sea; and Somerled, their king, was with them, their beloved. Fair of face were they, and fierce of hand; strong-limbed, tireless, silent in their onset. Silent now they waded to the shore, and stood, waiting their fellows, hearkening the Dord Fian. Only one said softly—

“Sweet music! but we must still it.”

And another, ill content, “The night is over-dark for fighting.”

But the dark of the night was broken by a sudden light, as the Red Branch hurled their darts; and they quivered together in a line, such as the crooked white lightning makes in heaven; and the crash

of the thunder followed true, as the Northmen sprang, and felt their foes. So began the fight.

Now the rest of that fight was told for many a year in Rachray and in Ulla, as Diarmid the bard sang it in his rough rhymes. He sang how

“Donn, the King of Rachray, rallied the Red Branch,

Son of Iolehar! sore was thy strait:

Then, when the sea-wolves, leaving their north land,

Followed the Swift-Sailer, Somerled *Buoidhe*,*
Dark was the battle night; dumb was the onset;

Waved on the water the shadows of ships,
Lightly they leapt on us, heavily strove with us;

Lightly they landed there, heavily fell

.

Hear, Clanna Rury!

And hear, Clanna Rury!

Dropping the dart that drove, lift the long spear:

Keeping the length of the long spear to sunder you.

Wrathful, be wary yet! Hold them away!

Who saw the brown hawk that plunged, after hovering,

Halt on the rush, with the wind in his wings?

Who, in Glen Ariff, the gold gleaming torrent

Pause at the leaping place, loud *Ess-na-Croib*†—

Fiercer than hawks are the champions of Ulla,
Wilder than waters let loose on a foe;

Husht is the Dord Fian: their hands are the heavier,

Dealing with death in the hollow of night.

.

Hear how the rings on their spears that are shaken

Rush up and down with a musical din!

Spent are the arrows that whistled in speeding;

Blows of the battle-axe follow and fall.

Cormac I saw, and the sons of O'Baskin;—

Cormac the blue-eyed was fire-eyed then;—

Phelim and Luath, and Laughlin the Irla,

Each took a life there: but three left their own.

Ask not of Gaul, or the sons of MacMorna;

Seek not to gaze on the fair brow of Rone!

Flower of the Red Branch, young and hot-hearted,

Life to your names; for ye lie by the sea!

.

Dark was the battle night; dumb was the onset:

Waved on the water the shadows of ships,

Somerled's seamen, Donn and the Red Branch.

Deadly they strove there . . . drear was the dawn.”

* Pronounced “Boy”—yellow-haired.

† The waterfall—pronounced “Ess na-Croo.”

And this was how the fight on Rachray shore came lastly to an end. And it shall not be told in the words of Diarmid, the chief bard ; for he knew not all that befell, or if he knew, he told not all ; but he sang as though the Clanna Rury had driven the Northmen clean back into the sea.

Now it was Fearghus, son of Layde, the betrothed of Taise, who brought the fight to an end. Joyful was he in the first hour of the contest when his eyes fell on Somerled, the king ; and he knew him for Somerled, because he was taller by the height of his golden head than any of the tall Northmen. And Fearghus would have slain him even there if he could, that no other hand might touch him ; but the press of men was too thick between them, and in a moment that tall head was lost from sight in the darkness and confusion. So Fearghus went raging through the host, seeking him. Truly that was a gallant prince, but cruel-hearted ; and bitter was the edge of his sword to meet. Of all the Clanna Rury on that night, the Northmen noted him chiefly ; and when they told of the fight in after-days, not knowing his name, they called him the "Otter," for they had marked the white teeth gleam across his dark face when he turned to strike. And for a time he seemed even careless of his life, as he searched for one face among his foes ; yet not so, for Hamill and Bras, his two foster-brothers, kept by him step for step, and either would have guarded the prince's head with his own.

So the night wore on, and the fighting ceased not.

At last Fearghus met Somerled. For, as he was pressing on, a certain Northman barred his way with a spear ; no noble was he, but a humble fighting man. Then the prince, enraged, thrust at him twice, quicker than a swallow darts at a summer fly ; and a chance arrow that whizzed from behind would have pierced his brain, but for a king's shield flung suddenly before his face, and the arm of Somerled stretched on his side. It was too late, for Fearghus's point had pierced the Northman's breast : with head turned, he smiled at his king and died. Then Fearghus, looking up, saw that it was Somerled, and he gave a bitter cry of hate ; and instantly they turned their swords against each other, and fought

singly, silently, hand to hand. Somerled the king, who knew not that this was Fearghus, the betrothed of Taise, wondered at the hate he felt rising within himself for this dark-faced knight ; and also at the slender fierceness of his foe, and the quickness of his hands, for he used them equally, the left as the right, and he used no shield. Slowly they drew a little nearer together ; their feet grinding the stones of the shingle, which gave but a loose and uncertain footing ; and this was the worse for Somerled, he being tall and heavy. Therefore he sought to make a speedy end ; and lifting the battle-axe with his right hand on high, he swung it mightily downward, aiming at Fearghus. But Fearghus stepped lightly aside, and before the king could recover from that heavy stroke voided, he drove one slender dart under his arm, and himself sprang bodily upon Somerled, clinging at his throat, and striving to throw him to the ground. Thus, for a breathing space, their arms were round each other, twined in the clasp which is tighter than love's— and the yellow mane of the Northman mingled with the Celt's black hair, and Somerled felt the breath of Fearghus on his neck. Then he shook himself, to awake from that piercing faintness ; with the might of a hero he freed his right arm, and caught Fearghus by the hair, plucked him loose, as one would pluck a serpent that had coiled about his breast, and flung him backward to the ground heavily. Then he uttered a deep sigh, and fell. At that the Northmen groaned aloud, the fierce and silent Northmen, when they saw King Somerled fall ; and they rushed together, closing round him, and some lifted him gently in their arms.

Instantly the voice of Wulf, the king's cousin, and his second in command, shouted clearly—

"Back to your ships ! And carry the king !"

On this they began to draw back steadily toward the sea. And King Donn, seeing their intent, gave command to cut them off. So his warriors closed in their turn round the Northmen, drawing back and rushing on, once and again ; and in this retreat the fighting was heavier than in all the night's advance and check. But yet the Northmen kept a steady front, and forbore to charge : their order was square, and they fought, facing four ways

at once, round the king's guard in the centre. Thus they reached the sea; and when the cool waves touched their feet, they sprang apart, and rushed each to his ship, and his fellows that were in it. With the speed of wind they hoisted sail, and the ships scattered and sped over the sea like birds let loose into the air, till none were left. So ended the fight on Rachray shore.

When the next dawn broke, there rested deep silence on the strong, white castle of King Donn upon the cliff. The warriors had gone to their rest, save those who watched. They all had drunk to the dead; but none slept less soundly because others would wake no more. They were weary; and they turned to their rest.

Fearghus, the son of Layde, stood in the courtyard where the sun was shining; and looked on his foster-brothers as they lay and slept side by side, each with his head on his shield.

Then he turned, and took his way past the square *dún*, toward the women's *greenan*.* He entered the bower of Princess Taise, and bowed low before her, silently. The princess sat pale and sorrowful; for already the names had been told her of those knights who had fallen, and she mourned for them with tears. Now Fearghus, who stood before her, mourned for none; but he loved the fair daughter of Donn, and to save her tears from falling he would have slain as many more. This is the manner of men. And he knew not what words to speak, but was dumb.

"What brings you to me, O Fearghus?" said the princess. "Is there yet more to tell?"

"I bring you a token, white bird!" said the prince. "I fought with the king who came seeking my bride. No words can he greet her with, yet. Therefore have I taken this token of him instead. See here! the golden brooch that last night was on his shoulder. With these hands I tore it away. Now take a token from the King of Norway, fair Taise, and wear it for Fearghus!" So he spoke and laughed.

The princess stretched out her hand, and took the golden token, nothing caring. But as soon as she had touched and

looked upon it, her face changed from white to red, and the tears were dried in her eyes, and she sat still as a stone. This was the fashion of the brooch: it was like the roots of a tree, with a serpent twined among them. Now Taise knew not that the tree was the Ash-tree of the world, *Igdrasil*, and the serpent the wise Midgard Snake living in the roots of it. But well she knew the brooch, none the less; for her eyes had seen it on the shoulder of that stranger whose life she had saved in her boat, the fair-haired stranger, never forgotten.

"O Fearghus," she spoke softly, "what name has the King of Norway?"

And Fearghus answered, "His name is —Somerled."

"Tell me," said the princess, "was he noble in presence? was he fair, or dark?"

"He was fair," said the son of Layde, "and long-haired. Like Donn of Rachray among the Knights of the Red Branch, he was taller by the head than any of his Northmen."

"Will he die?" asked the princess; and both her white hands were tight-clenched over the golden brooch.

"I know not," said Fearghus. "But if he lives, I will find him again." The eyes of Layde's son were dark and burning, and his face was pale.

"It may be the Northmen are steering their ships already for home, to take their wounded king to safety," said the princess, speaking low.

Fearghus pointed. And she looked through a window in the wall where he pointed, and saw over leagues of blue sea a dark line of battle-ships that rested far off, with sails close-reefed.

"They have not gone," said Fearghus. "Their king may happily be dead by this; but we shall fight them again."

The Princess Taise turned and looked on him. Little before had she loved Fearghus, the son of Layde; but now she hated him, and rash were the words she spoke.

"Fair and noble," she cried, "is better than dark and cruel! The good live long. If Somerled fights with you again, the end may be different. And now that I look on you, O Fearghus, it seems to me I miss the golden royal apple that hung on the neck of your *bratta*! Has Somerled taken that of *you* for a token? Oh for a messenger, that I might send to

* The women's dwelling.

him!" and her face grew strange and bright.

But the prince felt with his hand; the golden apple was gone. Then Fearghus saw that he was despised, and the fire in his heart grew cold. He took up the weapon he had laid down, and went his way, back to the soldiers' quarter. But he stumbled at the step as he went down into the court-yard, and stood still, with blinded eyes, a moment in the sunshine. He thought, "I am wounded: yet she asked nothing of that." Then he passed again by the place where his foster-brothers lay sleeping; and they had not moved in their sleep, so short was the time he had been away. Yet in that short space, his heart was changed toward the princess whose beautiful eyes had scorned him.

And Taise in her bower forgot that Fearghus had either come or gone. For it seemed to her as if no others were living in the world save herself and Somerled. She stood as still as the gray statue-bird that watches the moonlight on a rock at night. Her hand yet clasped the golden brooch, and her eyes rested on it; and what they saw was not the world's Ash-tree, but the face of strong-armed Somerled, swaying backward as he bent to the oars one early morning; and what she heard was the water washing back before the prow of that boat, and one cry that a gull gave, sweeping past. . . .

He was the King of Norway then! the wanderer whom she had found, and called him in her heart, "Somerled the stranger." It was Somerled who had come with the ships and the Northmen, to win her for a wife; and King Donn and the Red Branch had shed their blood to hold her safe, from him. Then she remembered that Fearghus had wounded him, and trembled; but she lifted up her face again, and thought, "He will not die. I could not be so glad at heart, if he were going to die!" Last of all, she looked through the narrow window, and saw again across the leagues of blue sea the dark ships of the Northmen lying still in the sunlight. Then she fell on her knees, and her white arms were stretched out in longing, and she cried aloud in her own tongue—

OCH SOMERLED ASTOR, SINBHAL GO CHUN!

["O Somerled my love, come to me!"]

But a vain thing it is to cry on one that

hears not, and to stretch the hands to one that cannot reach them. For with these things so, there is no help save in counsel. Wherefore the Princess Taise, being wise-hearted, though a woman, ceased from words, and took counsel with herself. And thus she thought:—

"They will fight again for me, said Fearghus, the Northmen and the Red Branch, unless I may prevent it. And if I wait till Somerled should win me, Donn, my father, must be slain or else taken captive—he, the noble king! But if the Red Branch should drive the Northmen back to sea, and hold me safe at home, King Donn will surely wed me to Fearghus, son of Layde, whom my soul hates. And this shall not be. . . . I will leave them all, the loved and the hated, and go to Somerled, my king. I will go to night."

Having resolved thus, she wept, but faltered not, and set her mind to search for one to help her in this strait.

"I will ask none in this castle," she thought; "for that were to lead some faithful one to betray King Donn unknowing. And none of the noble knights, for that were useless: some would die for me, who would not do my bidding. But is there none who can serve and be secret? One, I know: Esru the Fisher."

Thereon she sent a messenger to bid Esru the Fisher come before her.

Now, of all that lived in Rachray, the poorest man was he, and called Esru the Silent because his words were few. In the music of a pipe he was more skilled than in speech, and his custom was to pipe as he fished, holding the line between his knees. It was thus the messenger found him.

Esru the Silent waited not to haul in his line, but wound it once and twice round a stone, and laid his pipe on the rock, and went.

When he stood before the fair princess, in his brown fisher's coat, with his stained hands, she rose to greet him, saying—

"I have sent for you, Fisher, because I desire a service of you. And if you grant it me, you may repent; and if you grant it not, it will be the better for yourself. But if you would serve me, stay and hear; and if not, go. Take three moments to consider."

The moments passed; and Esru stayed. Then the princess said—

"This is the service I ask. That you

wake to-night, and row your boat to the mouth of the eastern cove below the cliff; moor her lightly and fast to the iron ring in the smooth rock-face, and leave the oars in her. Then depart! And never seek to know who rows the boat away, neither linger at all on the shore; but take the path that winds below this height, and when you pass beneath the castle walls, blow softly on your pipe, that I may hear from this window; and let the song that I hear be, 'The Love of Grania and Dermat.' For this will I listen in the silent hour between the dark and the dawning; and hearing it, will know that all is done. Tell me, shall I have this service at the hands of Esru the Fisher?"

The Silent Fisher bent his head, signed with his hand, and turned about to go.

"But wait!" cried the princess, "for I want to give you something."

But the face of the Fisher grew suddenly dark, and his heavy brows bent beneath a tangled *glib*,* till his eyes shone from under like a dog's that is angry. While she, heeding nothing, went and sought for the musical *tympan*, to which all her songs were sung of old, and laid it in his hands; and she loosened a chain from her hair, and threw it round his neck; and last, she touched his brown hand with her own, and said—

"The thanks of Taise to Esru the Fisher!"

Now that chain was made only of little shells, the yellow and the pearly, that lie in hundreds on the shores of Rachray. So the lips of the Silent Fisher smiled, and he spoke at last, and said—

"If you had given me gold, Princess Taise, I should have gone from here, and betrayed you within this hour. But now—sweeter than all music will your memory be to me!"

So he went his way. And the princess, left alone, sighed to herself.

But many were the burdened hearts in Rachray that day. For King Donn sat with the oldest of his knights, and held a council of war; and the doors were shut fast upon them, that none might enter.

The young knights of the Red Branch piled a cairn of stones over their brothers that were slain in the fight. The cairn grew higher and higher on the shore; and each living knight, as he laid a stone

to it, said the name of a dead knight lying below. For thus brave men remember the dead.

Esru the Fisher sat alone on his rock, and he watched the piling of the cairn from afar, for his place was not with noble knights. He thought within himself, happy are they that rest beneath it! and turned his head away. He took the pipe which lay beside him, and blew the song called "The Love of Grania and Dermat." Then said he, "Taise the Sea-bird is fairer than fair Grania, who left all for the love of Dermat." And the Fisher felt her eyes upon him in that lonely place, her eyes that shone like twin stars in a night of frost, till music rose, and blinded their light in his brain, and a new song came instead. He blew it aloud to the rolling sea, while the sky gates opened in the west, and a golden sunset passed through them, and was lost; but the song the Fisher blew on his pipe is called "Taise the Sea-bird" to this day.

The dusk was evening, and the evening was night. From the highest window in the highest wall of Donn's white castle, the ships of the Northmen could no longer be seen, only a line of yellow lights that moved a little on the water to and fro; for each ship kindled a light, that none might fall foul of the others in the dark. Princess Taise watched the lights from her window, and marked where they lay, and how the stars lay above them; for she thought, "The ship lights are too low to be seen on the water. I must steer by the stars."

Then she remembered how King Donn had taught her the stars on summer nights, when they went fishing to sea for sport. And the thought was sorrow now, because she could see him no more, and she mourned, wondering, "O Donn, my father! wherefore would you wed me to Fearghus, that I hated?"

Yet the council of war that day held, and the cairn that was raised on the shore, came to her mind, and she thought—

"Now there will be no more fighting, nor brave knights slain for the hand of Taise. It is well that I go forever."

Yet because this Taise was wont to speak truth with herself, she said at the end—

"But not for pity of their lives do I go. Ah, not for pity of these—but for the love of my beloved!"

* Hair of the head.

So, in the silent hour between the dark and the dawning, she listened at her narrow window; and the whispering of the sea was low, and the breeze that blew was soundless; but it carried the notes of a fisher's pipe, and the old sweet song was blown to her window, "The Love of Grania and Dermat."

Then the princess bowed her head, and went out between the night and the morning.

But the sound of the pipe floated over the water. A *corrach* was drawing in to the shore: it was the *corrach* from the Dark Lake, which had wandered for a night and a day, driven over the waves of Struth-na-Moyle. And the nameless man, brave-hearted and weary, had sculled the last stroke, and touched the shore, when he heard the song of "The Love of Grania and Dermat." It ceased, and was silent; but the song had called to his mind the warning of the Children of Lir, and he said within himself—

"I have 'followed love's leading,' and love has led me here. What comes? for now 'the hour is the dawn.'"

Then he climbed the path that led to his father's castle on the cliff.

And there was yet another who heard the Fisher's pipe. Fearghus, the son of Layde, rested not that night, for he was faint and sleepless. With an aching wound and a bitter thought he paced the court-yard, and wandered by the cliff. And when "The Love of Grania and Dermat" sounded in his ears, he started and turned back. But before the last notes had blown themselves away, a door opened in the wall on the side of the women's dwelling, and he saw the Princess Taise come forth, a dark and slender shape. She crossed the open space with steady steps, and stood beneath the window of the royal chamber where King Donn slept. There she lifted up both hands, and made the sign of blessing, slowly. Then, shadow-like, she passed along the wall, and was gone.

But Fearghus was swifter. He knew not what this might mean, but he remembered the morning. He followed; and dimly, against the glimmer of the sea, he saw the dark figure moving along the edge of the cliff, toward the path that led downward. Then he waited not, but sprang forward and caught her by the hand; and

the princess, who would have fled, stood fast, and saw that it was Fearghus.

"What brings you forth under the sky at night, young daughter of Donn?" he said.

"My own will, and not the will of Fearghus," answered Taise. And she knew not that her voice woke madness in his heart.

"Come back with me," he commanded hoarsely, "for you are mine! I will not let you go."

"Son of Layde," said the princess, "I am not yours. Take your hand from mine, and go your way."

And her words were brave, but her heart was cold—for the slightness of her strength, and the cruel hands of Fearghus.

But he, the son of Layde, grew wild with wrath, gazing on the face he loved and hated. And he caught the proud princess in his arms and strode with her to the brink of the curving cliff: there he set her feet on the narrow desperate edge, and himself stood back a pace, holding her tightly by the hands alone. And he said—

"Now death is behind your back, proud Taise. Listen how far the sea beats below there! I have but to let you go. . . . Say these words to me, if you would live a little longer, 'I love no other but Fearghus, son of Layde!'"

Then the princess stood still, with death behind her, and her hands fast in the hands of Fearghus; and she spoke very bitterly and low—

"I knew not hatred, till I hated Fearghus, son of Layde!"

After that, seeing her death in his face, she cried aloud one sorrowful cry—

"Ah, Somerled!"

But the nameless prince, home returning, had climbed the long path up the cliff; and his feet were hardly set upon the height above when he heard the cry of "Somerled!" and saw before his face the dark figures wavering on the dark edge against the sky.

Then vanished the *gesa*, and the warning. He sprang, and caught Fearghus back by the neck, crying, "Murderer!" and he drew the sharp *skene** from the prince's side.

But Taise knew not that it was her

* Knife.

brother in the dimness of the morning ; and she feared as the *skene* shone and shivered on high, and she fled away sobbing—fled fast along the winding, downward way, to the boat that lay under shadow in the cove. . . . And Taise was no more seen in Rachray.

But the lost prince stood on the cliff above, and Fearghus lay dead at his feet with the bright *skene* in his breast. But the prince had never seen the son of Layde, and he was deceived, and thought he had slain Somerled.

"Now is the *gesa* broken," he thought ; "for I have slain a man. And there is no woe can follow such a deed, for surely this Somerled was a murderer."

Yet because he loved not to gaze on the face of a dead foe, he covered the head of Fearghus with his cloak, and left him there ; for the time seemed long to him till he might behold Donn his father again. Therefore he hastened, and entered the castle by a secret way, and his steps were unseen to the very door of the great royal chamber. There he entered softly, and stood by the king's couch.

The light on the wall burned low, and Donn lay sleeping. The prince touched his hand, but he woke not. Then that son bent and kissed the dark face that was dear to him ; and he lay down at his father's feet to wait till Donn should waken. But being very weary, he fell asleep. . . . So King Donn woke first in the morning, and found his son.

Now the day that followed was a strange day in Rachray. Deep was the woe and wonder in all the dwellings of women, when Taise, their fairest, was nowhere found between shore and shore. But terrible was the wrath of the men of Dalaradia when Fearghus their prince was laid dead before their eyes, with his own *skene* in his breast. Wildly they raged about the Castle of Donn, and gathered round the dead body in the court-yard ; while for hours the air was pierced with *keen-ing** from a hundred throats, and clapping of hands that smote together in sorrow, and deep voices that swore to find the slayer, and take each a life for the life of Fearghus.

But the warriors of King Donn stood aloof, for they knew not what might end

the day ; but it behooved them to be in readiness, whether indeed to stand against the men of Dalaradia on the shore, or the Northmen on the sea.

Then calmly came King Donn and his son with him, into the midst of that wronged host. Not one of these had ever seen the lost prince ; and he looked on them now in their anger with a proud and pitying glance. He told them of the hour, and the place, and the manner of that death they mourned, and showed them his hand which had slain Fearghus. Then together King Donn and his son passed slowly through the host : they carried no arms, and they hastened not, but went their way untouched. And when the day drew to evening, still they were together.

They stood by the edge of the shore, looking to the west ; and the king's arm rested on his son's shoulder.

"Is this indeed the place ?" said Donn. . . . "The *gesa* was laid on you, and you have broken it. But who can be wiser than his fate ? 'Woe' has truly fallen 'on the house of Donn ;' and a 'stain darker than treason,' when the hand of my son gave death to the son of Layde, who had fought on our side, and was wounded for us. And behold now, if the loss be not 'dearer than life' of that one sweet Taise ! for she was dearer than life to me. All has befallen. And now what remains for you, son of Donn ?"

He answered : "I will go back to Ulla with the men of Dalaradia. Unarmed and unattended, I will give myself to them ; and when they bring me before Layde, the father of Fearghus, I will tell him that my hand dealt the stroke to his son. Then whatsoever *eric** he shall impose on me, I will perform it according to the Brehon law,—though it were heavier than the sons of Turen† paid for the death of Kian, and longer in the doing than the voyage of Maeldune in the ending. This done, after months or after years, I will return to the house of my father, and have rest."

So these two turned home together in the evening.

And the darkness fell, and the mist was on the face of the sea : they saw not that

* Fine or task imposed for punishment.

† The "Fate of the Children of Turen" is one of the "Three most Sorrowful of the Tales of Erin."

* The cry for the dead.

the ships of the Northmen were loose again, were scattering and speeding to the north. Neither, if they had seen them, could they have told which was the king's ship; nor, if they had told it, could they have known that a bright haired princess was on board. Yet there was Taise.

A fair day broke, and a fair wind blew: the ships were far on their way. Already the last land of Erin lay behind like a cloud; and the Irish maid watched it from the prow where she leaned, and heard the salt waves rush by.

Then Somerled, who loved her, knelt by the side of Taise. He touched her

bright hair with his hand; it seemed to him a wonderful thing.

"Are all the women of Erin like you?" he asked her. "Will they venture life and all for love?"

And Taise knew not what to answer, for she had not thought on this. So she smiled at him with her deep eyes, and was silent.

Then keener blew the wind; and the strong limbed Northmen sang as they rowed, and sped the ship faster across the sea, with Somerled and the Sea-bird, toward the Land of the Rising Sun. And that day was theirs.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ART OF DINING.

BY A. KENNEY-HERBERT.

SINCE it must be acknowledged that during the past few years we have gradually entered upon a period of *renaissance* in regard to the choice and preparation of our food, and the ordering and service of our dinners, the consideration of certain matters in regard to modern "aristology" may perhaps be interesting. The term I have adopted is one which five and fifty years ago was created by that right pleasant essayist Thomas Walker when introducing his articles on the "Art of Dining" in the *Original*.

According to the lexicons (wrote he) the Greek for dinner is *ἀριστον*, and therefore, for the convenience of the terms, and without entering into any inquiry, critical or antiquarian, I call the art of dining Aristology, and those who study it Aristologists.

Remembering these words, it has occurred to me that I cannot do better than borrow from one whose refined taste was far in advance of his time, and whose precepts in many ways might well be laid to heart in the present year of grace. That much has been done in the immediate past, and much being done in the present in the right direction by those who have turned their attention to the cultivation and better development of this art, need scarcely be asserted. To dine tastefully both in regard to our food and surroundings is now a consummation devoutly wished for by all, and inasmuch as good dinners demand skilful preparation,

an impetus has thus been given to scientific cookery. The teaching commenced at South Kensington has spread; schools are now to be found where Englishwomen may strive to win *le cordon bleu*; the Universal Cookery and Food Association annually encourages advancement by its exhibitions; works on *cuisine* appear from time to time with excellent intentions, from which advice more or less reliable may be procured; while the housewife columns of several newspapers show us that many are anxious to teach, and many to learn, how the misspent culinary past may be redeemed. All this is satisfactory. We often find, however, in cases in which a long neglected social want is suddenly taken up seriously, that the pace is too hurried, and the result of a praiseworthy enterprise contravened by over-anxiety. It may accordingly be salutary to examine the condition of our *renaissance*, and see whether matters are progressing satisfactorily.

Taking first of all the composition of some London dinners of to-day, modelled, it is to be presumed, in accordance with French gastronomical laws, we find, to be sure, a fine parade of terms:—*potages, poissons, relevés, entrées, rôts* and so forth; but if we look into the *menus* themselves 'tis odds that we discover that the majority of English dinner-givers who work on these lines still misunderstand or misapply the classification they have

adopted. Few, at least, seem to appreciate what manner of thing a *relevé* really is, and the proper place in the meal for its introduction; while the *raison d'être* of the unfortunate *rôt* is ignored, and its name continually taken in vain. For have we not too often seen of late a *gigot d'agneau rôti* set down as a *relevé* and served after the *entrées*, and under the word *rôt* such promiscuous compositions as *homard à la Turque*, *foies gras en aspic*, ay, even *œufs de pluviers à la Victoria*! And yet it has been clearly demonstrated by writers old and new, especially by Sir Henry Thompson in his work *Food and Feeding*, that if the *Code Français* and the teaching of Brillat Savarin are to be followed, the *relevé* must follow the fish, and the *rôt*, as the term plainly indicates, be "a roast" served after the *entrées*; that the former is by no means the piece of plainly roasted meat called by Anglo-Saxons a "joint," and that the latter is not a savory *plat* or *entremets*, but if possible a spitted bird. The correct marshalling of the various dishes which comprise the *dîner Parisien* can scarcely be understood, however, unless the student thoroughly grasps the exact significance of the term *relevé*. This, say the professors, should be regarded as the *pièce de résistance* of the meal; it should be, correctly speaking, an artistic braise, such as the time-honored *fricandeau*, the veritable *pièce de bœuf à la mode*, the *carbonnade de mouton*, etc.: a piece of choice meat, that is to say, served *en bloc*, with all the finish of an *entrée* in regard to the sauce, or strong gravy judiciously extracted, with which it is accompanied, and the carefully selected and dressed vegetable, or combination of vegetables, which forms its garnish. In the present day we can at this period serve the grilled *filet* or *entrecôte*, à la *Béarnaise*, à la *Chateaubriand*, à la *Milanaise*, etc., or, if we want lamb, a *selle braisée au macédoine*, or other garnish. A dish of this kind having been followed by a delicate *entrée*—a *chaud-froid*, for instance—what more appropriate contrast could Gastræa suggest to us than a slice of plainly roasted game, a small bird, or a morsel of a turkey poul, duckling, or fatted fowl, according to the season of the year, with a simple salad, and garnish of crisp golden wafers, or ribands of potato? The perplexed hostess who diligently considers the question in this light will rise

from her deliberations with a light heart, for she will perceive that the harmony of her dinner, assuming of course that she intends to adhere to the standard classification I have been speaking of, would be destroyed if she gave more than one *entrée*, that she can dispense with a "joint," while she can offer her friends, after a simple *hors-d'œuvre* if she pleases, a repast composed of single dishes under each head:—A soup, a piece of fish, a *relevé*, an *entrée*, a roast bird, an *entremets de légume*, a sweet *entremets*, a savory morsel, and dessert. Each thing being perfect as far as its scientific treatment is concerned, and sufficient in quantity, this framework needs no expansion whatever to meet the requirements of a dinner of fifty as satisfactorily as it obviously would satisfy those of that most charming of all parties—the symposium of eight covers. Indeed, one of the great desiderata of the day is a professional caterer brave enough to present a *menu* thus simplified at one of the numerous dinners of ceremony which at this time of year take place daily; for, independently of certain points, which I propose to discuss later on in this paper, there can be no doubt that the ponderous bill of fare, which custom considers indispensable at these functions, can rarely if ever stand the test of skilled criticism. Repetitions in the flavors of sauces, notwithstanding that they may be given grand new names, and be disguised by beautiful new-fashioned colorings, are inevitable when a multiplicity of dishes is in circulation; while such finer considerations as the disposition of light and shadow, the provision of contrasts, and the like, cannot possibly receive such subtle finishing touches as can be bestowed upon a less pretentious composition. Now it goes without saying that this contention will never commend itself to those free-handed purveyors who for many a year have followed the established rule that the only way in which a large party of people can be gratified is by placing before them a congeries of the most expensive delicacies, both in and out of season, accompanied by the richest sauces in the culinary *répertoire*. They have always been accustomed to display a beautifully illuminated bill of fare with from twelve to sixteen lines of printed matter at least, not to mention the marginal entries of wines, and the idea of placing a modest little card before each

guest with the whole of the feast contained in eight would very probably appear to them to be wholly inapplicable to a banquet served in the porphyry *salle* of the Cosmopolitan, or the cedar-wood chamber at the Hôtel Albert-Edward. Moreover it might be advanced that, even at the headquarters of enlightened Aristotology, in Paris herself, the elaborate *menu* still, obtains when set dinners of a high class are in question. Why, certainly, but the fact that vulgarity exists around us does not prevent our choosing the better part whenever we can do so; neither does the tyranny of fashion overawe people who have the courage to act according to the dictates of their nicer instincts. And is not the outside-of-the-cup-and-platter swagger of the pretentious festival vulgar beyond measure; and those who give way to it even as Hindus before the wheels of Juggernaut?

I have hitherto confined myself to the consideration of the dinner composed according to the long-established French method, and have endeavored to show that, if correctly followed, a simpler and far shorter *menu* is possible than that which in nine cases out of ten is placed before us. I by no means desire, however, to say that the canons of the *ancien régime* are the best that we can be guided by in our dinners of to-day. On the contrary, in the cause of simplicity I would go much further, and boldly declare that the day has come for us to cast aside the old hard and-fast traditions and nomenclature of the *dîner Parisien* with its stereotyped services and fixed procession of meats, and to compose our *menus*, whether the occasion be great or small, as the spirit may move us, and the season permit, upon lines laid down upon an entirely new foundation, with the aforesaid simplicity for our guide, artistic effect our object, and rapidity of service our *sine quâ non*. That these principles have influenced many, and have been adopted already by certain members of society to whom the charms of emancipation have been a revelation, should encourage others to complete their *renaissance* by the assertion of similar independence. The moment that a dinner partakes of the character of a feast with a straining after display, its claim to refinement as a work of art vanishes, and those who are gathered together for its discussion are swept into

the same category as children of the *plebs* at a school treat.

Next as regards our food itself. Bearing in mind the sensations with which the refined "aristologist" should approach the subject of his evening meal, I confess that at this dinner-giving season of the year in London I am filled with sincere sympathy for him. Take the unhappy fellow who has to assist at a series of annual commemoration festivals. He knows of course beforehand what he is going to have—Turtle soup thick and clear, *ponche à la Romaine*, salmon enriched and embellished to death, whitebait plain and bedevilled, a series of *entrées* so overwrought with ornamentation that the ordinary eater knoweth not what to take and what to eschew, and so on; with these noteworthy salient features—much cooling down of warm foods by reason of processions, a maximum of fattiness and cream, a minimum of good food on its own merits, much weariness of spirit as nearly two hours are passed, and the drinking of more wine than wisdom would have counselled because of the length of the meal, and plethora of rich dishes. Nevertheless, no one attempts reform, for it would require the strength of Samson himself, and the bravery of the king of beasts, to take a pen and sit down quietly in the presence of the Anglicized *maitre d'hôtel* and score out of his draft *menu* any of the favorite summer season *spécialités*. And yet what pleasure there would be for the man who *could* summon up the necessary courage to seize one of these elaborate compositions and cut it to atoms! He would be able to appreciate the savage delight of one of Mr. Rider Haggard's pet African executioners with a fat victim before him ready to be done to death in very little pieces. But to be serious, why must we be forced perpetually to take turtle soup, no matter how good the clear variety may be occasionally; why always be given salmon, notwithstanding its claims, as the head of the family of fishes; and why on earth have whitebait served to us as a matter of course, *plus* another fish, separately,—twice? The proper place for these fishlets is—apart, of course, from the fish dinner pure and simple—alone, as the only *poisson* of the dinner, or as a garnish with a plainly boiled white fish, in the same way that smelts are presented by intelligent folk with turbot. This may

seem rank heresy, but that the argument is sound from a really artistic anti-omnivorous point of view most thoughtful "aristologists" will I think admit. You might just as well send round portions of pheasant and follow them with a service of snipe. Our whitebait is a pleasant little chap enough, and yet how strangely do people in authority try to lead him astray! At a dinner party not many days ago I met him *à la Madras*. Happening to know something of the Southern Indian capital, I waited for a new experience; for, as they have no whitebait they have no special way of serving it there—when lo! the small fry appeared plentifully besprinkled with raw curry powder, which literally "played the devil" with the "entire aggregation" in every sense of the expression. No sane person uses curry powder in the form of pepper in the land of Ind. Who, for instance, would take a pinch of choice "black rappee" or "Wilson S. P." with his new-laid egg? I mention this to show how hard it is for our feast-providers to leave well alone, and allow good things to stand on their merits.

An exceptionally strong and heavy man is badly wanted to trample down the existing fashion of repellent over-ornamentation. Let any one go to the Wild West Show and carefully observe the coloring and patterns of Buffalo Bill's Red Indians in their war paint, and when he next sits at meat where florid art obtains, let him study the tints and devices squeezed, flattened, and otherwise displayed upon his lovely "high-class *entrée*:" the latter will have the advantage, methinks, as far as barbarity is concerned. Chatting not long ago on this subject with a lady who is an excellent hostess and much interested in the better treatment of food, I was amused to hear that she had quite given up a practice she had at one time followed of procuring a dish or two from professional sources to supplement and adorn the *menus* of her little dinner parties.

For (said she) I observed that my guests as a rule looked doubtfully at them notwithstanding their pretty appearance, and either let them pass untouched, or carefully scraped off every atom of beautifully colored glaze with its pattern of stars, spots, stripes, squares, ovals, diamonds, spades, clubs, or hearts, before eating them!

Now, apart from the repulsiveness of anything in our food that even suggests

the possibility of fingering and fiddling, think of the valuable time and materials wasted in spoiling an otherwise eatable piece of meat, fish, or fowl, by this misguided practice. I have had the misfortune to be confronted with a dish of fillets of sole so utterly improved off the face of creation by the artist in vegetable colors, that, to save my life, I could not have said what I was eating; and, at dinner parties, I find myself continually shying like a horse at some bright red thing, black-striped green thing, or spotted brown and magenta thing—each with brand-new incomprehensible name—which is handed to me upon a richly emblazoned edifice erected upon an exquisite alabaster *socle* fantastically designed out of composite candle or mutton fat and flour! An observant visitor at the Cookery Exhibition, at the Portman Rooms, in May last, must have been struck with evidences on all sides of the prevailing craze for making things look pretty, and I dare say wondered, as I did, at medals and prizes being awarded in some cases where a little kindly admonition would have been better for the exhibitor, and for the cause of advancement in the science of cooking. For, in any circumstances, it seems to me that the production of an intricate pattern on a fillet, and a highly ornamental stand in panel for its reception, is a matter of secondary rather than of primary importance, and that until the cardinal elements of scientific *cuisine* have been practically mastered, the art of making things look as unlike what they are as possible should not be encouraged. Our cooks are being taught how to run before they have learned to walk properly. *Par exemple*, how often in twelve months do you meet in London with a really good clear *consommé* of the right delicate color and savor? an essence of meat, that is to say, of fair strength, as light, bright, and clear as *amontillado*, with leguminous flavor according to the name that may be given it, without taint of sugar or blemish of coloring? Ornamentation is not cookery, though, if judiciously carried out, it has a right to our attention as an offshoot of the science. The tendency of the day is to forget this, and by yielding to the temptation offered by coloring preparations, the forcing pipe, etc., to lose sight of graver and infinitely more necessary matters. More than half a century ago

Thomas Walker aforesaid, who lived at a time of excessive *gourmandize* and uncultivated taste in regard to the table, condemned the decoration of dishes in these quaint terms :—

I must here mention an instance of barbaric ornament I witnessed a short time since at a dinner which substantially was excellent. I had to carve a tongue, and found my operations somewhat impeded by a couple of ranunculuses stuck into it, sculptured one in turnip and the other in carrot. It was surrounded by a thin layer of spinach studded with small stars also cut out of carrot. What have ranunculuses and stars to do with tongue and spinach? To my mind, if they had been on separate dishes and unadorned, it would have been much more to the purpose.

Writing in 1864, "the G. C.," the accomplished author of *Round the Table*, said :—

Flowers (cut out of raw turnips), crayfish, which are not to be eaten, designs wrought in flour and lard colored in various ways, and such like matters, which appertain to what is called grand cookery, belong to the category of shams, and cannot meet with the approval of any true artist.

While Gouffé four years later observed :—

I must own that in many instances this love of ornamentation has been carried to unreasonable lengths ; and I have known cooks possessed by a perfect hobby for decorating and beautifying everything, and who could not serve the simplest dish without a profusion of puerile accessories and would be ornaments.

Now, although we no longer see ranunculuses of carrot and turnip, we have become the victims of a decorative mania which, despite its attaining its ends in a new way, is equally to be deprecated. The use of fancy colors, without consideration of their congruity, for the sake of prettiness, to tint the maskings used in savory cookery, is surely preposterous ; for how in the natural order of things can a fillet of fish be green or a cutlet of chicken pink? From old time we have adopted white and brown as the colors of standard glazings in this branch of the art, and to depart from them is needless and puerile. The practice is, in point of fact, a misapplication of the handicraft peculiar to the *confiseur*, to whose profession the laying on of patterns and the use of tintings should be left undisturbed. We ought not, as is now often the case, to be doubtful whether the dish presented to us is savory or sweet. *Grosses pièces* and fancy compositions intended for the *buffet* or

tables at a ball supper or luncheon *en fête* require perhaps a certain amount of adornment, but even this is now overdone. Who can see without pity—in the window of some fashionable culinary professor—a noble salmon, that never did any one an intentional injury, put in the pillory and exhibited as a peepshow to the passer-by, with his back bristling with prawns like the "fretful porcupine," crayfish disporting themselves about him, his sides outraged by a gruesome tattooing of truffles, and divers devices in patterns like a Maori masher, and, lastly, to complete the atrocity, an impalement of hideous "hatelet" skewers? Surely this is as bad as the desecration of "dead Hector" with the garish bedizenment of a circus clown. And what a sum the travesty costs to be sure! By all means let the cook learn to minister to the lust of the eye, and let a dish be made to look as inviting as possible ; but let this effect be produced without the application of fictitious coloring, trashy pattern-making, and superfluous garnishing. Simplicity which looks as if it can be eaten is more to be desired than the elaborate "painting of the lily" and "gilding of fine gold" which occupy such undue attention at the present time.

Another fashion of the day which ought to be discouraged, I think, is that of introducing unnecessarily new names for old dishes, sauces, etc. In consequence of these questionable innovations long-established friends are gradually disappearing from the modern *menu*, and in their stead strangers are being pushed forward concerning whom we know nothing. On the card of a very nice little dinner, to which I was bidden a few days ago, I read *Pains de jambon à la Séville* ; these I naturally assumed would prove to be novelties, but when the *entrée* came I discovered that it derived its accentuation from my old friend *Bigarade*! The change in the name was obviously ingenious, but why was it made? Then on what account must a *vol-au-vent à la Reine*—the oldest of the white *ragoûts* thus served—be now called *à la Victoria*? Wherever you go similar "large-sized conundrums" thrust themselves before you. There are names in the French culinary vocabulary which, originally given to the works of the old masters, have become text-words indicating compositions that cannot be improved, and that all who know anything of the

subject recognize at a glance. To cancel any one of these without reason is assuredly an act of unpardonable vandalism. A distinct, easily understood, and by no means voluminous compendium of names which could be mastered without difficulty, existed before these new introductions. As matters stand we have every prospect of arriving at a *menu* which, as far as showing us what we are going to eat is concerned, might just as well be a little list of esoteric mysteries in the occult tongue of the Mahatmas.

Lastly, I come to another argument which will probably be regarded by some as even more outrageous than the laying of the axe at the root of the overgrown *menu*, the condemnation of certain stereotyped foods, and the disapproval of new names and excessive ornamentation. It is this :—All are agreed, I think, that the modern dinner should be brought to a happy end within an hour, and some indeed fix forty-five minutes as the more correct limit. Now to attain either object the simplified *menu* lends powerful assistance, but is not enough in itself to ensure success. It becomes absolutely necessary to consider when ordering a dinner the time that the service of each thing will probably occupy, and how this can be reduced to the narrowest point. Any proposal, then, that is calculated to accelerate matters without perceptible hurry must, I take it, be worth consideration ; for it need not be said that, while anxious to secure brisk service, we do not want our art study to be galloped through as if we were all late for the train. Well, the simplest way to obtain what we desire is to abolish as far as we can the handing round of dishes from which our guests have to help themselves, and to serve the various component parts of the dinner, ready helped from the *buffet*. To illustrate what I mean :—Let us assume that a cold *entrée*, according to existing practice, is about to be presented. The plates used for the previous dish having been removed, a fresh “deal” of clean cold ones must first take place. Now, as far as those are concerned who do not eventually partake of the *entrée*, this presentation of a plate is obviously superfluous ; but mark—that beautifully decorated work of art *chaud-froid de cailles à la Lucullus* is being passed round in single, double, triple, or quadruple grandeur according to

the size of the party. There is a slight pause at the side of every guest during the process of self-help, or refusal ; some are unaware that the dish is awaiting their attention for a few seconds, some decline after a little thought, not daring to undertake the task of exploration among ramparts and bastions of *aspic* and revetments of *macédoine*, and some waste time in securing the piece of garnish they ultimately detach from the outworks of the structure. The whole thing is a nuisance, especially to the ladies, while the thrusting in of the lordly platter between a couple who are getting on nicely is probably most unpleasant. When the circulation has come to an end it would be instructive, were it possible to do so, to add up all the fractions of time let slip, first in the dealing round of the plates, and next in the handing round, with all the little delays I have indicated. Surely we can save both the wasted time and the inconvenience by so organizing our dinners that nearly every part of them can be served, as I have suggested, in portions complete for each guest. Take the *chaud-froid* in question. This could easily be prepared in the form of *aspics mignons de cailles* (set in little moulds), one of which, with the allowance of sauce or what not allotted to it, could be offered ready-helped to each person. If refused, the portion would be presented to the next just in the same way as the helping of fish, the slice of lamb, or piece of venison, is brought round. With a little consideration this method could be followed throughout the meal ; for, thanks to modern ingenuity, we can select pretty little moulds of divers shapes suitable alike for *entrées* and *entremets*. Thus the direct-service system would be attended with no difficulty whatever. Of course, the *chef* would not like it, for it would deprive him of the pleasure of exhibiting his *tours de force* in all their glory. But what of that ? All the time lost and expense incurred in building up the complicated structures which fashion encourages just now for the accommodation of *entrées* and *entremets* would be saved in the kitchen ; while in the dining-room the easy, uninterrupted flow of conversation, simplicity of service, and time gained by the end of dinner, would well repay the sacrifice of the needless parade of culinary art masterpieces. I fear that my proposal would not please those who

have adopted the practice followed at *tables d'hôte* abroad of sending round a sliced saddle or other solid piece of meat, partly carved, with its garnish *à la jardinière*, for personal apportionment by the guests themselves. Is this a step to be commended? It seems to me to be open to all the objections I have advanced against the cumbersome circulation of *entrées*, without the excuse the latter may have of being beautiful to look upon. A still steaming *gigot à la Bercy* is hardly the thing to carry about on a hot summer evening; and how cold hot things get before they arrive at the end of the procession!

In respect to the economy of time, and also as a matter of good taste, the abolition of the service of cheese with multifarious *hors d'œuvres*, and the substitution

of a simple, yet very carefully concocted savory *plat*, cannot be too highly approved, and it is a matter of congratulation that at many entertainments at private houses, the tendency is to the little and good rather than the profuse. It is only necessary to go a little further, and, while simplifying the *menu*, to simplify its service by a modification in the preparation of the dishes themselves and the method of serving them. In this way we shall attain even a higher pitch of refinement than we have yet reached, and who knows but that the fashion encouraged in private may at length filter through to public gatherings, and the banquet of the future be distinguished by a more enlightened interpretation of the true essentials of modern "aristology!"—*Nineteenth Century*.

SHELLEY.

BY FRANCIS ADAMS.

It says something for, at least, the vitality of Shelley, that he is the only personage of his time over whom intelligent and candid men still see fit to lose their tempers. He was born a hundred years ago this 4th of August, and he has been dead just seventy years this 8th of July, and Shelleys and Anti-Shelleys are standing at this hour with hostile faces over against one another, both prepared to talk vehement nonsense on the slightest provocation. No such phenomenon is to be seen with regard to his contemporaries—to Wordsworth or Coleridge, to Keats or even Byron. They are accepted now or denied, intelligently or stupidly; but the denial and the acceptance are both more or less moderate: they arouse no passions. In the case of Shelley, it is true, the claims advanced are irreconcilable with the accusations levied. The ones ask all; the others not only will give nothing, but even go so far as to allege an aching minus quantity. Shelley is a great man; Shelley is an inspired imbecile. Shelley is a modern Christ; Shelley is a wretch. And lastly, there is the amiably silly effort after reconciliation which takes the shape of "poor dear Shelley."

All this is very strange to the new gen-

eration. Why this disquietude about Shelley? He is no more to us than any one else. We want to get out of him just what there is to be got; nothing more, nothing less. We have no interest in making him seem other than he is. We do not want to assault him; he does not block the way. We do not want to worship him; he does not appeal to us sufficiently. Why, then, should we take sides over his love affairs with Harriet Westbrook and Mary Godwin? Both the girls were quite uninteresting and unimportant in themselves. All they showed was Shelley's capacity for making a fool of himself over women. But nobody now comes to blows over Byron's separation from his wife, because everybody sees that it was the very best thing that could have happened to him. We take the affair merely as a factor in the formation of his life and character. Why cannot we do the same with Shelley?

This necessity for swallowing or rejecting people in the bulk is a survival of a period totally uncritical, and we should protest against it. The greatest men have the most grave limitations. They have the limitations of their time, the limitations of their temperaments. How can it be otherwise? There is room for plenty

of destructive criticism on them all, before we have passed through the empty thunder and spectacular lightning, and can hear "the still small voice" that is the clear and eternal note of the godhead. Since we speak of Shelley, let us speak of him with absolute simplicity and candor. He can afford to be spoken of in that way; indeed, no other way is worth the attempting, and surely, if he were alive and one of us, he himself would be the first to agree to this.

It is absurd to claim for him any great practical abilities. His ignorance of life and living was extreme. His personal relations make up one long list of grotesque misconceptions. He was, in the obvious sense of the word, a visionary, and his violent antagonisms were far more caused by his disgust with the contact of reality than by any genuine appreciation of the relative values of good and evil. He made no sane and conscious effort to understand things. He did not know how to strike injustice in its weakest part, or how best to help on the down-trodden. He wasted three-fourths of his energy on side-issues. He was always taking seriously the wrong people and the wrong ideas. He held Harriet Westbrook for a victim of social oppression, whereas she was merely the average pretty girl in search of "bread-and-cheese and kisses." He accepted Mary Godwin as a sort of female seraph, and this essentially vulgar-souled, small-minded, sentimental *poseuse* exploited him fifty times more ruthlessly than the poor little Methodist. This did not in the least prevent him from a still wilder, if only momentary, aberration over the lovely nullity of Emilia Viviani, the attitudinizing Italian girl, from whom he was inveigled by the envious Mary, resolute to retain the monopoly of exploitation which she had won by the ruin of a better woman than herself. Intellectually or sexually—it makes little difference which—Shelley was the born child of illusion. To the very last he looked upon Godwin—Godwin, the most sordid of mediocrities—as a great thinker, and his conception of Byron as a supreme artist is one of the gems of criticism. Shelley's true brother is Blake, the inspired cockney. For both were visionaries and little else. Blake remained one to the close of a long career. Shelley died at thirty, having just discovered in Jane Williams, the wife of a friend

of his and another ordinary good-looking Englishwoman (with a baby), a final incarnation of "the woman's soul," which (*teste* Goethe, of all men in the world) "draws us upward."

It is when one comes to compare the visionary of this limited calibre with the visionary on the higher plane that one realizes how, and why, the claims made in behalf of the greatness of the Shelleys or the Blakes are so untenable. Jeanne D'Arc was a visionary, but that did not in the least prevent her from being a shrewd and sensible young woman, wonderfully in touch with the actualities of things. She knew what life and living meant, which is to say that she knew what men and women were like, and this was why she was able not only to achieve so much herself, but also to remain one of the perpetually inspiring figures of history. Shelley achieved little or nothing, even in his own small circle, and his personal blunders were the cause of catastrophe after catastrophe. Once and once only do we see him at his truest, at his best, and that is in the charming pages of Trelawney's *Records*, where we have him alone. Left to himself, or to the society of the one or two who understood him, he lived the free life of the happy, melodious, childlike dreamer who is master of his dreams. The moment he came into contact with the more or less everyday man or woman, the trouble began. He had a most liberal supply of good intentions, of course. As Keats sardonically observed of him: he had "his quota of good qualities." But he never saw any one or anything as they really were, and all the while he piqued himself on a deeper and intenser comprehension of them, shoving them onto the rack of his imaginary conceptions of them, and vehemently essaying to stretch them out to ideal proportions. When they shouted and struggled, he was indignant, or, in the hour of subsequent dejection, confessed with a sorrowful ingenuousness that his "passion for reforming the world" did not somehow seem to work well. In darker hours still he craved for death. Wilder "passions for reforming the world" than ever Shelley had, have reformed the world more than once, but they have done so because they were allied to a profound sense of the nature of men and women, of the meaning of life and living. Zo-

roaster, Gautama, Jesus, Mohammed—the list can be enlarged at will.

Shelley died, we have noted, only seventy years ago, and already the symbolism which he used in his attempted "criticism on life" is vapid and effete. It was, as it were, so largely journalism, so little literature; so largely mistaken and superficial subjects, so little a powerful utilization of the permanent materials of life. To put it shortly, he was passably wanting in brains, and he did not make up for it by any great force of intuition. And then he did not in his heart really care much about what are optimistically termed his "ideas." His revolutionary enthusiasm never went very deep. Of course, he thought it did. For his sensitiveness was acute, and whatever breeze blew on the wires produced music. If these ideas had been a dominant passion in him, he would have found the patience and strength requisite for something like a real apprehension of the social problem. He would have illuminated it at least partially, and he has illuminated it in no wise. Nothing he said of it is of any importance; little of any interest. His sole contribution is his fearlessness, the fearlessness of the dream drugged fanatic who believes he cannot be killed by infidel bullets. "Give us the truth, whatever it is," he exclaims once, and it is usual to call this sort of thing the passion for truth. But it is not: it is the passion of the intoxication of courage. No one can deny Shelley courage. He would go anywhere, and face anything. You had only to persuade him that some of those horrible people who defiled and destroyed his dreams were in front of him, and he was ready to risk his life in trying to get at them; and nothing was easier than to persuade him. A little laudanum would do it; a little spiteful talk would do it. He was at the mercy of every fool or knave, male or female—and especially female. There was no calculating on him, and the worst feature of all in him was that he was always sincere, always in earnest. Some such character, perchance, was John, the beloved disciple, also called Boanerges; and in the hands of a Master whose wisdom and tact were consummate, John doubtless did peerless service. Shelley was unlucky enough never to meet a master. Those he took for such were men like Godwin, and, in a measure,

Byron—the one a vagabond charlatan, the other a mere superb *Hau-Degen*, as the Germans say, a glorified swashbuckler on the right side. Shelley was forced to stand by himself, forced to attempt all alone the feat of "scaling the Alps," in the picturesque phrase of Carlyle, who opined that the would-be climber's general existence must have been "haggard." Carlyle was mistaken. Sometimes it was, but often it was not, and sometimes it was happy beyond words. Shelley in his Italian woods, on his Italian rivers and shores, is the one revelation of pure, unconscious, lyric happiness granted us from the life of his contemporaries.

As in every case, his strength and his weakness went hand in hand. That acute sensitiveness of his made him susceptible to the whisper of "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come" to an extent that was remarkable for its discoveries and its errors. Wordsworth, in his heavy way, Coleridge, in his effusive way, had been excited in their youth by the "bliss" of the revolutionary dawn in France. Wordsworth was hopelessly doomed to respectability, and Coleridge was too cowardly and faithless to accept deeds of blood. Besides, their real cares lay elsewhere—Wordsworth in his "pedlar poems" and the appalling edifice of his teleological orthodoxy; Coleridge in his criticism, in his golden lyrics, in the philosophic balloons, the sending off of which diverted his last years of collapse. Keats, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. Byron, on the other hand, knew thoroughly well how badly beaten was the cause of liberty and progress. He knew what the Tory Government of England meant; what the Holy Alliance Government of Europe meant. Circumstances drove him into the opposition, and the old berserker fury came upon him. He fought for the sake of fighting, to ease his heart and mind, and he felt vaguely that in the long run the stupid and corrupt conquerors must be beaten, but that was all. It would never be in his time. Waterloo had settled all that. Shelley in his complete ignorance of the conditions of the struggle, thought that things might recommence at any moment. Therefore he sang with a divine optimism of revolts in the clouds, utterly undisturbed in his conviction of the approaching triumph of the ideas which he

found interesting and animating. "The necessity of Atheism"—the necessity of incest—the necessity of a vegetable diet, everything was a "necessity" which happened at the moment to have hold of him. Then, when things did not commence nor show the slightest sign of commencing, he fell into the blackest pessimism, and only roused himself from it to indulge in versified fairy-tales, where he could manipulate everything according to his fantasy. He was right and he was wrong, we see: nearer the truth than Wordsworth and Coleridge, farther away than Byron and (on his own special side) than Keats. It was the same with his efforts after a social circle. Matthew Arnold has drawn a justly derisive picture of Shelley's associates ("What a set! what a life!" and so on), but concludes with making one of his unctuous personal appeals to Cardinal Newman as a witness in favor of better things elsewhere. This is that Cardinal Newman of whom Carlyle remarked that he had "no more brains than a rabbit;" and it is unlikely that Carlyle would have contented himself with even such criticism of the members of Newman's "set." Shelley's "set" may have been this or that, and his "life" may have been that or this, but at least Shelley continually sought for a society that had in it a stream of ideas, that had an outlook on to the future, that could animate and sustain his creative and critical faculties; and he would have found nothing of the sort with the Wordsworths or the Southseys or the Coleridges, any more than years later with Newman and his followers. He found Byron, however, who, with all his dreadful limitations, was the one great man then alive in England, and he appreciated all that was best, not only in Wordsworth and Coleridge, but also in Keats. No other man of his time had a taste so catholic. He could not help feeling whatever was new and true. None of the others, except Keats, had a tithe of his receptivity, a tithe of his sincerity. Keats advised him to "curb his magnanimity and become more of an artist," and the advice was the best he could have had. Goethe could not have diagnosed his case more infallibly, or have prescribed a more certain cure for his disease. But Shelley, like the rest of us, could only be what he was, the circumstances being unhappy. What he

might have become it is impossible to say and idle to speculate. Our sole concern is with what he was.

Toward the close he showed signs of a sounder power of estimation; but what did it amount to? He was going off on the tack of the scholarly recluse, complicated by the old wild outbursts, and who is more ignorant of life than the scholar, and especially the sensitive scholar? He was so easily drawn into adventures of a sort that was fatal to him. The Gambas and Emilia Viviani—Williams and Mrs. Williams—revolutionary skirmishes and rapt Platonics—Mediterranean yachting and his neighbor's wife; it was all of a piece. He knew no more about managing a boat than he did about managing himself or other people, and the last of his catastrophes settled the business forever. And yet he had a distinct faculty for coming back on himself, and, though his turning his experiences of all sorts to artistic use was only an unconscious instinct, still the instinct certainly existed. But he could not curb his magnanimity; he could not become more of an artist. When he had exploited his emotions it was always to find that they had also exploited him, and he turned away at once with a shudder from his expression of them as from "a part of him already dead." There lies the essential insincerity of his essential sincerity. Only an inspired amateur could have fooled himself every time in the way Shelley did, and found nothing but an empty husk for after-use.

Byron's glory is this: that at the darkest hour which the cause of liberty and progress has known in the century, when the furtherance of that cause was utterly hopeless in the domain of action, he asserted it with irresistible power in the domain of literature. The sword was shattered: Byron seized the pen. Defeat and disaster were everywhere: he rallied the scattered ranks, and, in a mad assault on the conquerors, checked their ruthless pursuit and saved the future. And he did this not for one country or another, but for all Europe. What France owed and owes him she can never repay. He lifted her from the dust. Italy's debt to him is, if possible, a greater one. But why should one specialize? All civilization must refuse to forget the honor due to the man who, at the crisis of life and death, imperiously declared for life, and

struggle, and victory. Shelley at this crisis did nothing—could do nothing. He had no readers, no public. Byron was an English lord, an English aristocrat, and the start this gave him in the race was then enormous. Europe, lying under the feet of English Toryism and the Holy Alliance, suddenly saw an English noble strike blow after blow at its oppressors. Even Wellington, the sacred peace-monger of the world, was not safe. Byron bemocked his nose! The death of an English king was celebrated by an English Laureate in abjectly fulsome style, and no one dared open lips to ridicule or reject. History will yet have to tell us what it meant at such a moment as this to see that Laureate swept away in a fiery torrent of contempt and mockery and scorn. Nothing can get over the fact that Byron, at the direst time of need, did the actual work—and a tremendous piece of work it was—which threw back the advancing tide of tyranny and kept our hope alive. Shelley's influence did not at that time count at all. He could not have lifted a straw off the ground. Later on, when the panic was over—when the process of reorganization was begun, it is possible that his purer personality began to act. But it is not as a pioneer of the Cause, as a protagonist of liberty and progress, that he can be put beside Byron, not to say in front of him.

What claim, then, can we make for Shelley? What shall we give as the lasting result of his life and labors? Firstly and chiefly—the purity of his personality. No other man of his time was so disinterested, none other so ingenuous. He loved the light and continually sought for it, fearing nothing, with one heart and with one face for all. His courage was peerless. His curiosity was unbounded. He had no respect for anything or for any one except such as he conceived they were

able to justify. Superstition had no place in him. Selfishness, meanness, ignobility were unknown to him. His generosity was of the sort which instantaneously forgives everything to the vanquished. The woe he would have dealt out was for the conquerors alone. Finally, his capacity for happiness, for child-like trustfulness and love, was immense. Left to himself, he was as one of the kingdom of heaven. The picture of him alone in his Italian haunts is a joy of refreshment and repose to every weary toiler after better things. Ah, truly we do well to blame him for his faults, excellently well, we commonplace people of the hour, we children of this world, wiser in our day and generation, seeing that the shapes of folly or sin which these faults took upon themselves were due to none but us. Child that he was, and child of light, we wrinkled denizens of the darkness vexed and tortured him with our unendurable egotisms, our hateful exigencies. But now we know him better. Life is life, and in the terrible struggle of our kind benefactors and malefactors must be judged—can alone be judged—by the strict rules of the game. We cannot call him great; but is it nothing to say of his spirit that it was lovely? We cannot take his larger labors seriously: they are not lasting contributions to our exiguous store of deathless achievement. But is it nothing to say that a handful of his lyrics gives us a delicate music, a subtle perfume that are too rare and too exquisite for either us or those who come after us ever to forget?

*Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odors, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed:
And so thy thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.*

—Fortnightly Review.

A DYING NORSEMAN.

A.D. 1037.

BY FLORENCE PEACOCK.

WHAT can these new gods give me?
I have Odin and Thor,
Odin, the wise all father;
Great Thor, the mighty in war.

There are gods enough in Valhalla,
 And to me they ever gave ear,
 Speak no more of your white Christ,
 We want no strange gods here.
 This new god, he cannot give me
 Once more the arm of the strong,
 Strong arm that hath failed me never,
 Though the flight were stubborn and long.
 Can he give me again the glory of youth ?
 Go down with me to the sea,
 And harry the shore of Britain ;
 Ah ! never more shall I see
 The white sails spreading their wings,
 Each spring, as we left our home,
 And day by day drew southward,
 I can almost feel the foam.

* * * * *

But now all is past and over,
 I know that naught can avail.
 The gods in Valhalla have spoken.
 I go ; and your white Christ pale
 He cannot bring back for one instant
 The glorious days that are past.
 Then why should I turn from Odin and Thor,
 And be false as a woman at last ?

—Academy.

OLD MEMORIES INTERVIEWED.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

"I HAVE never been able to sit down to remember," said Croker ; " conversation," he added, " breaks through the surface that time spreads over events, and turns up anecdotes as the plough sometimes does old coins." So it chanced with me. Last night, in the course of conversation, a friend repeated Landor's well known lines to Rose Aylmer. There was something in the tone and cadence of the speaker's voice that touched and reverberated on the chord of memory, and without conscious volition, I recalled what else had been forgotten—an evening long ago, when my husband and I were the guests of Walter Savage Landor. It was in the autumn, at his Bath lodgings, we had partaken of our simple dinner on the round table in the same room ; twilight had deepened, and the fire light rather than the antique pair of candles lit up the grim " Old Masters" that crowded all the wall space. But to-night we talked not of the epoch making Masaccio, or balanced the claims of Mabuse to pre eminence in the

Teutonic school. At other times Landor had much to say on these and kindred subjects ; to-night he was not even in the mind for asserting, with his usual unreasoning vehemence, the absolute genuineness of every picture in his possession. This evening the poet's mood was one of peace : he was under the spell of memory, he was thinking of the well-loved Rose Aylmer, the friend of his youth. Landor was peculiarly sensitive to local and personal associations. It chanced that we had just come from visiting Mr. Crosse's cousin in Devonshire, Mr. Henry Porter, of Winslade, whose wife was the late Lord Aylmer's niece. This lady had been named Rose Aylmer, in memory of her cousin, for she was born under the same roof, and on the same sad day, when the poet's love had passed away with her crown of twenty years. Thus it came about that we had been talking of the Aylmers and of the days that were no more. Then Landor, in response, began speaking reverently of his own youth, as

men do, looking back at the time when they stood expectant on life's threshold—speaking, I repeat—reverently he recalled those early years. It was at Tenby, "Sweet Tenby," when the world was young, where he made the acquaintance of the Aylmers. It was during their pleasant intimacy, when books and thoughts were daily interchanged, that the daughter, his especial friend Rose, lent him an Arabian story, which suggested the writing of "Gebir," his first achievement in literature! Rapt in the glamour of the past, we listened to his rising tide of talk, till when he ceased for a space, overborne by the flood of memory, there fell upon us all "the pious silence that gives delight." The silence was broken at length by Landor breathing forth in low but distinct tones his own exquisite lines—

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

"Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee."

The effect of the resonant pathos of his melodious voice, together with the glow of firelight on features mobile with deepest feeling, so transfigured the old man's face, graven though it was by time and sorrow, that he looked young again, and I could fancy I had for once seen the poet in his prime! "Oh, the soul keeps its youth!" How truly said by her, to whom love and youth came in middle life. There is a fine passage in Landor's "Antony and Octavius," which formed the keynote of much of his more serious moods. He says:—

"My soul
Assures me wisdom is humanity;
And they who want it, wise as they may seem,
And confident in their own sight and strength,
Reach not the scope they aim at."

These pregnant lines help to an understanding of Landor's point of sympathy with Browning, expressed with critical acumen in the verses he addressed to the younger poet, at a time when "none would hear his singing." He says that in "modern times":—

"No man hath walkt along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse."

In saying this Landor anticipated by half a lifetime the verdict which a later generation has passed upon Browning's influence as a poet—an influence the chief factor of which is that same *humanity* which the soul assures us is wisdom.

Landor was a man who delighted to talk about his friends to his friends. Of Southey, I remember he had much to say; things such as one loving brother might say of another. The name of Julius Hare was very frequently on his lips, while in his heart the memory of that pure-minded man was canonized. Liberal and free in speech on religion and politics, before it was the vogue to be thus free, yet might Landor's friendships have been shared by an archbishop. It is reported of him that he said: "I enjoy no society that makes too free with God or the ladies."

No one could be long with Landor without his speaking of the "large-hearted Forster." I never saw them together, but I have heard Kenyon say, that no one understood the subtle charm of Landor's genius better than Forster; and the latter averred that it was not possible to have Landor more at his best than under the hospitable roof of Kenyon.

I met Mr. Forster occasionally in London society, and he gave me the idea, that if taken at his own valuation, he would be quite the biggest person at any dinner-table. He used his wit like a flail, and then looked round as much as to say: "See now, how the air is choked with the chaff of other men's talk." I do not think Crabb Robinson liked Forster, though they often met—perhaps—because they often met. They had both slightly disparaging anecdotes to tell of each other. As a poor instance of Forster's wit, I remember on one occasion Crabb Robinson told the story of his butler whispering to him at the dinner-table that the soup had run short, whereupon Forster, to the astonishment of his guests, and to the dismay of his serving man, roared out the plagiarism—"Then let there be more mullagatawny soup," at the same time looking round as if he had said a very good thing indeed.

On the other hand Forster had got hold of the following incident, which he took care to repeat. It must be remembered that the leading event of Crabb Robinson's life was his intimacy with Goethe—"the wisest man I ever knew," as he frequently, perhaps too frequently, reiterated.

He always declared that it would be impossible to deceive him as to the great German's thoughts and style. The late Mrs. Adolphus Trollope—the Theodosia Garrow of more than one poet's verse—played a trick upon the old man. She pretended to have seen an unpublished letter of Goethe's, from which she said she had made a striking extract, and this was shown to Crabb Robinson. He was taken in, making an elaborate and laudatory criticism on what he believed to be Goethe's opinion. When he had completely committed himself, the lady confessed her fraud. It was never forgiven!

I saw Mrs. Adolphus Trollope early in the sixties at their charming house in Florence, where her husband and herself had surrounded themselves with a crowd of beautiful and interesting relics. But no other person or object was so interesting as herself; she gave me the impression of being made up of what Swift says are the "two noblest things—sweetness and light." I cannot associate her memory with any act or deed the reverse of amiable and kind.

At the mention of the sixties, memory takes a return ticket to that decade, and by the help of an old note-book I make a "circular tour," including a variety of places and people. Among my artistic acquaintances Rome is associated with several names of interest. There I was introduced to Gibson. I had been warned from the first that his tinted Venus was a subject not to be touched upon, he would not consider it an open question for criticism. He was drawing toward the evening of his life, and his career had been so entirely successful that one might have expected to see in him an expression of assured purpose well achieved—of satisfaction in his art—a contented mind, in short; on the contrary his countenance betrayed the reverse of all this; he appeared soured and disappointed, at least so I thought.

Mr. Parker, the author of "Domestic Architecture in the Middle Ages," was in Rome at the time of my last visit, and he was kind enough to be my *cicerone* more than once. When I met him there in 1874 he strongly expressed his disapproval of the way in which in some places the shattered columns and broken masonry had been pieced together, and built up into what Signor Rosa believed to have

been their former condition. "This," said Mr. Parker to me, "is not preserving the ruins of Rome, it is making scenes in a theatre." And I think his view of the case is justified. I never think of Mr. Parker without at the same time recalling Mr. Freeman, the historian. They squabbled so hopelessly over the churches which were visited during our archaeological excursions in Somerset, that for peace sake it was decided that on these occasions Freeman should take the inside of the churches, and that Parker should confine his remarks to the exterior part of the building. Freeman almost invariably ascended the pulpit, and therefrom made his observations on the architecture of the sacred edifice, not sparing the names of those persons who in some cases had carried out what he deemed an injudicious scheme of restoration. There were those who objected to being denounced from the pulpit in this arbitrary manner. But it were a pity if scientific picnics proved as monotonous as the meetings of that mutual admiration society, which bores all outsiders to extinction; there are too many, rather than too few, smooth people in the world. Sydney Smith once said of Sir Henry Holland that "he was all mucilage, he was so very bland." He never would have said that of Mr. Freeman, who, doubtless with the improvement of his fellow-creatures in view, had a rare faculty for bullying the ignorant, those who naturally enjoy the stagnation of settled opinions. The question is—who are the ignorant? In Mr. Freeman's classification one was reminded of the French critic who simplified matters by saying, "The fact is, only I and my friends possess any real knowledge," adding, "I am not quite so sure, however, concerning them."

I witnessed an amusing incident some years ago, at an archaeological meeting at Glastonbury, the result of Mr. Freeman's fierce attack upon a cherished local tradition. I must premise that all right-thinking men of Somerset believe in King Arthur's burial at Glastonbury. Besides the testimony of the abbey records, Giraldus Cambrensis, as the world knows, has told the story of the finding of Arthur's coffin in the reign of Henry II., in St. Dunstan's cemetery, where the King and the Abbot had caused search to be made. On the evening in question Mr. Jones had read a very learned and exhaustive paper on the

finding of Arthur's remains in the place to which tradition had assigned them.

It will be remembered that Camden in his "*Britannica*" says, "the sepulchre wherein the bones of that famous Arthur were bestowed was of oake made hollow." During the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Parker, who was present, remarked "that this mode of burial in a coffin formed of a hollow oak-tree, with leaden plates affixed of a cruciform shape, was frequent in early times both in England and France. The graves found by the Abbé Cochet, near Dieppe, which correspond in the manner of burial with the alleged discovery at Glastonbury, are assigned by antiquaries to the Merovingian period."

Now all this was very satisfactory to the people of Glastonbury, who had crowded into the meeting to hear what the learned men had to say about their local tradition. Alas, for their peace of mind! No sooner had Mr. Parker ceased speaking than up jumped Mr. Freeman, "Stout and able, arms and accoutrements all in order," and made such a fierce onslaught on King Arthur's historic credibility, that a groan went out from the assembly. He went on mercilessly sifting the evidence, tearing all pet superstitions and mere probabilities to shreds, in short, brutally telling the people of Glastonbury that it was crass folly to talk about the burial-place of a hero whose existence had never yet been proved! This was too much for the townsfolk; a dozen men at least in the body of the hall started to their feet to give forth their reasons, with passionate vehemence, for believing in Arthur's life, death, and burial. But no one's arguments were heard, for the tumult became so great that the scene could only be compared to a political gathering, where the claims of rival candidates were being hotly contested. Several people got up and left the room in high dudgeon, and it was some time before those who remained would listen to Mr. Warre's paper on the primæval tribe of the Cangi and their cattle stations.

Speaking of irascible tempers, I am reminded of a story told me by Sir William Boxall, whom I had frequently the pleasure of meeting in literary and artistic circles. He told me that as a young man he had studied in Rome under Fuseli. Among the other pupils there was a middle-aged

Englishman who was the laughing-stock of the young Italians. On one occasion, during the temporary absence of the master, the Englishman became exasperated with the taunts of the foreigners, and a free fight ensued, in which they gave each other bloody noses, and the room became a spectacle by no means edifying. In the midst of the turmoil Fuseli returned, and in a furious rage ordered the combatants out of his sight. "Torrignano may have broken Michael Angelo's nose, but I see no Torrignanos or Michael Angelos here," he exclaimed, with a look of ineffable scorn at his disorderly pupils. "The little man was himself the most irascible of beings," said Boxall. It will be remembered that Benvenuto Cellini tells the original scandal in his autobiography, which book, by the way, Horace Walpole declared was far more exciting and interesting than any novel ever penned. We are apt to forget our old books.

A patient of Sir William Gull's told me that his physician had recommended him to take up Natural History as a tranquillizing study. The question arises, are the men who pursue these studies more free from strife, jealousies and all uncharitableness, than those who are struggling for supremacy in art and literature? Judging from the Naturalists I have known, I am inclined to think that, as a rule, they are more tranquil-minded. Kingsley felt the truth of this, when he said—

"Ere I grow too old, I trust to be able to throw away all pursuits save natural history, and die with my mind full of God's facts, instead of men's lies."

I may say the most amiable F.R.S. I ever knew—and I have known a good many—was Mr. Spence, the entomologist. The dear old gent eman was a correspondent of mine for several years, and he was our guest at Fyne Court, so he belongs to the inner circle of friends. It was during the quiet evenings in our Somersetshire home, when there were no other guests, that the gentle naturalist talked in full swing of bird and beast, and all things both great and small, well loved by him who had learned his lesson in Nature's school, where "men's lies" have no authority. I remember once our conversation turned upon what Mr. Spence called the exquisiteness of the instincts of insects. The so-called instinct seems to come curiously near the reasoning faculty. We

know that the actions of bees, ants, and other creatures, are guided,—not by unerring habit, but by the necessity of the case, by expediency in short, as human affairs are conducted. It might be said in explanation of the conduct of the bee, as of the dog who listened eagerly to the ale-house talk, in the delightful story of *Madame Therèse*, that "*Il connaît la politique.*"

Mr. Spence told the story of a humble bee having been seen to deliberately drown a wasp, after there had been a fierce struggle between them. The bee did not mutilate the wasp, as if it had been the property of a "land grabber," but he held him under the surface of the water till he was dead. This quarrel resulted doubtless from some private pique, and was not a judicial sentence carried out by the will of the community, as in the incident I am about to relate.

My informant, who stated he was an eye-witness of the occurrence, was a Danish gentleman, Baron Durchinck Holmfeld, whose acquaintance I made through our common friend, Miss Frederica Rowan.

He told me that some years since, the nest belonging to a pair of storks, located near his house, was observed to be the scene of a domestic scandal,—the lady stork had a lover. The husband bird was not one who "lets the wife whom he knows false, abide and rule the house," and he sought the remedy of the law. The Baron one day when walking over his fields was surprised to see a large assemblage of storks, standing round in a semi-circle, while facing them, in the centre, like a prisoner at the bar, stood the guilty Guinevere. Greatly astonished, and very curious to see the issue of this strange proceeding, Baron Durchinck stood aside in concealment. There was much confabulation among the storks, after which, apparently in obedience to orders, some half dozen birds, the lictors of the community, came out from the throng, and immediately set upon the unhappy female, savagely and literally plucking her to death!

The almost superstitious regard felt for the stork in all northern countries is a familiar fact. Whitelocke in his "*Memoirs of the Swedish Embassy*," in 1653,—another delightful *old* book, by the way—mentions that on his return journey, travelling from Lübeck to Hamburg, they saw many storks, and a member of his suite

shot at, and killed, one of these birds. Whitelocke whereat warned his people "to avoid offence," as the killing of a stork was considered an ill omen; adding this curious remark, "the report is that these birds will not resort to any place but where the people are free." Again, an instance of the lower animals knowing something of politics. The storks associate only with enlightened people who have won their freedom, because, as a matter of fact, the more enlightened a man is, the more humane he becomes, even toward the brute creation. In south Italy since they have thrown off the yoke of Papal tyranny with its concurrent state of ignorance, I am told there is growing up a strong public opinion for the suppression of cruelty to animals.

Twelve years ago, being in Rügen,—that island-paradise of the Baltic, I heard many well-authenticated stories of the half-human ways of the storks. A year or two before one sojourn in the place, an unusually late spring occurred. The migratory instinct or their weather prophets for once were at fault, for the poor storks arrived in Rügen before the snow was off the ground. The villagers and farmers seeing their distress threw open their stables and barns, where the birds gladly took shelter, and where, for nearly three weeks, they were fed upon fish and other things.

From the nature of circumstances, dogs and cats must always be our closest animal friends. We had a cat who frequently accompanied us on our summer evening walks, never failing to do so if she saw Mr. Crosse take out his gun for rabbit-shooting. She evinced great excitement when the gun was fired, jumping round like a dog, and sniffing with satisfaction at the rabbits when they were bagged. Early education might I think have made a retriever of this cat.

A curious story was told me recently by my friend Miss Warrington, who can vouch for its truth. Some years ago when living in Somersetshire she had a Blenheim spaniel known by the name of Tiny. Once, and once only, Tiny became a mother, when she produced a litter of still born puppies. We may presume they were buried and put out of mind. Shortly afterward Tiny found that the cat at the lodge had a nice little family of lively kittens, and possibly this fact angered her disappointed maternal instincts. Anyhow

she managed to purloin one of these kittens, and horrible to relate she was seen to scrape a hole, and actually bury alive her little victim, who was forced down and covered with loose soil. Twelve months afterward, a very pretty kitten was presented to Miss Warrington, who gave it with many injunctions into the charge of the cook. But the following morning the kitten had disappeared and was nowhere to be found; indeed, three weeks elapsed before it was accidentally discovered alive and well in the cider cellar, in a comfortable nest made of hay and straw. Tiny, it was now proved, had carried off the kitten, and what was most curious had been enabled to act as wet nurse, and to nourish the helpless little creature. Pussy grew to be a fine Tom cat, and afforded great amusement to the household by sitting up to beg like his foster-mother, in fact, had all the ways of a dog. The two were devoted to one another in a remarkable degree, and long after when Tiny became paralyzed, the result of a fall, the cat would hardly leave the poor sufferer day or night, and was only removed by main force from the dead body of his friend.

So far had my pen run on with this gossip about pets, and I had two or three more anecdotes to tell, very curious incidents, believe me, when an allusion that occurs somewhere in Sydney Smith's writings was borne in upon my mind and made me feel uncomfortable. "The Scythians," he said, "ate their grandparents when they became troublesome and told long stories." Who knows whether the Eumenides may not suffer a remnant of these useful Scythians to survive even unto our day, to be a terror to long-winded old fogies, male and female.

I met at dinner recently an old foggy, whom I am sure has his Scythian waiting for him. He had been harrying the company with stupid remarks about natural history, asking questions, too, that would turn the stomach of a school inspector. At length in that peculiar tone of voice in which theological questions are uttered in the pulpit, our foggy said, "Has an oyster brains?" "Certainly," replied our host, "for an oyster knows when to shut up."

This reminds me of another repartee. I did not hear it myself, I wish I had, for in years past I often met the hero of the story, Mr. Bonamy Price, and could well appreciate his peculiar power of leadership

in talk, a power suggestive of the sound of Scotch bagpipes over and above other musical instruments. On this occasion the leader of talk, some wished he were *Lieder Ohne Worte*, started the subject of the generally prevailing ideas about heaven. After the usual hit at the materialistic views of the Mahometan, he turned to an American gentleman at the table, and asked what were his notions on the subject? The Yankee, with his slow nasal accent, and cool manner, commanding attention, replied, "Wull, my notion of heaven is, that of a quiet green place, without money and *without price*."

Sir Arthur Helps was considered to be one of the best talkers of his day; he understood what was suited for conversation, what would elicit an interchange of thoughts. Many subjects are interesting, but require rumination. It has been said that "men cannot tolerate either too little or too much knowledge in their fellow-men."

I never see one of Vicat Cole's sunny pictures of English landscape without thinking of Sir Arthur Helps, and a bright July day when I made his acquaintance at a picnic on the Surrey hills. There was no sub-acid ingredients in his conversation, even when he told the most piquant stories; many of these good things, characteristic of the remarkable men and women in society thirty years ago, have since become the common property of the *raconteur*.

What impressed me greatly was the strong undercurrent of serious thought in Sir Arthur Helps's conversation. I am not aware that he said anything very profound or anything strikingly original; his philosophy was of the kind wanted for daily use, the mental tea and coffee of our meals, without which we should be sorely at a loss. He was a believer, he said, in "the general rationality and kindness of mankind," and he evidently accepted these virtues as the current coin to be used in our journey through the world. What a happy scintilla of wisdom there was in that summer noon's talk! Would that I could recall more of its actual substance; fortunately for us there are unremembered things which have helped the soul's growth.

A peculiar charm about Sir Arthur Helps was the playful winsome way in which he turned from serious discourse to a lighter mood. L. E. L. once remarked that the ridiculous is memory's most adhe-

sive plaster, and as a proof, I recall the following little story as told by Sir Arthur Helps. The son of a friend of his had one day been busily employed making flies for fishing; the little fellow was too young for his work, but he had strong imitative powers, and he had seen his elder brothers so engaged. At length with a deep sigh, he turned to his mother and asked if God made everything? "Yes, everything," "What, flies as well?" "Certainly," rejoined his mother. "Then God has horrid fiddling work to do," observed the boy with a look of disgust at the results of his own labors.

The giver of this pleasant picnic was Mr. William Pattison, a bachelor friend of ours, who succeeded in making, as some people can do in London without rank or wealth, a very agreeable circle of acquaintances, more or less distinguished in politics and literature. His special *metier* was statistics, and I have heard those persons say, who were competent to judge, that Mr. Pattison stood alone in his capacity for certain branches of work. It has been said by some wits that there are three degrees of unveracity, "Lies, d—d lies, and statistics." The science has had a good many hard things said of the use that Buckle and other authors have made of it in the arbitrary classification of facts. In his "History of Civilization," a book that made an immense impression in its day, Buckle appears to assume that human actions are governed by the law of averages; surely does he not mistake a record for an ordinance? I was told by Dr. Noad, a relative of Mr. Buckle, that this remarkable writer was entirely self-taught. His health as a boy was so delicate that he was never sent to school, and was left to learn little or much as he liked, and how he liked. His accumulated knowledge was prodigious and his memory even about trifling things most remarkable. A friend of mine when in his company had occasion to refer to the cultivation of rhubarb, whereupon Buckle immediately said, "The plant was introduced into Europe in 1610, I mean the common garden rhubarb, which grows wild in the mountains of Syria and Persia." He then went on to say that this must not be confounded with the official rhubarb of commerce, adding statistics about the value of the latter as an article of import into Great Britain.

It is curious in looking back to note the waves of thought that pass with a kind of dynamic force over the average intelligence of the day. The sympathetic vogue of ideas is ever transitory, indeed must be, because the human mind in its inquisitiveness is always desiring some new thing. It is almost as interesting to recall the fashion of thought two or three decades since, as it is to recall the bodily semblance and the spoken words of the people we have known. I well remember the immense interest that was manifested at one time, in reference to everything connected with the Talmud, its moral and religious teaching, and the evidence to be adduced therefrom of the existence of ethical Christianity within the pale of ancient Judaism. In 1867 a writer in the *Quarterly Review* observed that—

"Turn where we may in the realms of modern learning, we seem to be haunted by the Talmud. We meet with it in theology, in science, even in general literature, in their highways and byways. There is not a handbook to all or any of the many departments of Biblical lore, sacred geography, history, chronology, numismatics, and the rest, but its pages contain references to the Talmud."

The writer of this article, which it will be remembered made a great sensation at the time, was Emanuel Deutsch, a name held in much respect by all Orientalists. He had come to England in 1855 at the invitation of Panizzi, who required the services of a Hebrew scholar at the British Museum. I had on several occasions the pleasure of meeting this remarkable man, who alas died too early for the full accomplishment of his life's work. On first acquaintance his learning was almost concealed by his modesty, but to congenial listeners he opened out, revealing unconsciously the rare treasures of unfamiliar erudition that he had made his own in the study of antiquity. It was strange and startling to have brought before one the fact that in writings which were practically a sealed book to us, were to be found, as Emanuel Deutsch said, "some of the sublimest ethical dicta known in the history of religious philosophy."

Moreover it is curious to note that the modern ideas, so vaunted as the outcome of our own time, are, after all, nothing more than new-fangled vestures clothing the same organic body, the selfsame indwelling spirit that wrestled with truth in remote ages, and in other climes. May

it not be, as Renan says, that "wearied with the repeated bankruptcies of Liberalism, the world may yet become Jewish and Christian!"

It seems impossible for a western intellect to be strongly tinctured with Oriental learning without taking on a certain likeness to their teachers, at the same time falling under the glamour of their fanciful and complex modes of thought. Dentsch speaks of the "grown-up children of the Orient," who in their severest studies find playthings for wisdom's self in weird tales, fairy legends and festal songs. And he was himself one of these children—of imagination all compact! Once I had the opportunity of seeing how easily he could throw aside the gravity of the student for the sake of amusing others. Our friend Miss Durant had bidden my boys and myself to a children's party at her house, in the Christmas time. We had exhausted the usual games of forfeits and prizes, and burned our fingers over snap-diagon, when at length the mirth slackening somewhat, Dr. Deutsch, who was one of the guests, offered to give for our entertainment the representation of a summer storm. The only apparatus required was a towel and a tin tray; the towel was bound round his head, leaving only part of the forehead visible just above the eyes, the tray was on his knees under the table. The storm-monger in a few words told us of a wide heath in glorious sunshine, when in the still warm air we could hear "the slender clarion of the unseen midge." Then a storm gathers in the west, and suddenly the sky is hidden by clouds, and icy rain-drops fall, and low mutterings of thunder are heard in the distance. Here the performance began and his spoken words ceased. How he pictured the storm by quivering eyelids, by the quick pattering sound of the raindrops, and the dissonant rolling thunder is more than I can tell, but this I know that he so impelled the workings of my imagination that I seemed to feel the chill and shiver of the storm. I saw it all just as Lowell describes such a scene, where he says—

"Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns lenden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

* * * * *

The crinkled lightning
Seems ever brightening

And loud and long
Again the thunder shouts
His battle song—
One quivering flash,
One wildering crash
Followed by silence dead and dull.

* * * * *

And then a total lull."

Dr. Deutsch had succeeded in keeping a somewhat restless audience perfectly spellbound till the last mutterings of the storm died away in the distance, when the applause broke forth long and loud.

The interviewer of old memories as often as not accosts you in your walks abroad, and hence it comes about that even the long unlovely streets and squares of London become each in their turn a sanctuary where our past selves may find sweet seclusion from the hustling present. I never turn from the noisy Marylebone Road into the quiet of Devonshire Place without feeling that—spirits twain, nay—a goodly crowd of friends have—walked with me. At number thirty-nine lived John Kenyon. I see his jocund face at the door, speeding some parting guests, after a breakfast of the gods—or may be he is waving a signal of greeting to his opposite neighbor, Miss Allen. She and her sister were two charming, kindly old ladies, who knew a great many people worth knowing, and remembered a former generation of notabilities. Their father had been the last English governor of New York. Crabb Robinson, their intimate friend, mentions their name in his diary, where he says—

"This morning has been anxiously spent and marked by bad news. Miss Allen sent a messenger to inform me that by telegraph the news came of Kenyon's death. It was expected. He was a prosperous and a munificent man."

In more recent years several other friends have made this locale a place of memories. Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Jeffreys lived here, and some of the most agreeable scientific and social gatherings that I can recall at this time were at their house. As an authority in natural history Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys is best known by his work on "British Conchology." He was another example of the early age at which a taste for natural history is manifested. Like Edward Forbes he began his collections at the age of seven. At nineteen he contributed a paper to the Linnean Society, containing the results of some important researches on a certain group of mollusca.

I remember Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys telling me that when at Upsala in Sweden he met a grandson of Von Linné who expressed surprise at our calling his grandfather "Linneus," which was the Latinized form of the name till he was ennobled. Mr. Spence told me that his collaborator, Mr. Kirby, always wrote and spoke of Von Linné, as he is styled abroad, and as his name appears on the title-pages of his botanical works.

The deep sea explorations which Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys carried out in H.M. surveying ship "Porcupine" in 1869 and 1870 resulted not only in a distinct gain to marine zoology, but led to highly important observations on the temperature, salinity and the under-currents of the ocean. As we learn more and more of the secrets of the sea, we find how the minutest and apparently most isolated fact may touch upon every science that circles out into cosmic law. All the 'ologies must help together in explanation of the wonderful balance which renders the existence of this complex world possible. We might say in other terms what Terence said of the kinship of humanity, and advance as an axiom, that there is no fact in nature which is not interdependent upon the whole phenomena of nature.

It was Maury, the American, who began his "Physical Geography of the Sea" with the sentence, "There is a river in the ocean"—going on to remark that the indigo blue waters of the Gulf Stream are so marked that the line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. The color it would seem is intensified if not entirely due to the agency of suspended particles in the water. From Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys I learned that Dr. Carpenter and himself had arrived independently at the same conclusion as Professor Tyndall on this point, in reference to the beautiful blue of the lake of Geneva and the Mediterranean. The fact seems to have important geological and biological relations. Captain Maury was the first to suggest the theory of a normal and general interchange of water between the equator and the Poles. I was told by Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys that his own researches on the subject of oceanic circulation tended to confirm the hypothesis, which, says the physicists, "would result from a difference of specific gravity caused *inter alia* by difference of temperature." Tyndall

speaks of the rhythmic motions of force, and truly the story of the earth, and of the waters under the earth, is in itself a poem!

In the spring of 1863 I had met Captain Maury at the house of Lady Millicent, and Dr. Bence Jones. Admiral Fitzroy, Sir Rodney Mundy and Sir George Back, were guests on the same occasion,—quite a naval dinner. Maury, who was an American of the Southern States, was looking very downcast. I heard that he was anxious about the safety of two of his daughters who were on the war trail. Sir George Back gave me a very interesting account of ice storms in high latitudes. He was rather surprised to hear that on the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire, we had come in for a somewhat similar experience. A fog of great density and non-electric had pervaded the whole district for miles round throughout one winter night. A sudden fall in the temperature had taken place, with the result that by the morning everything was covered with a thick coating of ice. The air was perfectly still, when the light revealed the strange scene of a world made of opaque glass. The overburdened boughs and leading branches of the trees came crashing down under the sheer weight of ice; our neighbors, as well as ourselves, lost more ornamental timber than we had done in the worst windstorm of many former years.

I have noticed that Arctic explorers are exceptionally light-hearted cheerful people. This notion of mine received confirmation from a gentleman who had lived some time in the Tropics, and later as one of Mr. Leigh Smith's expeditions had suffered an imprisonment of more than a year in the land of snow and ice. He said he had observed that even under the most trying circumstances, cold had an exhilarating effect on the spirits, whereas great heat has a depressing influence.

The mention of Dr. Carpenter's name recalls the recollection of much pleasant hospitality at his house. One evening he exhibited to his guests, among whom Professor Helmholtz was the most distinguished foreigner,—a curious optical instrument called a sudescope, which has the power of reversing concavities and convexities. Some experiments with the instrument drew from Dr. Carpenter the remark, that a psychological principle may

be deduced, showing how the mind refuses to indorse a false and unnatural impression made on the eye.

In his "Reminiscences," Mr. Mozley mentions that an American said to him, "Your Free Trade would have ruined you but for the accident of the gold discoveries, which cheapened the precious metals as fast as Free Trade cheapened corn." *A propos* of this, I remember the same evening, at Dr. Carpenter's, I had a long conversation with Dr. Graham, the Master of the Mint, who remarked, among other things, that the discovery of gold in Australia was the most opportune thing that ever happened, adding, "that it would be hard to say what we should have done without it."

In the decade of the sixties there was hardly any man of science whose name was more frequently on men's lips than that of Sir Charles Wheatstone. One met him everywhere, and personally I was often at their house in Park Crescent, his eldest daughter being an intimate friend of mine. In London I had generally heard Wheatstone speak on his own special subject; he was very accessible to visitors who desired to see his wonderfully ingenious applications of electricity. In the autumn of 1871 we chanced to be staying in the same hotel at Lucerne, and it was then a revelation to his listeners to find that Sir Charles was a man of very wide culture outside his own subjects. During many pleasant excursions by boat or carriage, those who were fortunate enough to engage him in conversation had a great intellectual treat. It is difficult to bring into focus the philosopher's discursive talk suggested by the last news in scientific discovery, or by the topics of the hour. Not unfrequently he took a higher flight, and looking on the beautiful face of nature, he was led to speak of the inner soul of nature, and then the true poetry of science became audible to us. Another, and better known, side of Sir Charles Wheatstone's intellect was his marvellous power of making out the most carefully constructed ciphers. No doubt the same peculiar ingenuity of mind which led him to turn and twist the magneto-electric force into mechanical uses, led to his facility in deciphering hieroglyphics. His powers in this respect seemed almost uncanny! The same order of mind is shown in Thomas Young, to whom we owe the un-

dulating theory of light. He, like Wheatstone, was attracted by cryptic writings, and though his claim to the interpretation of the Egyptian part of the inscription on the Rosetta stone is disallowed by the adherents of Champollion, still the rare faculty for highly ingenious speculation was part and parcel of his intellect.

Wheatstone observed to me that he considered the three great discoveries of the age were Young's theory of light, Oersted's discovery of electro-magnetism in 1820, and Faraday's process of inductive reasoning which led to his conclusive experiments on magneto-electricity twelve years later. It has been remarked that Oersted in his detection of the fact of electro-magnetism "tumbled over it by accident," but as Lagrange said of Newton, "such accidents only meet persons who deserve them."

I had the pleasure of conversing recently with that veteran of science, Sir William Grove, and in answer to a remark of mine that electricity had made great advances since the days long ago, when he and my husband used to compare notes, he said, "the applications of electricity are vastly increased, the science itself has not advanced."

To return to Sir Charles Wheatstone's high estimate of "Phenomenon Young," as he was called at Cambridge, I remember his saying that with all his great attainments Young had never been one of the popular names in science, as he rightly deserved to be. Several years before I had heard a similar remark from Sir Benjamin Brodie.

The mention of this distinguished physiologist recalls to my recollection a very memorable evening. I never remember listening to a more delightful talker than Sir Benjamin Brodie proved himself on one occasion when I had the pleasure of sitting next to him at dinner. He had already passed the Psalmist's limit of age by five or six years, but age could not stale the infinite variety and animation of his talk. He was amusing on the subject of farming, which he seemed to think ought to engage the attention of every man toward the close of life. He had tried it but found the luxury too expensive. Then he went on to say that, "poverty in the open air, may be better than the inheritance of wealth—with too much lithic acid in the blood." Of all

the physicists I ever met, Sir Benjamin Brodie was the most metaphysical. There had been some allusion to Wordsworth's idea of pre-existence, as expressed in his "Ode to Immortality," when Sir Benjamin used these remarkable words: "I see no reason against a belief in pre-existence; I have often felt something very like what the poet describes."

The evening was also memorable to me, from the fact of my meeting Dr. Livingstone for the first time. Later I had several opportunities of conversing with the great explorer. Once at dinner—it was at Lady Murchison's—I found myself placed between Dr. Livingstone and Sir Leopold M'Clintock. The one had recently come from the torrid zone, the other from the Arctic regions. I likened myself to the squirrel that is supposed to run up and down the mythological tree *Yggdrasil*, first listening to the eagle, who sits at the top in the heat of the sun, and then collecting news from the frost giant who lives at the root in the cold land of Hela.

Some years later, it must have been in

the spring of 1865, I met Dr. Livingstone at one of those brilliant gatherings given by Sir Roderick Murchison in his character of President of the Geographical Society. It was a gay scene, a union of fashionable and diplomatic people, politicians, and other unclassed elements of a society, often boring and bored,—with a qualifying admixture of scientific and literary men and women, many of whom were foreigners. Among the crowd there was no personality more interesting, I thought, than that of Livingstone. His countenance wore all its old expression of supreme earnestness and of high purpose, but I fancied he looked sad and worn. This emboldened me to say, while regretting that he was again about to leave us for the wilds of Africa, that I thought he should rest now, having done more than his share of work. He replied, in these memorable words, so simply spoken, so characteristic of the man: "While," said he, "I have life and strength, I shall always feel I have work to do."—*Temple Bar*.

THE UNCANNY BAIRN.

A STORY OF THE SECOND SIGHT.

DAVID GALBRAITH owned a compact estate in East Lothian which he farmed at a considerable profit. The land had passed from father to son for a couple of hundred years. It had always yielded a good livelihood to the owner, but never had it been so highly cultivated or produced such abundant crops as under David Galbraith's liberal and skilful management. The oats and potatoes grown on his farm commanded the highest prices in the market, and his root crops were superior to any in the district. The large, solidly built stone house in which so many generations of Galbraiths had lived and died stood in the midst of the property, sheltered by a belt of trees on rising ground from the sweeping east wind, and the laborers' cottages, equally well constructed to resist the gales that blew across the Frith of Forth, were models of decent comfort. The live stock on the farm was well fed and cared for, and the whole property bore evidence to the wealth, thrift, and intelligence of its owner.

And David Galbraith's wife was well-to-do and thrifty like himself. She too was the child of a Lowland landowner and farmer, and had brought her husband no inconsiderable tocher, while her industry and housewifely accomplishments might in themselves have served as a marriage portion. She too, like her husband, came of a dounce Presbyterian stock, worthy, upright folk, holding by the faith and practice of their forbears; orthodox and thrifty, worshipping as their fathers had done, and hauding the gear as tightly, nothing doubting but that to them was especially assigned not only the good things of this world, but also of that which is to come.

Galbraith did not marry till he was a middle-aged man. But he had long had the cares of a family on his shoulders without its pleasures to lighten the burden. He was the eldest of six orphan sisters and brothers, to whom he had acted the part of a father, and it was not till Colin, the last and youngest, had left Scotland for a

sheep run in Australia, with money lent him by his brother, that he felt himself at liberty to marry. But now that his pious duty toward his family was fulfilled, David Galbraith did not hesitate to take to himself a wife in the person of Miss Alison McGilivray, a lady of some five-and-thirty years of age, with large hands and feet, small gray eyes, high cheek bones, and a complexion betokening exposure to a harsh climate. She was well educated and intelligent, and in talking with her servants and poor neighbors, commonly fell into the comfortable Lowland Scotch that her father and mother had taken a pride in speaking.

Only one child was born to David and his wife in the ample home where there was space, maintenance, and welcome for a dozen. Yet this one was a son, and the Galbraiths were not doomed to die out. The boy was christened Alexander, after his two grandfathers, both of whom were Alexanders, so that there was no chance of dispute as to which side of the house should have the naming of the child.

And a poor, wee, frail child he was, apparently inheriting nothing of the strength and vigor of the Galbraiths and McGilivrays, nor did he resemble father or mother in feature. He seemed a little foreigner that had come to stay with them for awhile, and often in his feeble infancy he bade fair to depart and leave his parents childless. The shrewd bracing winds, that were life and health to them, nipped and shrivelled him. He took every ailment that was to be had, and when there was nothing catching in the neighborhood he would originate some illness of his own, severe enough to have shaken the constitution of any but a seasoned weakling like himself. The Lowland farmer would hang over the cradle of his waxen-faced baby, holding his breath for very fear as he looked at the puny thing, and would say, dropping into broad Scotch, as his wont was when strongly moved, "Wha wad ken this for a bairn o' mine, sae strang and bonny and weel set up as the Galbraiths have aye been?"

But the babe won through the troubles and perils of his sickly infancy, and at six years of age had grown into a delicate slip of a child, with an interesting pair of gray eyes in his pale face, and a bright spark of intellect in his big head. The family doctor, to whose unceasing care Sandie

owed his life almost as much as to his mother's devoted nursing, forbade his parents to attempt anything in the way of systematic education till the boy was eight or nine years of age.

"Canna ye be content to let weel alane," he would say, "and bide till the bairn's strang and healthy before ye trouble him to read and write? Gin ye set his brains ableeze wi' letters and figures, ye'll just be burnin' down the house that's meant to be the habitation of a fine soul; gin ye wad hauld your hands aff it and leave it alane!"

And little Sandie did very well, though unable to read or write till long after the age at which the children of his father's laborers could spell out a psalm, and sign their names in a big round hand. But the child had a memory such as must have been commoner in the world before there were books to refer to at every turn than it is now, and his mind was stored with fairy tales and old Border ballads that his mother and his nurse told or sung to him in the winter evenings. But Mrs. Galbraith and Effie were careful never to tell him stories of a weird or ghostly nature, for the doctor had impressed upon them before all things that Sandie must never be frightened. "For gin the bairn be frightened he will na sleep," said the astute mistress to the maid, "and ye'll just hae to sit the lang mirk evenings by his bed, while ye hear the maids daffin' by candlelicht below, or walking wi' their laddies; but gin ye never let him hear o' ghaists and wraiths, he'll just sleep like a bird wi' its head under its wing, and whiles ye'll be able to leave him and hae a crack wi' your neebors like ony ither body!"

Though mother and nurse, actuated by different but equally strong motives, kept all knowledge of the supernatural from the child, there came a day when his father accused them both of poisoning his mind with stories of witches, warlocks and ghosts, and making an uncanny bairn of the boy.

When Sandie was seven years of age, a lean and overgrown child without his front teeth, and any comeliness he might possess existed only in his mother's eyes, a strange circumstance happened that greatly perplexed and distressed his parents. One cold afternoon late in October Mrs. Galbraith told Effie to take a pudding and a can of broth to an old and very poor

woman, called Elspeth McFie, who lived in a lone cottage a mile from the farm, and Sandie was to go with her for the sake of the walk. The trees were already stripped by the autumn gales, to which a dead calm succeeded, and a cold fog had crept up from the sea and brooded over the bare fields, settling on the naked boughs in chilly drops of moisture. The careful mother wrapped a plaid round the boy, and bade him run as he went to keep himself warm. Away sped Sandie along the high road, driving a ball before him, and running after it to send it flying again with a dexterous blow of his stick, till his pale cheeks glowed with exercise, and he overshot his mark, ran past old Elspeth's cottage, and had to be recalled by Effie.

"Ye maun pit the basket in her hand your ain sel'," she said, as she led the reluctant child into the dark close room where the old woman sat shivering by the fire, spreading her skinny hands over the dying embers. But Sandie held back, and neither threatening nor coaxing would induce him to move a step nearer to Elspeth, so that, stigmatizing him as "a dour limb," Effie was obliged to set the basket on the table herself.

"It's just a pudding and a few broth that Mistress Galbraith has sent ye, for she's aye mindfu' o' the puir," she said, as she set out the can and bowl before the old woman. Elspeth looked with a bitter smile at the good things spread before her.

"It's a' verra gude sae far as it gaes, but gin I'd been the rich body, and Mistress Galbraith the puir carline, I wad hae sent her a mutchkin o' something stranger than mutton broth. Does she no warm her ain thrapple wi' a drap whusky herself?"

"For shame, Elspeth! Ye maun just tak' what's sent ye and be thankfu!" said Effie sharply; and turning to Sandie, who stood gazing intently at the old woman, "What ails the bairn that he canna tak' his eyes aff your face? It's no your beauty, I'm thinking, Elspeth, that draws him sae!"

The ill-favored old woman cackled to herself, displaying a few yellow tusks, the last survivors of a set of teeth that had once been as white and strong as Effie's.

"It's lang since man or bairn looked at auld Elspeth wi' sic a gaze. What does the bairn see in an auld wife's face? Ye

suld look at the lasses, Sandie, lad," and Elspeth stretched out her lean arm, caught the boy by the wrist, and drew him toward her. She was a hideous old woman, and in the gathering twilight, when the red glare of the embers shed a glow on her harsh features, she appeared positively witch-like. Sandie suffered himself to be drawn close to her as one who walks in his sleep, with wide-open eyes void of expression, and then stood opposite her for a moment pale and silent. Before either of the women could speak the child's voice was heard.

"What for hae ye bawbies on your 'een, Elspeth McFie, and a white claith lappit under your chin?"

Old Elspeth dropped Sandie's hand and sank back with a groan.

"Effie, Effie, hark till him! The bairn has the second sight, and he sees me stricket for the grave, aye, and ye'll all see it sune! I feel the moults upon me a'ready! Tak' him awa', tak' him awa', he's an awesome bairn!" and Sandie quietly put on his cap and went out into the cold mist. Effie followed him, and relieved her fright and agitation by speaking sharply to the child.

"For shame of yoursel', Sandie, to fright an old woman wi' grewsome words that ye never heard from your mither nor me!"

"But what for suld Elspeth be frightened? There were bawbies on her 'een, and a white claith round her heid, and I just tauld her about it; and gin I see the like of it on your face, Effie, I will tell ye!"

"My certie! but ye'll be brent for a warlock gin ye read folks' deaths on their faces, and ye'd best haud your clavers!" and Effie said no more, but thought much on her way back to the farm. She was sure that Sandie did not know the meaning of his own words. He had never seen a dead body, and he did not know how a corpse is prepared for the grave, and he certainly had no information on the subject from books, for he could not read. And the appearance he described on old Elspeth's face did not seem to frighten him. He had gazed at her from the moment in which they entered the cottage till they left it, but with wonder and interest rather than fear. The fright was for Elspeth McFie and herself, and as she watched the child, unconscious of the death wound he had given, bounding along the road

still playing with his ball and stick, Effie shuddered with vague and nameless fears.

That night at supper Effie told her fellow-servants of Sandie's weird words, and they took counsel together whether his mother should be told about it or not, and they decided only to speak to her if anything untoward happened to old Elspeth. It was on Thursday that Effie had been sent to Elspeth McFie's cottage, and she resolved to go there again on her own account on the following Sunday afternoon. Her native superstitions were strong upon her, though she had never imparted them to her young charge, and she drew near to Elspeth's cottage with a boding heart. It scarcely surprised her when she entered to find old Elspeth lying dead on the bed, with coins on her eyes and a white cloth bound round her head, precisely as Sandie had seen her on Thursday.

Two women were in the room with the dead, eager to tell how Elspeth had taken to her bed on Thursday evening, refused bit or sup, and had died early that morning. Effie trembled, but merely asked of what old Elspeth had died, for three days before she seemed in no likelihood of death. But the only account the women could give of her sudden death was that she appeared to have had no illness at all, and that she had said, "I'm no a sick woman, but a dying, and I maun gae!"

Effie hastened home to tell her mistress everything, repeating faithfully every word that old Elspeth and Sandie had said on the previous Thursday, and Mrs. Galbraith listened with a white and awe-struck face.

"Ye'll just say naething about it, Effie; it'll be a sair prejudice against the poor bairn, and stand in his way, gin folks think Sandie has the second sight," and Effie did not think it necessary to mention that every servant in the house was acquainted with the result of her visit to old Elspeth's cottage. But she hinted that if she continued to wait on such an awesome bairn, that might see the death tokens on her face any day, and fright her into an early grave, her wages should be raised in proportion to the danger of her service.

When Mrs. Galbraith told her husband of Sandie's ghastly remark, its tragic result, and the child's unconsciousness in the matter, he disguised the fears that possessed him beneath a bluster of wrath, and rated her and Effie soundly. "It stands to reason that the bairn canna speak o'

what he does na ken, and you and Effie, but mair likely Effie than you—for I was used to think you a woman o' sense—hae been telling Sandie auld wives' tales about the second sight, till he thinks it a fine thing to practice what ye've taught him, and the auld doitered fule Elspeth dies out o' sheer fright in consequence, and ye maun see for your ain sel' what your ain folly has brought about!"

But Mrs. Galbraith protested that neither she nor Effie had ever uttered a word about the second sight in the boy's hearing, and David, who in his heart believed his wife, though he did not deem it consistent with his dignity to own as much, abruptly ended the unpleasant affair by saying peremptorily, "I'll no permit the bairn to be tauld any mair ungodly superstitions and auld wives' tales. Effie may gang to the deil, and Sandie sall be wi' me in his walks and rides, and I'se warrant ye'll hear naething from him but what he learns fra' me, guid sense and sound doctrine!"

And Effie was dismissed, to her own great relief, and from that day forth Sandie became his father's outdoor companion, to the visible benefit of his health and spirits.

But no one was so really alarmed at Sandie's uncanny remark and its consequences as David Galbraith himself. His grandmother, a Highland woman, had had the second sight, and his father had told him how she lived to become the terror of her family. Her premonitions of death and calamity were unfailingly true, and the spirit within her never enlightened her as to how the impending evil might be averted. She was simply the medium of announcing approaching doom. What if her ghostly gift had descended to her grandson, a barren heritage, that would make him shunned by his kind!

Poor Alison Galbraith, finding her husband irritable and unreasonable on the subject of Sandie's weird speech, sought comfort in pouring out her fears to their minister, the Rev. Ewan McFarlane, who gave ear to her with as much patience as could be expected from a man whose chief business it was in life to speak and not to listen.

He drew the very worst inference from what he heard. "It's a clear case o' the second sight, and I canna but fear that there may be waur to come. When the uncanny spirit lights on a body there's nae

predicting what its manifestation may be, and for aught that we ken it may be you or me that Sandie 'll see the death tokens on neist. And if ye continue to bring him to the kirk, I wad request that ye'll no let him sit glowering at me, for though sudden death wad doubtless be sudden glory to me, it wad no be consistent wi' the dignity of a Minister o' the Free Kirk that he suld be harried untimely into his grave by an uncanny bairn, that wad hae been burned for a warlock in times gane by. And if I was spared such a sair visitation, the bairn might yet be permitted to wark a certain perturbation of spirit in me, that wad cause me to curtail the word of God, and bring my discourse to a premature end, to the grievous loss of them that hear. And, Mistress Galbraith, let me tell ye, ye'll fa' into disrepute wi' your neighbors gin Sandie sees bawbies on your minister's honored 'een, and aught came of it to his prejudice !"

In the following spring David Galbraith's youngest brother Colin returned, after an absence of ten years, to spend a few months with his relations in Scotland. His industry had been prospered in Australia, and he was in a better position than he could have attained by any exertions of his own in the old country. He and his nephew struck up a warm friendship together, and it was a pretty sight to see them golfing on the links at North Berwick, the strong man accommodating his play to that of the puny boy by his side, and restraining his speech so that not a word fell from his lips but what was fit for a child to hear.

One day when they had played till Sandie was tired they sauntered down to the beach, Uncle Colin to sit on the rocks smoking his morning pipe, his nephew to perch beside him and amuse himself with the shells and seaweed that abound there. Presently Sandie grew weary of sitting still, threw away the handful of shells he had picked up, and proposed that they should go farther along the sands to where the children were bathing. "And gie me your hand, Uncle Colin, and I'll tell ye something while we walk that I canna just understand mysel'. I've seen an unco' strange thing; I've seen your house in Australia !"

"Hoot, mon ! what havers are ye talking ? Ye've been dreaming !" said Uncle Colin cheerily.

"Na, I saw it. It was no dream ; I ken weel the difference between dreaming and seeing. Your house has na slates on the roof, like our house ; it was theekit like a hay-rick, and it had a wide place round it covered with another little theekit roof, and windows like big glass doors opened on it. And there was fire all about, and tall grass all ableeze, and sheep rinnin hither and thither frightened, and a man with a black beard and a gun in his hand ran out o' the house and shouted, 'O'Grady, save the mare and foal ! if they're lost the master will never forgie ye !' What ails ye, Uncle Colin, that ye look sae white ?" and the boy looked up in his uncle's face with wonder.

"It's no canny to see such a sight, Sandie ! What do you ken o' bush fires ? and ye've never seen a picture of my house ; and who tauld ye that my groom is an Irishman named O'Grady ? for I've tauld naeboddy here, and the man with the black beard is my Scotch shepherd."

"There was nae need to tell me anything about it, Uncle Colin, for I saw it a' ; but if the man at the door had na shouted O'Grady, then I suld na hae kenned his name."

Colin made a poor attempt at laughter, that he might hide from the child how shocked and startled he was ; but as soon as they reached home he told his brother about his son's vision, and heard from him in return the story of Sandie and old Elspeth. A few days later Colin Galbraith received a telegram from his head shepherd informing him of the heavy loss he had just sustained from a very serious bush fire, and both he and David were convinced that Sandie was an uncanny bairn.

Colin returned to Australia immediately afterward, and as he parted from his brother and sister-in-law he said with a melancholy smile, "If ony mischance befa's me, ye'll ken as sune as I do mysel'. Your awesome bairn will see it a', and ye may tak' for gospel aught tauld ye by ane that has the second sight."

One fine afternoon, some three weeks after Colin had sailed, David having just then no particular work to keep him on the farm all day, proposed for a great treat to row Sandie to the Bass Rock. Oat-cutting would shortly begin, and then he would not have a spare hour from morning to night. But to-day he and his son would enjoy a holiday together, and San-

die was to take with him the small gun that his father gave him on his last birthday, for he was now nine years of age, and high time that he set about learning to kill something or other. All the latent boy seemed developed in the delicate child by the possession of the small fowling-piece, and he blazed away at the rats under the hayricks, and at the sparrows on the roof, to the peril alike of the poultry and of the bedroom windows. "Mother, mother, I'll shoot ye a gannet and mak' ye a cushion o' the down!" he shouted in wild excitement as he set forth on the expedition.

Mrs. Galbraith stood on the doorstep watching her husband and son leave the house together, David a stout, tall man in the prime of late middle life, red-faced and gray-haired, and Sandie a lanky lad with pale freckled face, but with more vigor in his step than the fond mother had ever expected to see. He carried his gun over his shoulder and strode along by his father's side, glancing up at him frequently to try to imitate his every look and gesture. David Galbraith was fond of rowing, and as it was a very calm day he dismissed the man in charge of the boat, and taking the oars himself said it would do him good to row as far as the Bass Rock and back again. The sea was like a mill-pond, a glassy stretch of water with here and there a wind flaw wrinkling its smooth surface. There was not a wave that could have displaced a pebble on the beach, and great masses of olive-green seaweed floated motionless in its clear depths. To the left, high above them, stood the ruins of Tantallon Castle, bathed in August sunshine, its gray walls taking warmth and color from the glow of light that softened and beautified its rugged outline. Before them the sullen mass of the Bass Rock towered above the blue water, circled by countless thousands of sea birds, the glitter of whose white wings was seen as silvery flashes of light, from a distance too great to distinguish the birds themselves.

They were near enough to the shore to hear voices and laughter borne over the water from the grassy inclosure before Tantallon Castle, and lowing of kine in the pastures, and as they neared the Bass Rock these sounds were exchanged for the squealing of wild fowl and the clang of their wings. To Sandie's delight he was allowed to shoot from the boat, which he

did with as little danger to the birds as to the fishes, and the only condition his father imposed was that he should fire with his back toward him, "till your aim is mair preceese, man." Though it soon became evident even to the sanguine Sandie that he would bring home neither gannet nor kittiwake, it was a rapturous delight to be rowed about the island by his father, who told him the name of every bird he saw, and pointed out their nests on the precipitous face of the rock. Then David rested on his oars, and the boat scarcely moved on the still water while Sandie ate the oat cake and drank the milk provided for him by his mother, and his father took a deep draught from his flask till his face grew crimson.

"Father, gie me a drink, too," said Sandie, stretching out his hand.

"Na, na; ye'll stick to your milk-drinking till ye hae built up a strang frame, and then ye may tak' as much whusky as ye wull to keep it in guid repair."

And now the boat was turned landward once more, and they soon lost sound of the clang of the sea birds' wings, and the lowing of kine was again heard, and David rowed slowly past the rock of Tantallon. After chattering for hours Sandie had fallen silent, and sat leaning his arm on the gunwale of the boat looking into the limpid water, dipping his hand into a soft swelling wave, and scattering a shower of glittering drops from his fingers. Suddenly he ceased his idle play, and kneeling in the bottom of the boat, clung firmly to the side with both hands, leaned over and gazed intently in the water. His father, who was always on the alert where his son was concerned, at once noticed the change that had come over him, rowed quicker, and said cheerily, "What are ye glowering at, man? Did ye never see a herring in the sea before?"

Sandie neither spoke nor stirred, and David took comfort in thinking that after all the lad could see nothing uncanny in the water; it was just some daft folly or other he was after, best unnoticed. But when Sandie did speak it was to utter words for which he was unprepared.

"Father, I see Uncle Colin in the water wi' his face turned up to me, and his 'een wide open, but he canna see wi' them." And the boy did not raise his head, but continued to gaze into the water. Drops

of sweat broke out on Galbraith's brow, and he lifted the dripping oars high in the rowlocks and leaned toward Sandie, his red face now as white as the boy's.

"Whether it's God or the deil speaks in ye I dinna ken, but ye'll drive me mad wi' your grewsome clavers! Haud up, man! and fling yoursel' back in the boat, where ye'll see naething waur than yoursel'."

But Sandie did not stir. "It's Uncle Colin that I see floating in the water, lappit in sea weed, and he's nae sleeping, for his 'een stare sae wide;" and Galbraith, who would not have looked over the gunwale of the boat for his life, with an oath plunged the oars deep into the water, and rowed with furious strokes.

"Ye've struck the oar on his white face!" shrieked the boy, and fell back crying in the boat.

A heavy gloom settled on the Galbraiths, and this last hideous vision of Sandie's they kept strictly to themselves; they did not seek counsel of their minister or of any one. They were certain that Colin was drowned. It was a mere question of time when they could hear how it had happened, but hear it they assuredly would. And Sandie, too, was gloomy and depressed. "The bairn has frightened himself this time as weel as ithers," said his father, "and sma' blame to him; but I wad rather follow him to the kirkyard than that he suld grow up wi' the second sight! It may hae been a' verra weel in a breeckless, starving Hielander a hundred years ago, but it's no consistent for a well-fed Lowlander in these days o' trousers and high farming. How is Sandie to do justice to the land and mind the rotation of crops if he goes daft wi' the second sight?"

The oat harvest was plentiful and got together in fine condition, but neither David nor his wife had any heart to enjoy it. They simply lived through each day waiting for the tidings that must come; nor had they long to wait. Nearly a month after Sandie's vision David read in the newspaper of the safe arrival of his brother's ship at its destination. It reported a prosperous voyage with but one casualty during its course, which occurred on the twenty-fourth day after sailing, when a passenger booked for Sydney had mysteriously fallen overboard in perfectly calm weather and was drowned. The

gentleman's name was Mr. Colin Galbraith, and his sudden untimely end had cast a gloom over the ship's company. So far the newspaper report, which, brief as it was, was all that David and Alison could ever learn of their poor brother's fate. They carefully compared the dates, and found that Colin had been drowned three days after Sandie had seen the vision of the body in the sea.

"I winna tell the bairn that puir Colin is dead," said David gloomily.

"Ye'll just tell the bairn he's dead, but ye'll say naething of drowning."

"Ye maun do as ye think best, but I canna mention puir Colin's name to him." And it was from his mother that Sandie heard of his Uncle Colin's death. He listened gravely and thoughtfully to the tidings. "Yes, it was him that I saw in the water," and that was all that he had to say about the death of his favorite uncle; he asked no question and made no further remark.

From this time forward a great change came over David Galbraith. From being wholly matter of fact and little inclined to believe more than his senses could attest, he became credulous and superstitious. He trembled at omens, and was unnerved for his day's work if his dreams overnight were unpropitious. He disliked being out on dark nights, and cast uneasy glances over his shoulder as though he heard steps behind him. At times when he was riding he thought that he heard some one following hard on his heels, and he would gallop for miles and reach home, horse and rider both in a sweet of fear. And Sandie, the unconscious cause of the evil change in his father, mutely wondered what had come over him. David scarcely let the boy out of his sight, though his society was a torment to him, and he was always wondering what would be the next shock he would receive. Unhappily he tried to restore tone to his shaken nerves by drinking, and the habit grew quickly on him, to his good wife's great distress; and times were now so changed that Sandie was often more frightened of his father than his father was of him. Mrs. Galbraith proposed sending Sandie to stay with some relations of her own at Linlithgow, thinking that it would do her husband good to have the strain of the boy's constant society removed for awhile. But he would not hear of it, and merely said,

"The bairn sall bide at hame. It's my ain weird, and I maun dree it."

Some two years passed by in which Sandie had no visions, and grew steadily healthier and stronger and more like other boys of his age, so that his mother began to think they should make a man of him yet. But though his father noticed the physical improvement in his son with pride, nothing could persuade him that the dreaded gift had departed from him. In vain his wife tried to convince him that there was no further cause for anxiety. He shook his head and said, "Ye'll no get rid of an ill gift sae lightly. It's a fire that burns low, but it'll burst out into flame for a' that."

In the third summer after Colin Galbraith was lost at sea, on a lovely summer evening, Mrs. Galbraith sat at the open window, knitting and smiling placidly, as she watched her son at work in his little plot of garden watering the tufts of pinks and pansies. She laid her work in her lap, and her eyes followed his every movement with quiet pleasure. Sandie would make a good gardener. There was not a straggling growth in his plot nor any weeds; all was neat and trim, and the flower-beds were prettily bordered with shells he had collected on the beach at North Berwick.

He was gathering a posy with fastidious care, and his mother knew that it was for her, and thought to herself that if he had been uncanny in time past, he was a good boy, his heart was in the right place. But something disturbed him in his work. He rose from stooping over the bed, dropped his flowers to the ground, and Alison thought he was listening to some far-away sound, till a change that passed over his face showed her that she was mistaken. Sandie was not listening, he was seeing. His face grew pale and his features pinched, his gray eyes were fixed while the color faded out of them till they were almost white, and he shuddered as though a cold wind blew over him.

Mrs. Galbraith rose silently, and assured by the deep breathing of her husband, who was sitting in an arm-chair by the hearth, that he was asleep, opened the door softly, left the room, and hurried into the garden. There in the sunshine, surrounded by summer sights and summer scents, stood Sandie, a very image of midnight terror. His mother laid her large

warm hands on his shoulders, and gently shook him.

"Sandie, Sandie, if ye're seeing again, for God's sake say nothing to your father! He canna bear it; ye'll tell me," she said in a frightened whisper.

The boy gave a sigh, passed his hands over his eyes, and staggered as though he were dizzy. Alison grasped her son firmly by the arm. "Come awa'! if your father wakes and goes to the window he'll see us; come awa'!" and she hurried the boy through the warm evening sunshine that had suddenly grown cold and dim to her, and led him to a retired part of the garden.

"And now what was it that ye saw?" and looking at her with a strange expression of fear and compassion, Sandie said, "I saw my father lying on the road at the foot of the steep brae by Sir Ewen Campbell's gates, and his 'een were shut, but for a' that he was the same as Uncle Colin!"

The self-controlled, unemotional Alison Galbraith gave a smothered scream as she listened to her son, and, seizing his arm in a passion of fear, with a grip like a vice, said, "Elsbeth McFie was right when she called you an awesome bairn! What for has God in His wrath given me such a child?" and she shook him off, and left him alone in his confused misery.

If David Galbraith had not been overcome with drink that night, he would have seen that something terrible had occurred to agitate his wife, but when the drunken fit was pent he noticed that she looked white and ill.

"Alison, woman, ye keep too close in the house," he said; "ye should walk to the sea and breathe the caller air, to bring the color back to your cheeks."

The following Friday was the corn market at Haddington, and David Galbraith, sober, shrewd, and business-like, set out to attend it, bent on driving a hard bargain. Alison stood at the gate as he mounted his horse, to wish him good luck, and to add a word of wifely admonition as to the advisability of not drinking too much whiskey before the return journey, and "Ye'll no be late coming home the night, Davie?"

"There is no night at this time o' year, Alison."

"And ye'll mind to come by the level

road. There's the steep brae beyond the Campbells' gates, and I'd rather ye gave it a wide berth, and came by the long road."

"Not I, woman! Do ye expect me to mak' a midnight ride a mile longer, just to avoid a brae that I ken as weel as my ain doorstep? Kelpie'll be sober, dounce beast, if his master's not, and he kens every stane on the hill. Ye'll go to bed, and leave the house door unlocked for me," and David gave his horse a touch with the whip and away he trotted.

Alison stood till the sound of hoofs had died away, and then went back into the house with a boding heart. Sandie returned from school at noon in high spirits, and asked his mother's leave to bring home a schoolfellow to play with him in the afternoon. It was wonderful how his spirits had rallied since his vision of a few days before. It seemed as though his body had now grown strong enough to shake off the ghastly influence entirely, but his mother was shattered both by memory and apprehension.

A dreadful restlessness possessed her as night drew on, and after the shouts of the boys at play were over, and silence fell on house and garden, she slipped out unnoticed and walked in the twilight to the beach. It was high midsummer, when in those latitudes the sunset lingers on the western horizon till in the east the vigorous dawn breaks to quench its lesser light. The crescent moon hung low in the sky over the gently murmuring sea that glimmered mysteriously in the diffused twilight, and the brown rocks loomed dark above the water. A time and a place to suggest eerie feelings to the most unimpressionable; but Alison's whole mind was so filled with the apprehensions of approaching doom that the scene had no effect on her—she scarcely noticed where she was. The fear that possessed her was inward, and neither suggested, nor could it be increased, by the aspect of familiar things. She did not meet a soul in her restless wanderings. As she opened the house door on her return the clock struck twelve. Oh, when would David be home? He was seldom later than midnight. Alison needed no light, and, creeping softly upstairs, she entered Sandie's room, and drawing aside the curtain, by the solemn twilight of the northern night she saw his sleeping face calm and peaceful as an infant's. Did she grudge him his untroubled

slumber, that she would rather have found him awake and oppressed with terror as herself?

While she stood listening to the beating of her own heart, that sounded louder than the breathing of her child, she heard the first distant sound of approaching hoofs, and as they rapidly drew nearer she recognized Kelpie's familiar steps.

"Thank God, he is safe home!" she said, and lest her husband should be displeased to find her sitting up for him, she hastened to her room and lighted a candle. The horse had stopped opposite the house, and David had had time to dismount, but he had not opened the gate. Some one might be detaining him there; yet there was no sound of voices to be heard, only Kelpie impatiently striking the ground with one of his fore feet. Alison looked out of the window, but could see nothing for the high wall, and as several minutes passed and still her husband did not come, and the horse stamped with increasing impatience, she slipped down-stairs, out of doors, and across the garden to the gate. So deadly a fear lay upon her spirit that when she flung the gate open and saw Kelpie standing riderless on the dusky highway she felt no surprise, only an assurance that Sandie's vision was about to come true.

"Oh, Kelpie lad, your master's no far to seek!" she said as she led the trembling, sweating beast toward the stable yard. Then, without calling up any of the men, just as she was, with uncovered head, Alison Galbraith sped through the dusk and silence of the summer night.

"The steep brae by Sir Ewen Campbell's gates! the steep brae by Sir Ewen Campbell's gates!" she said to herself as she ran, and when the dark firs and high wall bounding the park came in sight her limbs almost gave way beneath her. Then she reached the great iron gates between granite pillars, and in the twilight she caught sight through their bars of the black avenue within, and heard the wind sigh in the boughs. Alison pressed her hands to her heart and urged herself on. Now a bat cut its zigzag flight through the air and startled her, the white scut of a frightened rabbit shone out in the dusk as it flashed across her path in search of a friendly burrow, and her echoing steps woke many a sleeping bird and set it fluttering with fear.

The next turn in the road would bring her to the foot of the hill, and to something that she dared not name that she knew was waiting for her there. She closed her eyes for an instant, as she rounded the curve of the road and clenched her hands; then the soft silence of the summer night was broken by a wailing cry, and Alison Galbraith fell senseless on the dead body of her husband.

David was sober that night, but as he rode through the mirk lanes the old horror had overtaken him. He thought that he heard a horseman following hard upon him, and clapped spurs to his beast and galloped down the hill, at the foot of which Kelpie slipped on a rolling stone, threw his rider heavily to the ground, and he neither spoke nor moved again.

Alison Galbraith did not long survive her husband, and her death took place without Sandie having any intimation of its approach. He never had vision or prophetic foresight again after his father

died. The weird gift departed from him with his weakly childhood, and he grew up robust and stout, thriving and commonplace as his forbears. Sandie is even a better farmer than his father before him, and is in a fair way to solve the problem of how to make two blades of wheat grow where only one had grown before. He has married a wife, practical and matter of fact as himself, and their sons and daughters are as guiltless of imagination as they are of any touch of the uncanny. The burly Lowland farmer can never be induced to speak of the second sight, even to his most intimate friends. In the early days of their married life his young wife ventured to ask him about the visions of his childhood, of which she had heard, but he silenced her with such severity that she did not again dare to approach the subject, and she will never know whether the stories of her husband's uncanny childhood are wild legends or plain truth.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

NATURE'S LABORATORY.

BY THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

I.

DEEM not the sky a mist the sun surrounding,
 Deem not the sun a servile orb ablaze,
 Behold the soul the blue, the golden bounding,
 Radiant among their heaven-sustaining rays.
 Yet all are masks of adamant that hide
 The undivulged of Nature and her fate,
 Whose spring scarce dares she to herself confide,
 Self-sworn to secrecy inviolate.
 Black night as fuel fed her first-born fires,
 Whence turns she not love's lowly source abhorring;
 Although the glowworm's passion still aspires,
 She frames the angelic face for man's adoring.
 No single part is hers, with smiling grace
 She holds the universe in one embrace.

II.

The twilight orbs whose dream 'twas hers to render,
 Like unheard thoughts are on the blue reclining.
 Gaze on them once, or on her daily splendor,
 The homely sun with love domestic shining!
 But where those blessed constellations find
 That can compare, in her divine intent,
 With the beloved faces of mankind;
 To our lone hearts a lower firmament!

So is reality's romance unshaken,
 Even though it bear the semblance of a dream,
 And she the uncontested prize has taken
 Who bade the heavens with human beauty teem.
 In the pale glowworm did her love begin :
 The soul her idol now, her last of kin.

—Academy.

AN EXHIBITION OF PRIGS.

HOWEVER cordially one may approve of the general aim of the coming Exhibition at Chicago, and may wish for its complete success, it is difficult to feel an entire sympathy with some of the ideas for its accomplishment that are apparently entertained in all sad seriousness by its Committee of management. When that enterprising body suggested that the Spanish Regent should send over her baby son and Sovereign as an appropriate side-show for their colossal entertainment, one could afford to smile pleasantly at this condescension on the part of the "almighty Dollar" toward the proudest Court in Europe, and wish them better luck in their next venture. When, however, their next ventures took the form of an attempt to bribe first the Wagner Company of Bayreuth and then the Passion-players of the Oberammergau to break through their rules and traditions, and consent for once to become an American "raree-show," one was tempted to wish the Committee in question better manners and a little better taste. Unfortunately, those rebuffs seem only to have determined them to fix their affections upon some attraction which was more capable of realization, and the result is that they now offer, as an inducement to their future visitors, one of the most deplorable entertainments that American ingenuity could well devise. A series of Congresses upon every conceivable subject, religious, scientific, and social, in which all the learned men of the world would be invited to partake, was quite bad enough ; but as it was impossible, we suppose, that any exhibition—and much less an American exhibition—could take place without some such confusion of speech-making, one was fain to look upon this waste of breath as a necessary evil. Even a Woman's Congress, on a gigantic scale, might be looked forward to with equanimity, when

one reflected what a comfortable opportunity it would afford to the gentle sex to work off some of that superabundant energy with which, for the moment, they seem to be oppressed. But when it comes to a Congress of Youths, from the age of thirteen upwards, who are to be "adequate representatives of the educated youth of all countries," "the worthiest and most talented" boys of all the schools of every possible country, and therefore "the coming leaders of mankind," the congressional prospects of the World's Fair assumes a form which is simply appalling. Ridiculous as it seems, that is apparently a perfectly authentic description of the latest proposition that has been put forward by the Committee, to judge from those portions of the official circular that have been quoted in the Press. "It is purposed," we read, "to draw together the worthiest and most talented youth of all lands—the coming leaders of mankind—that they may be led to realize, as could not otherwise be possible, the meaning and the worth of the fellowship of nations and the brotherhood of man." And with this purpose the Committee invite from fifteen to fifty delegates from every nation in the world, and recommend that the young people should be selected from the "high school and grammar-school grades," and that their selection should be determined by some test in scholarship, the writing of essays, and declamation on some patriotic theme. The young delegates, we learn, will be allowed to participate to a reasonable extent in the work of the general Congress ; but the chief object that the Committee will have in view is to bring them into contact with the most eminent educational leaders of the day. It is expected that these youthful members of the Congress may number about five thousand. Five thousand little prigs, drawn from every country under

the sun! O, Mr. Barlow! O, Harry Sandford and Master Tommy Merton, why did you not live a century later!

"The fellowship of nations and the brotherhood of man" is quite in Mr. Barlow's style, and for his memory's sake we welcome the high-sounding phrase. But how is its meaning to be brought home to the youthful visitors? By the contemplation of the biggest cannon in the world, which, we are told, will be one of the most notable exhibits? Or by listening to controversial discussions upon the world's religions? In either case, the meaning will be far to seek. And how, in the name of wonder, will these "coming leaders of mankind" be singled out from the ruck of their future followers? That schoolmaster would indeed be a singularly discriminating man, who could select from the bulk of his scholars the future statesman or leader of thought. The writing of essays and declamation on patriotic themes hardly seem to be tests sufficient for the occasion: mankind has a provoking habit of belying its early promise, and it is not often that the pattern boy of a school, the writer of prize essays, and the undaunted declaimer of high-flown rhetoric, maintains his prominent position in the great world outside his small school circle. As a rule, the model boy is nothing more nor less than a little prig,—a quality which he does not lose until contact with the big world has modified his school virtues and caused him to forget his school triumphs. And fancy five thousand of these model boys assembled together! Youthful prigs, English, French, and German; little prigs with pigtailed from China, flat-nosed little prigs from the "grammar-schools" of Greenland, black-faced little prigs from the "high-schools" of Africa. No; the picture is altogether beyond the compass of one's imagination. Now, however, that the idea has really been started, we do not fancy for a moment that it will be abandoned. There are far too many prigs in the world of more mature growth,—parents who would not lose so unique an opportunity of advertising themselves through their progeny. Soon we shall see a new addition to the familiar school prospectus in the shape of "Special preparation for the Congress of the World's Fair;" and for years afterward we shall be reminded of the departed Exhibition

by the schoolmaster's boast that "Two pupils from this Academy for Young Gentlemen took part in the famous Congress of Youth in 1893." We sincerely hope that English parents will consider it well before they consent to send their own children as "exhibits" to the World's Fair, and brand them with such a fatal mark of distinction. With Americans the exhibition of their children is quite a different matter; the American child is accustomed from its earliest infancy to live before the public. It was only this week that we read in the American newspapers of an exhibition that had been held in New Jersey in the shape of a parade of babies in perambulators. The babies were so numerous that they took twenty-five minutes in passing a given point, and the show was witnessed, we are told, by about thirty thousand spectators. Each babe, apparently, received for its trouble a package of sweets, a feeding-bottle, and an air-ball; while their parents were, doubtless, sufficiently rewarded by the encomiums passed upon their offspring. A people who can exhibit and take pleasure in the sight of a mile of babies in perambulators, may well rejoice in the chance of exhibiting five thousand schoolboys in round jackets.

After all, we are fain to confess that there is a certain amount of reason in this peculiar proposal on the part of the Chicago Exhibition Committee. Congresses and pow-wows of all descriptions are certainly a feature of the age that we live in; and so also, for that matter, is the juvenile prig. A combined show of these two products may well serve to illustrate the tendencies of the coming century. It is for a similar reason, we suppose, that a large building has been assigned to womankind, and will be devoted to the sole use and enjoyment of our future conquerors. What the ladies, who have been busily holding preparatory congresses in all parts of the world, are going to do in this immense building still remains a mystery. It is supposed by some that it will be the scene of an enormous female parliament, at which the wrongs and rights of the sex will be fully discussed, and laws will be drafted for the better guidance of man. Other people believe that it is intended to hold therein a gigantic exhibition of feminine frocks and fashions; and we hope, for the sake of the World's

Fair, that this belief is the correct one. It is certain that nine ladies would cross the Atlantic to see the latter show for every one who would cross it to join in the discussion. However that may be, the time and energy of the ladies assembled will now be fully occupied in keeping a watchful eye upon the Congress of Youth, and preventing it from getting into mischief. Even the little prig is capable of an occasional outbreak, and disorder is apt to be contagious. Supposing, for instance, that Master Sandford from France should seek to convince Master Merton of Germany by kicking his

shins; what would be more natural than that each youth should be immediately supported by all of his own nationality? Not only would France and Germany fall upon each other, but Russia would, of course, hasten to the aid of the former, and the whole Triple Alliance would make the cause of Germany its own. There would be a pretty to-do, especially if the youths of less civilized nations joined in the fray. It is at least consoling to think that in a congress conducted on the lines of physical prowess, the English schoolboy is likely to hold his own.—*Spectator*.

MARS.

BY SIR ROBERT S. BALL, F.R.S.

It can hardly be urged that the general interest which has been expressed in regard to the opposition of Mars this year is merely due to the exigencies of the dull season. The newspapers, crowded as they are with their staple political matters, can still make room for paragraphs, columns, and even for long articles on the phenomena of our neighboring globe. It is worth while to examine the circumstances which have led to the direction of so much attention to this particular heavenly body at this particular time.

In the southern heavens, when the sky is clear, Mars may now be seen for some hours every night. To us dwellers in the British Islands the planet unfortunately culminates at a very low altitude, so that a horizon clear of buildings or trees is generally necessary, if it is to be seen at all. But the drawbacks arising from this cause are so far counterbalanced by the unusual proximity of the planet, which shines with a lustre greater than has ever been seen from its fiery globe during the last fifteen years.

The facts with regard to the present opposition of Mars are sufficiently remarkable to be stated with some detail, and we may first set them forth even at the risk of repeating a few things that will be familiar to those who have diligently studied the Nautical Almanack of the present and other years. It appears that the orbit of this particular planet Mars is especially remarkable, among planetary orbits gener-

ally, for its departure from the circular form so nearly assumed in the movements of most of the other similar bodies. Mars has an orbit of so much eccentricity that its distance from the sun varies very considerably. It is sometimes as much as 153,000,000 miles off. It is sometimes as little as 127,000,000 miles. The orbit in which our earth revolves is much more nearly circular than is the orbit of Mars, but still the variations of the distance between the earth and the sun are too large to be overlooked, even though they may seem relatively unimportant. Under certain circumstances our earth may be as far from the sun as 93,500,000 miles, while the smallest magnitude to which the distance can shrink is 90,500,000 miles. These few facts will enable us to estimate the stretch of space that divides us from the other world in which so much interest is now being taken. The longest distance that could possibly intervene between the two globes is found when the Sun lies between them and when they are each at their greatest possible distance from it. On the other hand, the most favorable condition for the observations of Mars will be when the planet is making its nearest approach to the sun, and when the earth happens to be in the same direction as Mars from the sun. It can be shown that the very lowest value which the planet's distance from the earth can possibly assume would be about 35,000,000 miles. Nor is the condition of things

which we have supposed one which will be often realized. No doubt every two years and two months, or more accurately every 780 days, the sun and Mars and the earth come nearly into a straight line, the earth being between the other two bodies; whenever this happens we have what is called the opposition of Mars. If the orbits of both Mars and the earth were circular, then any one opposition would be as good as any other, so far as proximity is concerned; for the distance between the earth and the planet on each such occasion would be simply the difference between their two distances from the sun. But, as we have already seen, the orbits are not circular, and consequently there is very considerable variety in the different oppositions as regards the advantages which they offer to the astronomer. It might, for instance, happen that Mars was at its greatest distance from the sun at the time when the earth crossed between it and the sun. Then the interval between the two bodies would be more than 60,000,000 miles, and the opposition would be as unsuitable as it could possibly be. It thus follows that such a very favorable opposition as that through which Mars has just passed only arises from a particular combination of circumstances which but rarely occur. It may, however, be of interest to lay down the principles which exhibit the law by which the succession of such apparitions is determined. The opposition of Mars can occur while the earth is at any part of its orbit; that is, the opposition may happen in any month of the year. The part of Mars' path which lies nearest the sun is in these present centuries toward that part of the earth's track through which the earth passes in August. Hence it follows that if an opposition takes place in August it does so at a time when Mars is as near to the sun as is possible. It is true that this is not the occasion at which the earth is nearest to the sun, but as the effects contributed by the variation of the earth's distance is of little importance, it follows for all practical purposes that when the opposition takes place in August, it does so under the most desirable circumstances. On the other hand, if it should happen that the opposition took place about February, then the conditions would be as unfavorable as possible, for though Mars, earth, and sun were in a straight line in

the order I have named, yet at this part of its path Mars is at its greatest distance from the sun, and consequently the opposition takes place when the two bodies are at the greatest separation that is at present possible on the occasion of an opposition. It thus happens that in the February oppositions the distance between the two bodies is double as great as it is in the August oppositions. At double the distance the planet only looks one-fourth the size, and hence the appearance of Mars, when the opposition is in February, is widely different from that which it presents in the glories of an August opposition. We can now understand why such an opportunity as that which we are at present enjoying is a rare one. In the first place an opposition of Mars occurs once every 780 days. In the second place the opposition is just as likely in the long run to take place in one month as another. Only, however, when it occurs about August is it a really favorable one. If a friend paid us a visit once every two or three years, and if his visits were impartially distributed over the different seasons, it would not be on many occasions in a lifetime that we need expect to receive him during the grouse shooting. Of somewhat similar infrequency are the favorable visits of Mars, but wherever he does happen to come into opposition about the time when the grouse are being slaughtered, then his ruddy form blazes with an unwonted splendor.

A knowledge of these facts points out that the present opposition of Mars is the best that has offered itself since 1877, and the best that will offer itself for many years to come. Hence it is that so much interest has been manifested in the present phenomenon, for though it would not be true to say that Mars is our nearest neighbor in the heavenly host, yet there are circumstances which render his globe much more instructive to us than any of the other heavenly bodies.

Of course, the moon is always much closer to the earth than is Mars. Even when the moon is at its greatest distance from us it is still not one-hundredth part of the distance by which we are divided from Mars when that planet is at its nearest. Yet we can never look on the moon as a neighboring world in the same sense in which we look at Mars. The moon is a globe of quite a different order from the

earth. Its want of air and water in any measure comparable with the abundance of such elements on the earth at once establishes so profound a difference between the moon and the earth, that we naturally relinquish the supposition that our satellite can have any resemblance whatever to the earth viewed as the abode of organized life. But there is another planet with which, in all probability, we have much closer affinities than we have even with Mars. The planet Venus happens to be almost exactly of the same size as the earth. If models of the two globes were inspected, it would require careful measurement to say which of the two were the greater, though, as a matter of fact, to some insignificant extent, we may remark that both in volume and in mass the earth exceeds the sister planet. Venus is also, in a strict sense, a closer neighbor to us than Mars. At no time can it wander so far from us as Mars is accustomed to do, while at its closest approach the distance from Venus to the earth is less than two-thirds of that by which Mars when nearest still remains separated from us. Nor are other points of resemblance between the earth and Venus wanting. Especially may we notice that, like its companion globe, Venus is encompassed with a copious atmosphere. Everything, therefore, so far as we can judge, points to the conclusion that Venus is a world resembling our own in important features of physical constitution, so that quite possibly it is adapted to be a residence for organized beings. But here, unfortunately, telescopic examination gives us but little aid. Notwithstanding the considerable size of Venus, and the closeness with which she makes her approach, we are unable to scrutinize her surface with the success that we desire. That very splendor which makes the evening star so lustrous an object decks the planet in such a shining robe that we are unable to make out the details on its surface. We can, no doubt, sometimes see that her form is an exquisite crescent which passes through a succession of phases. We can occasionally detect, under rarely favorable circumstances of climate and instrumental equipment, slight indications or marks on the surface of the planet which, with some help from the imagination, we can suppose to be indications of continents. Then, again, some observers have noticed

that in the "cusps" at the ends of the crescent occasional interruptions and irregularities are presented which have been interpreted to imply the existence of great mountains on Venus. But when this is admitted we have said almost all that has ever been alleged to be discernible by us as to the topography of that globe which is really our nearest planetary neighbor. The little that we have seen merely suggests what a wonderful spectacle might be disclosed could we put Venus into a more favorable aspect. If Venus were placed where Mars is, then the greater size of the former planet would make it a far more striking spectacle than Mars ever can be. Mars happens to be the more interesting globe to us simply because it is better placed for observing. Everybody knows that you can read your book comfortably if you sit with the light so nearly behind you that it shall fall on the page at which you are looking. This is the aspect in which Mars is presented at the present moment. The sun, which illuminates Mars, is, at midnight, behind us, but its beams are directed full on the planet, and exhibits it under the most favorable conditions possible. But Venus is presented to us in quite a different manner. It is not pleasant to try to read with the lamp in front of you, and your book held up between you and the lamp. Yet this is the way we have to look at Venus when it makes its closest approach. The consequence is that, while astronomers have abundance to tell us about the appearance of Mars, they have but little to say about the features of that other globe which is both larger and nearer to us than Mars, and which, in all probability, we have closer affinities with than we have with any other body in the universe.

From one cause or another, it happens that Mars is the most world-like of all the other globes which come within the range of effective observation. It would, indeed, be very rash to assert that other bodies may not have a closer resemblance to our earth than Mars has, but of them we have either little knowledge, as in the case of Venus, or no knowledge at all. No doubt both Jupiter and Saturn can vie with Mars in the copiousness of detail with which they delight the astronomers who study them. These grand planets are deserving of every attention, but then the interest they excite is of a wholly dif-

ferent kind from that which makes a view of Mars so attractive. Jupiter offers us a meteorological study of the most astounding cloud-system in creation. Saturn gives an illustration of a marvellous dynamical system the like of which would never have been thought possible had it not actually presented itself to our notice. But the significance of Mars is essentially derived from those points of resemblance to the earth which are now engrossing attention. Mars is clearly a possible world, presenting both remarkable analogies and remarkable contrasts to our own world, and inducing us to put forth our utmost endeavors to utilize so exceptional an occasion as that presented in the close approach which it has now made. Let us see what we have learned about this globe.

In the first place, it should be noticed that Mars must be a small world in comparison with our own. The width of this globe is only 4,200 miles, so that its volume is but the seventh part of that of the earth. The weight of Mars is even less than what might have been expected from his bulk. It would take nearly ten globes, each as heavy as Mars, to form a weight equal to that of the earth. This fundamental difference in dimensions between Mars and our globe is intimately connected with certain points of contrast which it offers to the earth. Of these the most important is that which concerns the atmosphere. When we consider the qualifications of a globe as a possible abode for organic beings, it is natural to inquire first into the presence or the absence of an atmosphere. Seeing that our earth is enveloped by so copious a shell of air, it follows that the beings which dwell upon its surface must be specially adapted to the conditions which the atmosphere imposes. Most, if not all, animals utilize this circumstance by obtaining a proximate source of energy in the union of oxygen from the atmosphere with oxidizable materials within their bodies. In this respect the atmosphere is of such fundamental importance that it is difficult for us to imagine what that type of life must be which would be fitted for the inhabitants of an airless globe. In other respects which are hardly less important, the conditions of life are also dependent on the fact that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air. It is the atmosphere which, to a large extent, mitigates the

fierceness with which the sun's rays would beat down on the globe if it were devoid of such protection. Again, at night, the atmospheric covering serves to screen us from the cold that would otherwise be the consequence of unrestricted radiation from the earth to space. It is, therefore, obvious that the absence of a copious atmosphere, though perhaps not absolutely incompatible with life of some kind, must still necessitate types of life of a wholly different character from those with which we are familiar. In attempting, therefore, to form an estimate of the probability of life on another world, it is of essential importance to consider whether it possesses an atmosphere.

We may here lay down a canon which appears to be pretty general among the celestial bodies which are accessible to our observations. It may be thus stated. The larger the body the more copious the atmosphere by which that body is surrounded. Of course this rule has to be understood with certain qualifications, and perhaps some exceptions to it might be suggested, but as a broad general fact it will hardly be questioned. Thus, to take at once the largest body of our system and one of the smallest—the sun and the moon—they both provide striking exemplifications of the principle in question. It is well known that the sun is enveloped by an atmosphere alike remarkable for the prodigious extent that it occupies and for the copiousness of the gases and vapors that abound in it. On the other hand, the moon, which is by far the smallest of the bodies readily accessible to our observations, is, if not entirely devoid of gaseous investment, at all events only provided with the scantiest covering of this nature. But the chief interest that the principle we have laid down possesses, is found in the explanation which has been given of it. That explanation is both so recent and so remarkable that I am glad here to have the opportunity of setting it forth, as it has an important application to Mars. The view of the subject here given is due to Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney, F.R.S., who recently communicated it to the Royal Dublin Society.

Modern research has demonstrated that what we call a gas is in truth a mighty host of molecules far too small to be perceptible by the most powerful microscope. Each of these molecules is animated by a

rapid movement, which is only pursued for a short distance in one direction before a rencontre takes place with some other molecule, in consequence of which the directions and velocities of the individual molecules are continually changing. For each gas the molecules have, however, a certain average pace, which is appropriate to that gas for that temperature, and when two or more gases are blended, as in our atmosphere, then each molecule of the constituent gases continues to move with its own particular speed. Thus, in the case of the air, the molecules of oxygen as well as the molecules of nitrogen, are each animated by their characteristic velocity, and the same may be said of the molecules of carbonic acid or of any other gas which, in more or less abundance, may happen to be diffused through our air. For two of the chief gases the average velocities of the molecules are as follows: oxygen, a quarter of a mile per second; hydrogen, one mile per second; in each case the temperature is taken to be 64° C. below zero, being presumably that at the confines of the atmosphere. It will be noticed that there is a remarkable difference between the speeds of the two molecules here mentioned. That of hydrogen is by far the greatest of any gas.

We may now recall a fundamental fact in connection with any celestial body large or small. It is well known that, with the most powerful pieces of artillery that can be forged, a projectile can be launched with a speed of about half a mile per second. If the cannon were pointed vertically upward the projectile would soar to a great elevation, but its speed would gradually abate, the summit of its journey would be duly reached, after which it would fall back again on the earth. Such would undoubtedly be the case if the experiment were made on a globe resembling our own in size and mass. But on a globe much smaller than the earth, not larger for instance than are some of the minor planets, it is certain that a projectile shot aloft from a great Armstrong gun would go up and up and would never return. The lessening gravitation of the body would fail to recall it. Of course we are here reminded of Jules Verne's famous Columbiad. According to that philosopher, if a cannon were pointed vertically, and the projectile was discharged with a speed of seven miles a second it

would soar aloft, and whether it went to the moon or not, it would at all events not return to the earth except by such a marvellous series of coincidences as those which he has described. But the story will at all events serve to illustrate the fact that for each particular globe there is a certain speed with which if a body leaves the globe it will not return.

It is a singular fact that hydrogen in the free state is absent from our atmosphere. Doubtless many explanations of a chemical nature might be offered, but the argument Dr. Stoney has brought forward is most interesting, inasmuch as it shows that the continued existence of hydrogen in our atmosphere would seem to be impossible. No doubt the average speed at which the molecules of this gas are hurrying about is only one mile a second, and, therefore, only a seventh of the critical velocity required to project a missile from the earth so as not to return. But the molecules are continually changing their velocity and may sometimes attain a speed which is seven times as great as the average. Suppose, therefore, that a certain quantity of hydrogen were diffused through our air, every now and then a molecule of hydrogen in its wanderings would attain the upper limit of our atmosphere, and then it would occasionally happen that with its proper speed it would cross out into space beyond the region by which its movements would be interfered with by the collisions between other atmospheric molecules. If the attraction of the earth was sufficient to recall it, then, of course, it would duly fall back, and in the case of the more sluggishly moving atmospheric gases the velocity seems always small enough to permit the recall to be made. But it happens in the case of hydrogen that the velocity with which its molecules are occasionally animated rises beyond the speed which could be controlled by terrestrial gravity. The consequence is that every now and then a molecule of hydrogen would succeed in bolting away from the earth altogether, and escaping into open space. Thus it appears that every molecule of free hydrogen which happened to be present in an atmosphere like ours, would have an unstable connection with the earth, for wherever in the vicissitudes of things it happened to reach the very uppermost strata it would be liable to escape altogether. In the course of un-

counted ages it would thus come to pass that the particles of hydrogen would all effect their departure, and thus the fact that there is at present no free hydrogen in the air over our heads may be accounted for.

If the mass of the earth were very much larger than it is, then the velocities with which the molecules of hydrogen wend their way would never be sufficiently high to enable them to quit the earth altogether, and consequently we might in such a case expect to find our atmosphere largely charged with hydrogen. Considering the vast abundance of hydrogen in the universe, it seems highly probable that its absence from our air is simply due to the circumstances we have mentioned. In the case of a globe so mighty as the sun, the attraction which it exercises, even at the uppermost layers of its atmosphere, is so intense that the molecules of hydrogen never attain pace enough to enable them to escape. Their velocity would have to be much greater than it ever can be if they could dart away from the sun as they have done from the earth. It is not, therefore, surprising to find hydrogen in the solar atmosphere. In a similar manner we can explain the abundance with which the atmospheres of other massive suns like Sirius or Vega seem to be charged with hydrogen. The attraction of these vast globes is sufficiently potent to retain even an atmosphere of this subtle element.

It is now easy to account for the absence of atmosphere from the moon. We may feel confident from the line of reasoning here followed that neither of the gases, oxygen or nitrogen, to say nothing of hydrogen, could possibly exist in the free state on a globe of the mass and dimensions of our satellite. The pace with which the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen speed on their way would be quite sufficient to render their abode unstable if it should ever have appeared that circumstances placed such gases on the moon. We need, therefore, feel no surprise at the absence of any atmosphere from the neighboring globe. The explanation is given by the laws of dynamics. We are placed at too great a distance from the small planets or asteroids, as they are called, to be able to see whether or not they have any gaseous surroundings. But it is possible, from the ingeni-

ous argument of Dr. Stoney, to assure ourselves that such small bodies must be quite as devoid of air as the moon. There are, we know, globes in our system only a few miles in diameter, and so small in mass, that a cricket ball there, receiving the velocity it would get from the bat of a Grace, would go off into space never to return. It is quite obvious that the molecules of any gases we know would be far too nimble in their movements to remain prisoners at the surface of little globes of this description, to which their only bond was the feeble attraction of gravitation. It is, therefore, in the highest degree improbable—we might, indeed, almost say impossible—for gaseous surroundings to be preserved by any globe where the mass is not considerably greater than that of the moon.

In applying these considerations to Mars we have first to note that its mass and size are intermediate between those of the earth and the moon. It is much more capable of retaining an atmosphere than the moon, though its capability in this respect falls short of that possessed by the earth. But in such a case it is essential to depend not on mere generalities but on the actual numerical facts of the case. Without going too deeply into detail it is sufficient to observe that there must be for each globe a certain critical velocity represented by the least pace at which a missile projected from it will succeed in escaping altogether. In discussing this we may leave out of view the question of the resistance which the air opposes to the passage of the projectile. This is, no doubt, of vital importance in cases where actual artillery practice is concerned, yet it is not material to our present inquiry. The problem which we are considering depends on the movements of the molecules of air at the summit of the atmosphere, and the question is simply whether after they have made an incursion into free space there is sufficient efficiency in the attraction of the globe to effect their recall.

At the surface of Mars the speed which would carry a body away from its surface altogether is about three miles per second. It seems certain that the velocity of the molecules of hydrogen is often far in excess of this, and consequently free hydrogen is impossible as a permanent ingredient of the Martian atmosphere. Oxygen,

however, has a molecular velocity only about one-fourth of that of hydrogen, and it seems unlikely that the oxygen molecules can ever have sufficient velocity to permit their escape from an atmosphere surrounding Mars. There is nothing therefore to prevent this element from being now present.

But the case of the vapor of water is especially instructive and interesting. Its molecules have a speed which averages about one-third of that attained by the molecules of hydrogen. It would seem that the utmost pace that the molecules of water could attain (being perhaps seven times the average velocity) would be about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second. Now this would not be enough for escape from Mars, for we have seen that a speed of 3 miles per second would be required for this purpose. This argument suggests that the globe of Mars happens to approach very closely the dimensions and mass of the smallest world on which the continued existence of water was possible. It would perhaps be going rather too far to say that a world almost the size of Mars must therefore be the smallest on which life could possibly be supported, but it is plain that our argument tends to support such a proposition.

The discussion we have just given will prepare us to believe that a planet with the size and mass of Mars may be expected to be encompassed with an atmosphere. Our telescopic observations completely bear this out. It is perfectly certain that there is a certain shell of gaseous material investing Mars. This is shown in various ways. We note the gradual obscuration of objects on the planet as they approach the edge of the disk, where they are necessarily viewed through a greatly increased thickness of Martian atmosphere. We also observe the clearness with which objects are exhibited at the centre of the disk of Mars, and though this may be in some measure due to the absence of distortion from the effects of foreshortening, it undoubtedly arises to some extent from the fact that objects in this position are viewed through a comparatively small thickness of the atmosphere enveloping the planet. Clouds are also sometimes seen apparently floating in the upper region of Mars. This, of course, is only possible on the supposition that there must be an atmosphere which formed the vehicle by which

clouds were borne along. It is, however, quite obvious that the extent of the Martian atmosphere must be quite insignificant when compared with that by which our earth is enveloped. It is a rare circumstance for any of the main topographical features, such as the outlines of its so-called continents or the coasts of its so-called seas, to be obscured by clouds to an extent which is appreciable except by very refined observations. Quite otherwise would be the appearance which our globe would present to any observer who would view it say from Mars, or from some other external world at the same distance. The greater part of our globe would seem swathed with vast clouds through which only occasional peeps could be had at the actual configuration of its surface. I dare say a Martian astronomer who had an observatory with sufficiently good optical appliances, and who possessed sufficient patience, might in the course of time, by availing himself of every opportunity, gradually limn out a chart of the earth which would in some degree represent that with which we are familiar in our atlases. It would, however, be a very tedious matter owing to the interruptions to the survey caused by the obscurities in our atmosphere. The distant astronomer would never be able to comprehend the whole of our earth's features in a bird's-eye glance as we are able to do those features on that hemisphere of Mars which happens to be turned toward us on a clear night.

As to what the composition of the atmosphere on Mars may be we can say but little. In so far as the sustenance of life is concerned, the main question of course turns on the presence or the absence of oxygen. It may be pertinent to this inquiry to remark here that a globe surrounded by air may at one epoch of its career have free oxygen as an ingredient in its atmosphere, while at other epochs free oxygen may be absent. This may arise from another cause besides the possible loss of the gas by diffusion into space from small globes in the manner already explained. Indeed, it seems quite probable that the oxygen in our own air is not destined forever to remain there. It passes through various vicissitudes by being absorbed by animals and then restored again in a free state under the influence of vegetation. But there is an

appetite for oxygen among the inorganic materials of our globe which seems capable of using up all the oxygen on the globe and still remaining unsatiated. We have excellent grounds for believing that there is in the interior of the earth a quantity of metallic iron quite sufficient to unite with all the free oxygen of the air so as to form iron oxide. In view of the eagerness with which oxygen and iron unite, and the permanence of the compound which they form, it is impossible for us to regard the presence of oxygen in the air as representing a stable condition of things. It follows that, even though there may now be no free oxygen in the atmosphere of Mars, it is by no means certain that this element has always been absent. It is, however, not at all beyond the reach of scientific resources to determine what the actual composition and extent of the atmosphere of Mars may be, though it can hardly be said that as yet we are in full possession of the truth.

An almost equally important question is as to the telescopic evidence of the presence of water on Mars. Here, again, we have to be reminded of the fact that even at present, when the planet is relatively so near us, it is still actually a very long way off. It would be impossible for us to say with certainty that an extent which by its color and general appearance looked like an ocean of water was really water or was even a fluid at all. It is so easy to exaggerate the capabilities of our great telescope that it may be well to recount what is the very utmost that could be expected from even our greatest instrument when applied to the study of Mars. Let us consider, for example, the capabilities of the Lick Telescope in aiding such an inquiry as that before us. This instrument, both from its position and its optical excellence, offers a better view of Mars at the present time than can be obtained elsewhere. But the utmost that this telescope could perform in the way of rendering remote objects visible is to reduce the apparent distance of the object to about one-thousandth part of its actual amount. Some, indeed, might consider that even the Lick instrument would not be capable of giving so great an accession to our powers as this statement expresses. However, I am willing to leave the figure at this amount, only remembering that if I

estimated the powers of the telescope less highly than these facts convey, the argument on which I am entering would be correspondingly strengthened.

As we have already said, Mars is at present at a distance of 35,000,000 miles, and if we look at it through a telescope of such a power as we have described the apparent distance is reduced to one-thousandth part. In other words, all that the best telescope can possibly do is to exhibit the planet to us as it would be seen by the unaided eye if it were brought into a distance of 35,000 miles. This will demonstrate that even our greatest telescopes cannot be expected to enable us to answer the questions that are so often asked about our neighboring globe. What could we learn of Europe if we had only a bird's-eye view of it from a height of 35,000 miles, that is to say, from a height which was a dozen times as far as from the shores of Europe to America. The broad outlines of the coast might, of course, be seen by the contrast between the color of a continent and the color of the ocean. Possibly a great mountain mass like the Alps would be sufficiently noticeable to permit some conjectures as to its character to be formed. But it is obvious that it would be hopeless to expect to see details. The smallest object that would be discernible on Mars must be as large as London. It would not be possible to see a point so small as would either Liverpool or Manchester be if they were on that planet. There is no doubt a remarkable contrast between the dark colors of certain parts of Mars and the ruddy colors of other parts. It would, however, be going rather far to assert that the former must be oceans of water, and the latter continents of land. This may indeed be the case, and most astronomers, I believe, think that it is the case, but it certainly has not yet been proved to be so.

Undoubtedly the most striking piece of evidence that can be adduced in favor of the supposition that there is water on Mars is derived from the "snowy" poles on the planet. The appearance of the poles of Mars with their white caps is one of the most curious features of the solar system. The resemblance to the structure of our own polar regions is extremely instructive. It is evident that there must be some white material which from time to time gathers in mighty volume round

the north and south poles of the planet. It is also to be noticed that this accumulation is not permanent. The amount of it waxes and wanes in correspondence with the variations of the seasons on Mars. It increases during Mars' winter, and it declines again during Mars' summer. In this respect the white regions, whatever they may be composed of, present a noteworthy contrast to the majority of the other features on the planet. The latter offer no periodic changes to our notice; they are evidently comparatively permanent marks, not to any appreciable extent subject to seasonal variations. When we reflect that this white material is something which grows and then disappears according to a regular period, it is impossible to resist the supposition that it must be snow, or possibly the congealed form of some liquid other than water, which during Mars' summer is restored to a fluid state. There can hardly be a doubt that if we were ever able to take a bird's-eye view of our own earth its poles would exhibit white masses like those which are exhibited by Mars, and the periodic fluctuations at different seasons would produce changes just like those which are actually seen on Mars. It seems only reasonable to infer that we have in Mars a repetition of the terrestrial phenomenon of arctic regions on a somewhat reduced scale.

Among the features presented by Mars there are others, in addition to the polar caps, which seem to suggest the existence of water. It was in September, 1877, when Mars was placed in the same advantageous position for observation that it occupies at present, that a remarkable discovery was made by Professor Schiaparelli, the director of the Milan Observatory. In the clear atmosphere and the convenient latitude of the locality of his observatory, he was so fortunate as to observe marks not readily discernible under the less advantageous conditions in which our observatories are placed. Up to his time it was no doubt well known that the surface of Mars could be mapped out into districts marked with more or less distinctness, so much so that charts of the planet had been carefully drawn and names had been assigned to the various regions which could be indicated with sufficient certainty. But at the memorable opposition to which we have referred, the distinguished Italian astronomer discovered that the tracts gen-

erally described as "continents" on Mars were traversed by long, dark "canals," as he called them. They must have been each at least sixty miles wide, and in some cases they were thousands of miles in length. Notwithstanding the dimensions to which these figures correspond, the detection of the Martian canals indicates one of the utmost refinements of astronomical observation. The fact that they are so difficult to see may be taken as an illustration of what I have already said as to the hopelessness of discerning any object on this planet unless it be of colossal dimensions.

It is impossible to doubt that considerable changes must be in progress on the surface of Mars. It is true that, viewed from the distance at which we are placed, the extent of the changes, though intrinsically vast, seem relatively insignificant. There is, however, too much testimony as to the changes to allow of hesitation. As an illustration of what is meant we may refer to the subsequent observations of the canals made by Schiaparelli, their discoverer. During the opposition of 1881 and 1882, he again recognized the presence of these curious objects, but it would seem that a very extraordinary transformation had taken place in some of them. They had become doubled. In certain cases a pair of canals could be detected, separated by an interval of two hundred miles or more, and running parallel to each other throughout their whole length. Again, in the opposition of 1888, other astronomers, notably Dr. Terby and Monsieur Perrotin, have also made observations confirming the remarkable phenomenon of the duplicity in the canals. Professor Schiaparelli has, on the same occasion, confirmed his previous observations, and, notwithstanding that the opposition of 1888 was not really an advantageous one, yet under exceptionally favorable circumstances, he declares that he saw the hemisphere of Mars so exquisitely delineated that the canals had all the distinctness of an engraving on steel, with the magical beauty of a colored painting.

Speculations have naturally been made as to the explanation of these wonderful canals. It has been suggested that they may indeed be rivers; but it hardly seems likely that the drainage of continents on so small a globe as Mars would require an elaborate system of rivers each sixty miles

wide and thousands of miles in length. There is, however, a more fatal objection to the river theory, in the fact that the marks we are trying to interpret sometimes cross a Martian continent from ocean to ocean, while on other occasions they seem to intersect each other. Such phenomena are, of course, well-nigh impossible if these so-called canals were in any respect analogous to the rivers which we know on our own globe. It can, however, hardly be doubted that if we assume the dark regions to be oceans the canals do really represent some extension of the waters of these oceans into the continental masses. Other facts which are known about the planet suggest that what seem to be vast inundations of its continents must occasionally take place. Nor is it surprising that such vicissitudes should occur on a globe circumstanced like Mars. Here again it is well to remember the small size of the planet, from which we may infer that it has progressed through its physical evolution at a rate more rapid than would be possible with a larger globe like the earth. The sea is constantly wearing down the land, but by upheavals arising from the intensely heated condition of the interior of our globe the land is still able to maintain itself above the water. It can, however, hardly be doubted, that if our earth had so far cooled that the upheavals had either ceased or were greatly reduced, the water would greatly encroach on the land. On a small globe like Mars the cooling of the interior has so far advanced that, in all probability, the internal heat is no longer an effective agent for indirectly resisting the advance of the water, and, consequently, the observed submergence is quite to be expected.

That there may be types of life of some kind or other on Mars is, I should think, very likely. Two of the elements, carbon and hydrogen, which are most intimately associated with the phenomena of life here, appear to be among the most widely distributed elements throughout the universe, and their presence on Mars is in the highest degree probable. But what form the progress of evolution may have taken on such a globe as Mars, it seems totally impossible to conjecture. It has been sometimes thought that the ruddy color of the planet may be due to vegetation of some peculiar hue, and there is certainly no impossibility in the concep-

tion that vast forests of some such trees as copper-beeches might impart to continental masses hues not unlike those which come from Mars. Speculations have also been made as to the possibility of there being intelligent inhabitants on this planet, and I do not see how any one can deny the possibility at all events of such a notion. I would suggest, however, that as our earth has only been tenanted by intelligent beings for an extremely brief part of its entire history, say, for example, for about one-thousandth part of the entire number of years during which our globe has had an independent existence, so we may fairly conjecture that the occupancy of any other world by intelligent beings might be only a very minute fraction in the span of the planet's history. It would, therefore, be highly improbable, to say the least of it, that in two worlds so profoundly different in many respects as are this earth and Mars, the periods of occupancy by intelligent beings should happen to be contemporaneous. I should therefore judge that, though there may once have been, or though there may yet be, intelligent life on Mars, the laws of probability would seem against the supposition that there is such life there at this moment.

We have also heard surmises as to the possibility of the communication of inter-planetary signals between the earth and Mars, but the suggestion is a preposterous one. Seeing that a canal, sixty miles wide and a thousand miles long, is an object only to be discerned on exceptional occasions, and under most favorable circumstances, what possibility would there be that, even if there were inhabitants on Mars who desired to signal to this earth, they could ever succeed in doing so. We are accustomed to see ships signalling by flags, but what would have to be the size of the flags by which the earth could signal to Mars, or Mars signal to the earth. To be effective for such purpose each of the flags should be, at least, as big as Ireland. It is true, no doubt, that small planets would be fitted for the residence of large beings, and large planets would be proper for small beings. The Lilliputians might be sought for on a globe like Jupiter, and the Brobdingnagians on a globe like Mars, and not *vice versa* as might be hastily supposed. But no Brobdingnagian's arms would be mighty enough

to wave the flag on Mars which we should be able to see here. No building that we could raise, even were it a hundred times more massive than the Great Pyramid, would be discernible by the Martian as-

tronomer, even had he the keenest eyes and the most potent telescopes of which our experience has given us any conception.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE LAST DECADE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JOHN W. HALES.

It is just a hundred and one years since a certain undergraduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, by name Wordsworth, took his Bachelor's Degree and went his way into the world. The studies of the University had not greatly attracted him, at least so as to pursue them in the spirit that wins "marks" and produces "Wranglers." "William, you may have heard," writes his sister to her friend, Miss Pollard, in June, 1791, "lost the chance (indeed, the certainty) of a fellowship by not combating his inclinations. He gave way to his natural dislike to study so dry as many parts of mathematics; consequently could not succeed at Cambridge. He reads Italian, Spanish, French, Greek, Latin, and English, but never opens a mathematical book." And he himself speaks, in a letter to his sister, of his having acquainted his uncle (his mother's brother, the Rev. Dr. Cookson) with his having given up "all thoughts of a fellowship." Only in a general way did mathematics, which in the Procrustean system of the then Cambridge formed the main occupation of the place, excite his interest and admiration:

"Yet may we not entirely overlook
The pleasure gathered from the rudiments
Of geometric science. Though advanced
In these inquiries, with regret I speak,
No farther than the threshold, there I found
Both elevation and composed delight;
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance
pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to
sphere,
From system on to system without end.

"More frequently from the same source I
drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,

And paramount belief; there, recognized
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and
time,

Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent
peace

And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth."

Prelude, Bk. vi.

So that it was not so much the spirit of these great studies, as the spirit in which they were prosecuted, that discouraged him from taking them up. He felt then as he felt and wrote some years afterward, that there is no real antagonism between Poetry and Science. "Poetry," he wrote in the preface to the second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. . . . If the labors of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself." Thus, after all, the future poet's soul may have found some food and sustenance in the Cambridge atmosphere. And his experience may be of some significance if any one should thoroughly investigate the striking fact that so many of our chief poetical geniuses from Spenser to Tennyson have been bred in a university especially devoted to "exact" studies. Probably there are other respects in which Wordsworth's Cambridge life did more for him than he thought—more, at all events, than he acknowledges in that careful analysis he gives in the

"Prelude" of his development and growth, and more than any one of his biographers has yet fully ascertained. Still, it remains true that during his residence at Cambridge he had no high opinion of the place, which, indeed, was not then at its best; nor had the place any very high opinion of him. He achieved no academic distinction; he was "disturbed at times" by

"a strangeness in the mind,
A feeling that I was not for that hour,
Nor for that place;"

and when he had completed his terms and ceased to

"frequent the college groves
And tributary walks,"

no one dreamt that in the crowd of Bachelors that "went down" just a century since was one who would in course of time be ranked among the most famous of the many famous sons of St. John's—one who would make an epoch in English literature.

In that same year 1791 there went "up" to Jesus College of the same University one Samuel Taylor Coleridge, he, too, not ever to take kindly to the then academic ways and limits, though he was a classical scholar of considerable attainments, and won a University prize for Greek verse. Already a brilliant talker, and, as always, a man of a restlessly active mind and thirsty for new ideas, he availed himself much more than did Wordsworth of the social advantages which are one of the most precious benefits of a University career—I mean the advantages of a thorough interchange and comparison of opinions with his contemporaries, though indeed from the very beginning Coleridge seems to have shone rather in monologue than dialogue, and from the beginning his companions seem to have been ready to sit and listen to his wonderful outpourings. At one time pecuniary and other troubles beset him, partly at least due to his own thoughtlessness; and he disappeared, and no one at Cambridge or elsewhere knew what had become of him. Presently discovered by his writing a Latin sentence (*Eheu! quam infortunii miserimum est fuisse felicem*) on the wall of a stable—he had enlisted as a light dragoon—he came back to the University and "kept" two more terms; but as through certain theological scruples, which the

kindly Master of his college in vain discussed with him, he could take no degree, he declined the final examination; and in December, 1794, his connection with Cambridge finally ceased. Nor in his case, though he was more highly thought of than Wordsworth, was there any conception that he was to be one of the chief beginners of a new literary age.

Nor, in the last decade of the last century, if Cambridge was so unconscious of the promise and prowess of two such illustrious men, was the world at large better-sighted and better-informed as to the great movement that was then in fact taking place. Works like the "Pleasures of Memory," published in 1791, Darwin's "Loves of the Plants" (the second part of the "Botanic Garden"), his "Zoonomia, or Laws of Organic Life," and "Physiologia," published respectively in 1791, 1794-6, and 1799, and the "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, might well leave the impression that the old poetical paths were still being trodden. The "Kingdom of Heaven," we are told, "cometh not with observation." And the same may be said of other spiritual kingdoms. The world is slow to recognize a new note in poetry; it is slow merely to listen and attend to it. The old songs and the old voices occupy its ear, absorb its interest, monopolize its admiration, and to turn to new singers seems a kind of treason. It has been said that every new poet has to make an audience for himself. Certainly his audience is likely to be but small at first; and for a time the people at large doubt whether the faith of his scanty band of hearers is not a mere craze, or a mere transitory illusion or delusion. And indeed, amid a great mingling of cries it requires some sensitiveness to select the one that is best worth hearing, and which the coming generations will hear with delight. It is easy to prophesy after the event—to assume the prophetic mantle, and solemnly reanoint and crown him who is already known to be born a king. Still, contemporary criticism in great periods is for the most part a marvel, and the perusal of it should certainly inspire us in our day with a profound humility and an undogmatic caution.

Looking back to the close of the last century, we nowadays can easily discern, to a large extent at least, the signs of the

times. Figures that reached no great height as their age saw them, have become colossal to us ; and, *vice versa*, some figures that were then thought gigantic have become smaller and smaller—have dwindled into the puniest dwarfs. The keen intelligence of Coleridge separated him from the crowd that received Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches," published in 1793, with indifference and neglect. "Seldom, if ever," he wrote, "was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." But for many a long year there was no poet whom the public and its ordinary advisers more carefully and contemptuously ignored than Wordsworth. They became ecstatic over Scott, and presently, when Sir Walter ceased to reign in poetry and ascended the throne of prose fiction, over Byron ; they gave Wordsworth a frigid reception ; and yet, who nowadays would compare in value and in influence what Scott and Byron have added to our poetry with the contributions made by Wordsworth ? And not only with regard to men, but with regard to movements, is it difficult for an age to realize what is going on in its midst. I propose now to call attention to some of the tendencies and changes that were working their way in England in the last decade of the last century, and that were profoundly to influence and modify our literature, but which, at the time, were scarcely noticed or perceived.

Some of these movements will be at once indicated if we mention certain other works which came out in the decade 1791–1800—viz.: Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women," "The Romance of the Forest," "Descriptive Sketches," Godwin's "Political Justice," Cowper's "Miscellaneous Poems," "Calet Williams," "Mysteries of Udolpho," Southey's "Joan of Arc," Lewis' "Monk," Landon's "Poems," "Camilla," "The Anti-Jacobin," "The Italian," Porson's edition of "The Hecuba," Malthus' "Treatise on Population," "Lyrical Ballads," "Gebir" (the English version). Let us further note that John Wesley died in 1791, Gibbon in 1794, Burns in 1796, Cowper in 1800 ; and that Shelley was born in 1792, Keats in 1796, Macaulay in 1800 ; and we see clearly enough that the last ten years of the last century were in a special sense,

so far as literature is concerned, a time of transition—a time in which old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new—a time of death and a time of birth.

The impulses and energies which I propose to specify, as in an effective way acting upon that decade, and co-operating with each other and with other causes to produce results so noticeable and so far-reaching, are these : the great intellectual vigor and brilliancy of Germany ; the deepened influence of Greek literature and art ; the revived study and appreciation of our own older poetry ; the growing powers of the democratic movement ; and, lastly, the new cult of Nature, so to speak—that is, the new enthusiasm with which men regarded the external world, and what we call natural scenery.

Now, it is true that many traces of these tendencies and movements can be recognized in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. Influences that so deeply penetrate and pervade the mind of an age cannot be sudden and abrupt in their action. In the case both of individuals and nations conduct that seems strange and surprising, seems so only because our knowledge of their inner history is so limited and so slight. It is in fact the outcome of suggestions and aspirations and predispositions that have long been rendering it probable and certain. It is only because of our ignorance that nothing happens but the unexpected. Assuredly, if we were better informed, we might rather say that the unexpected *never* happens. In literature, long before a great revolution comes to pass, the murmur of its coming may be detected, by subsequent students at least, if we watch and listen carefully. And all through the last century we can now perceive the rise and growth of the movements that did not fully prevail till the end of it. When its own peculiar idols were in all their glory, and all men seemed bowing down on their faces before them, there were yet some persons who dissented from the established worship, some who were beginning to burn incense to other deities. All great movements and great men have had their forerunners, and the voice has been raised in the desert, listen who would, proclaiming that the way should be prepared. A most remarkable figure in this respect is the poet Gray. Of course, he is remark-

able also for the exquisiteness of some of his own productions ; but he has for the student of literature a very particular interest as having in many ways anticipated the tastes and the devotions of a subsequent age. It is quite curious to notice how powerfully he was affected by four at least of the movements we have specified long before the dawning of their day of triumph. He was a keen and eager Greek scholar. "I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through," he says in one of his letters, "and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias, for I take verse and prose together, like bread and cheese." The "*Anthologia Græca*" was one of his favorite books. His attachment to older English literature was another of his special distinctions ; yet another was his fine appreciation of mediæval architecture. His famous "Elegy," what is it but an expression of profound sympathy with "the rude forefathers of the hamlet"? He felt the beauty of the English lakes a generation before the great hierophant of them settled at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. And, though the said hierophant had his quarrel with Gray, and thought that his language was often unintelligible, yet scarcely he himself could have written of a sunrise with a faithfuller observation and a more genuine feeling than Gray describes what he saw one daybreak :

"I must not close my letter [he writes to his friend Nicolls, in Nov. 1764] without giving you one principal event of my history, which was that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levée. I saw the clouds and dark vapors open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands), first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue ; and all at once (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one, too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper, yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before ; I hardly believe it."

And before Gray there was Thomson, some at least of whose lines, we know, clung to the memory of Wordsworth :

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky

Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living stream at eve ;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave ;
Of fancy, reason, virtue nought can me bereave."

But, whatever forerunners there may have been of the great movements on our considering, it was certainly not till about the close of the century that they began to produce their full effect.

I.

To turn to them briefly one by one : The dominant foreign influence on our literature through the great part of the eighteenth century was certainly French. By this declaration is not at all meant that we did nothing but ape and imitate the French classics, though they were translated or in some way reproduced often enough. What is meant is that the direction and the tone of our literature were to a large extent imparted by France, then, and just before then, at the height of its literary glory. Pope's work is thoroughly his own, and not to be confounded with that of anybody else, at home or abroad ; but in many respects that work would have been different, had not Boileau, for instance, preceded him. And so elsewhere we see deeply impressed the influence of Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau. Hence the somewhat extravagant outburst of Keats in his lines entitled "Sleep and Poetry," when he denounces the last century versifiers as an

"Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright Lyrist [Apollo himself] to his face,
And did not know it. No, they went about,
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Mark'd with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau !"

Among the most wonderful phenomena of literary history are the revival of the German spirit some hundred and thirty years ago, and the supersession by it of this French leadership. The German genius had slept so deeply and so long that the world had arrived at the conviction that no good poetical thing could come from it ; and when it began to wake and speak again, its voice was heard with incredulity not unmingled with contempt.

No one imagined that a country so long a proverb for literary inferiority and dullness was about to take the foremost place in the world of literature and science and learning. "The taste for what is German will pass away like the taste for coffee," cried a French wit, with curious infelicity. How this resurrection came about would be a fascinating subject to discuss, if the space at our disposal permitted. It would be specially interesting to dwell upon the part that England played in its accomplishment—upon the influence on Germany of Milton, Shakespeare, Richardson, Goldsmith, Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." But just now we have only to remind ourselves of the great fact that it was accomplished, and that whatever Germany owed to us at that time of its so splendid regeneration, it repaid us, and still repays us, "good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over." The German impulse harmonized with impulses that were already permeating England, and to these it gave a stronger force and more successful action.

The influence of Germany clearly exhibits itself in the works of Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Byron, not to mention lesser names. At first it does not exhibit itself at its best. The plays of Kotzebue enjoyed in England, as in their native country, an attention and a popularity they were far from deserving; and Schiller was more thought of than Goethe. The "Robbers" was wildly admired. The susceptible Coleridge declares:

"I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had
sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-
rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry,
Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her goblin
rout,
Diminished, shrunk from the more withering
scene!
Ah! Bard tremendous in sublimity!
Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve, with finely frenzied eye,
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging
wood!
Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,
Then weep aloud in a wild ecstasy."

And in the preface to "The Fall of Robespierre" he states his design to develop the chief characters "on a vast scale of horror." Well-pointed and applied was

Canning's satire in "The Rovers"; and the picture of the manacled Rogers was not without justification:

"Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

"Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

"(During the last stanza Rogers dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.)"

But it would be unfair to assign such sensationalism to a wholly foreign origin. It was, in fact, in the air of the time—in the air of England as well as in that of Germany; only Germany, as it happened, gave it the most popular expression, and so a greater vogue than it might otherwise have acquired. But these morbid excesses were soon discredited, and the healthier and purer influences of the new intellectual régime soon made themselves felt. Coleridge, who had begun to learn German in the autumn of 1797, in order to read Wieland's "Oberon," and had practised himself by the translation of Klopstock's "Odes," "determined to continue his education in Germany itself;"* and in September, 1798, sailed from Yarmouth for Hamburg, accompanied by Wordsworth and his sister. From his sojourn at Goslar the latter poet seems to have derived no special mental benefit—at least, no benefit which he might not have gained anywhere else. He lived all alone, and he was home-sick:

"I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

"'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more."

But to Coleridge, his stay in Germany was far from being a mere melancholy

* Brandl's "Coleridge," p. 227.

dream; it was a delightful reality, and he gathered a rich store of new ideas. The writer that did most for his development at that time was Lessing. And with that influence began a new era in dramatic criticism.

"It was Lessing [he writes in his '*Biographia Literaria*,' p. 275] who first introduced the name and the works of Shakespeare to the admiration of the Germans; and I should not perhaps go too far if I add that it was Lessing who first proved to all thinking men, even to Shakespeare's own countrymen, the true nature of his apparent irregularities. These, he demonstrated, were deviations only from the accidents of the Greek tragedy, and from such accidents as hung a heavy weight on the wings of the Greek poets, and narrowed their flight within the limits of what we may call the heroic opera. He proved that in all the essentials of art, no less than in the truth of nature, the plays of Shakespeare were incomparably more coincident with the principles of Aristotle than the productions of Corneille and Racine, notwithstanding the boasted regularity of the latter."

The influences on Scott of Goethe's early romantic drama, and of Bürger's ballads, were undoubtedly important. They encouraged and strengthened other influences amid which he had lived and was living, and, coming just at the crisis of his life, had much to do in determining and shaping his literary career.

It would easily be possible to illustrate this German dominion at length and in detail. But what is now proposed is a general survey of the movements above mentioned, rather than a minute exposition. And as our time and space are emphatically finite, we must pass on briefly to consider the Greek influences on the poetic renaissance of a hundred years ago.

II.

Now, the critics and authors of the eighteenth century are forever talking about the classics; but, if we observe their remarks, we shall find for the most part that they mean the Latin classics—that they have little or no real acquaintance with the Greek. It is true that Bentley's life extends from 1662 to 1742; but Bentley is the exception that proves—*i.e.*, tries—the rule, and that verifies it. That his age believed that the so-called "Epistles of Phalaris" were genuine, and that Bentley had the worse in the controversy about them, at once writes down that age as singularly innocent of Greek

learning, and, in fact, incompetent to appreciate a real Greek scholar. In this respect Bentley stands all alone, of such lofty stature that his puny contemporaries cannot even conceive the extent of his dimensions. It is true Pope translated Homer; but what is there Homeric, or at all events how much is there that is un-Homeric, and even anti-Homeric, in that brilliant performance!

To turn to another accomplished Augustan. "Great praise," says Macaulay,* "is due to the notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the '*Metamorphoses*.' Yet those notices, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets.

. . . All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without reading one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages of Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid. The same may be said of the '*Treatise on Medals*.' We are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer."

If we cast a glance at the classical tragedies that were in esteem, we find they belong to the school of Seneca rather than that of Sophocles.

It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the fact that toward the close of the century there arose a classicism better worthy of the name—that the relations of Greek and Latin art and literature were more clearly understood, that the supremacy of the Greek genius was fully felt and acknowledged.† The truth of what the most competent Romans had themselves perceived and confessed came now to be accepted. Says Horace:

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

Says Goethe: "Let us study Molière, let us study Shakespeare; but, above all things, the old Greeks and always the

* Essays: "Addison."

† Mr. Pollard's introduction to his "Odes from the Greek Dramatists" is well worth reading in this connection.

Greeks." The Germans lent splendid assistance in this Hellenic revival. The perfection of Greek literary forms, and the incomparable beauty of Greek workmanship, were studied and appreciated by Western Europe as never before, not even in the period of what is specially called the Renaissance. Nor was it merely an artistic sympathy that was felt. It was a sympathy with the independence and daring of Greek thought—a sympathy with the Greek passion for intellectual freedom and an unfettered spirit, not cribbed and cabined and confined by custom and worldliness and dogma. Those who strove to deliver themselves and their age from the yoke of mere conventionality—to set the soul free, so to speak—drew their inspiration and their strength largely from Attic sources. Shelley, fleeing from what seemed to him the oppressive and stifling air of England, promises his son a home in Italy or Greece, and from his very childhood a knowledge of Greek history and literature :

"We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the mother of the free ;
And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon their heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore ; that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim."

Happily, so far as these Greek studies were concerned, he might well have trained his boy in England : for England was indeed taking a distinguished place in their pursuit. It was in 1793 that Porson was appointed Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and with Porson begins a new era in Greek scholarship. By this Greek influence our literature is widely and deeply penetrated. It is to be observed even in the work of Wordsworth, a poet not readily or commonly accessible to literary stimulations. What Landor says of his "Laodamia" may perhaps be somewhat hyperbolic, but there is no little truth in it, and it is very noticeable as coming from such an accomplished Hellenist. He pronounces it "a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own, and a part of which might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions he describes—the Elysian Fields."* But

* See "Imaginary Conversations" : Southey and Porson,

Shelley and Keats are those who most profoundly and abundantly illustrate the mighty power of Greece in the period of our last poetic revival. Conceive their writings with this power withdrawn. How deeply the genius of Æschylus, Theocritus, and of Moschus, stirred and moved the genius of Shelley cannot easily be overestimated ; and for Keats, we know indeed that it was Spenser who first woke in him a poetical consciousness, but it was Greek art that thrilled him through and through. For Greek art came in a sense to abide among us, when in 1816 our Government purchased "The Elgin Marbles," and these "marbles" were presently exhibited at the British Museum. The ancient Greek spirit, as embodied in them, strangely moved the spirit of Keats ; and other masterpieces of classical antiquity profoundly affected him. A new sense of beauty awoke in the bosom of this Londoner of the nineteenth century, and a deep sympathetic joy in the sight of these ancient perfections. Let us recall his apostrophe to a Grecian urn :

"O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other
woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou
sayst,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is
all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to
know."

And this quickening and energetic Greek influence has not throughout the century ceased to perform its divine ministry. A poet only recently passed away—one, I suppose, of what are called "Minor Poets," but an exquisite one—thus speaks for himself to a friend who wondered how he kept his soul alive in this modern climate :

"Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days,
my mind ?
He much, the old man, who clearest soul'd
of men,
Saw the Wide Prospect and the Asian
Fen,
And Tmolus hill and Smyrna bay, though
blind.
Much he, whose friendship I not long since
won,

That halting slave who in Nicopolis
 Taught Arrian when Vespasian's brutal
 son
 Clear'd Rome of what most shamed him,
 But be his
 My special thanks, whose even-balanced
 soul
 From first youth tested up to extreme old
 age
 Business could not make dull, nor passion
 wild ;
 Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole ;
 The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
 Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child."

III.

But we must hasten on, in this most rapid survey, to notice the revival of our older literature some hundred years ago.

Now, the last century, admirable as it was in so many ways, and doing so much good service of which we now reap the benefit, made the mistake of prizing too highly its own literary culture and its own productions, and thinking far too little of the culture and productions of preceding times. People often talked as if English poetry began with Waller ! They made some exception, perhaps, in favor of Spenser ; but for the most part they scarcely thought that our older writers were worth studying, or that the Middle Ages could have anything to offer them in the way of instruction or of delight. The general attitude toward Shakespeare was apologetic. Voltaire had labelled him a "buffoon," and there seemed something in it. His best friends allowed he was very "irregular ;" and others spoke with less reserve. Hume, one of the finest intellects of his day, describes him as "born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction from the world or from books," and finally pronounces that "a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold." Other Elizabethans, except possibly Ben Jonson, fared yet worse when brought before such tribunals. Our still older poetry was as good as unknown. As to Chaucer, nothing more need be said, for nothing more significant could be said, than that Dryden and Pope's versions of certain pieces of his were currently accepted—versions that should be assiduously read by any one who wishes to remain really ignorant of the great Plantagenet poet. That there could be poetry of any high quality in Anglo-Saxon—anything of vigor and

power, and having in it some flashes of Homeric fire—this had not yet entered into men's heads to conceive.

Some hundred years ago a complete and a blessed change took place in this respect. The past, and the poetry of the past, began to excite interest and command attention. The national mind refreshed itself by a perusal of the native masterpieces of previous periods. The way for this revival had been happily prepared by Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and the writings of the Wartons, and the scholarship of Tyrwhitt. And at last men turned with enthusiasm to the Elizabethan literature and to the Middle Ages, both early and late. The result is conspicuous in the works of Scott, of Coleridge, of Keats, to confine ourselves to the greater names. These geniuses delighted to wander amid the fields of mediæval thought and feeling that were in their time reopened, and to make others share their delight. The contrasts with modern ideas, and the strange likenesses to them, were a perpetual fascination. It was clearly seen that the present had much to learn from the past, and that the attitude of pity and condescension toward it was by no means just or wise. Astonishing and incredible as it might seem, the Middle Ages, however imperfect their civilization in some respects, were not a mere wilderness of barbarism, but a time of splendid visions and inspirations—of "fine intelligence," that could worthily express and embody itself. Have any centuries left behind them more magnificent monuments than the old churches and cathedrals that are yet one of the supreme glories of our land ? What are they but noble poems in stone, the epics of architecture, petrifications of beauty—

"Thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth
 proof
 That they were born for immortality ?"

It was strange indeed that men's eyes should have been so long blind to art-work so exquisite ; but at last they saw it, and more and more fully realized its incomparable excellence. How deeply Scott felt the spell of Melrose Abbey, and Wordsworth that of King's College Chapel, each poet, in this respect as in others, a minister of "the Gothic Revival !" And how fitly does Sir Walter lie in his last long sleep amid the ruins of Dryburgh ! Once more men delighted to

enter the land of Romance, and marvel at its so long-forgotten flowers, and listen to the sweet weird songs that filled the air of it.

IV.

The fourth movement I wish briefly to point out is the democratic, using the term in the widest sense. The poetry of Pope does not concern itself with the people at large. It is busy with lords and ladies, with wits and *litterateurs*. But a profound social change was slowly accomplishing itself, even from the time of Queen Anne; and this soon began to have some representation in literature. The old exclusiveness gradually disappeared, and was succeeded by a broader conception of society, inspired by a new sense of brotherhood, and a more comprehensive humanity. It was a bold innovation that Richardson should adopt a servant-girl for a heroine; but he sufficiently acknowledges the old *régime* when he rewards his sadly persecuted Pamela with the hand of the worthless nobleman who has done his worst to effect her ruin. By the end of the century no writer who was up to date, so to speak—*i.e.*, who really understood the spirit of the age and wrote under its characteristic dictates—would have thought such a finale became the situation. No doubt this expression of sympathy was often marred by what was ill-judged and foolish and grotesque; and Canning's ridiculous picture of the philanthropist who thinks that a needy knife-grinder must necessarily have been, or be, wholly the victim of some proud oppressor, and not at all the victim of himself, had its truth and value when he drew it. But on the whole this movement was truly human and humanizing. It was good for the mind, and it was good for the soul, that their horizons should be widened. The poetic area was immensely increased. A new world, indeed, was discovered and traversed and annexed. It was finely said of Sir Walter Scott that he spoke to every man as if he were his blood-relation. And not other is the spirit that passed into literature in the great era of the French Revolution, when, in a most important sense, if I may so use St. Paul's phrase, not without blood in France itself, the members of each nation were all "baptized into one body," whether they were bond or free. Of this noble extension of

its interests literature furnishes us with copious examples. Perhaps more than any other poet, Wordsworth, however alienated—and not surprisingly—he became from the Revolutionary movement, taught men a more catholic affection for their kind—that all fellow-creatures were to be regarded with interest and respect; at least that rank and position should not be allowed to monopolize respect and interest; that among the poorest and the humblest may be found characters of genuine worth, that deserve an unpatronizing, a kindly, and even a reverent consideration. Nowadays these statements sound like vapid commonplaces; but it was not always so, and even now they often need reinforcement. The commonest circumstances and things, and persons of the least outward note and distinction, moving in the most ordinary environment—around and on these Wordsworth threw a new light, and made visible and clear their hitherto scarcely recognized attractions:

"O reader, had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you will find
A tale in everything."

Of the poet he asserts that—

"In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart—
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

It was a lesson which Wordsworth himself had had to learn—a revelation that had come to him after and amid some bitter experiences. Equable and calm as were his mood and temper when we knew him best, that peace had not been attained without effort, and till after a severe convulsion. There was a certain dark hour of his life when despair nearly overpowered him—despair of mankind and of the world's future. The horrid orgies of the French Revolution, when it forgot its own prime principles and lost all self-control, profoundly depressed and saddened one who from the first had hailed that movement as the beginning of a better time:

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Till 1593 he thought that the best dreams of the best friends of humanity were about to be realized. Then there befell, as it seemed, a frightful reverse. And Wordsworth's soul well-nigh died

within him; and for some months his spiritual condition was highly critical. He was tempted to turn cynic and satirist. The influences that saved him from such perdition, and so saved and secured for our literature one of its most purifying and strengthening forces, are a very interesting study; but only one of them can now be mentioned—viz., that happily he was led from the observation of men in masses to the observation of men as individuals. The Parisian mob, with its wild excesses, was no edifying spectacle. And often it happens that men in large bodies seem to be guided, not by their collective wisdom, but by their collective folly—that not common sense seems to dominate, but common nonsense, and the human race is not shown at its best, but at its worst. For a mass of men is not merely an accumulation of individuals; a certain new element is introduced through the very accumulation, and each individual is not exactly himself, but in becoming part of a large conglomeration he is modified and shaped, and to a certain degree transformed. And when conglomerations take a bad turn, then man appears but a wild and hopeless animal. Now, to Wordsworth, the human herd, as he saw it, had ceased to give comfort and pleasure. And he was moved to despair of the Republic. But happily for him, he found in the individual what he so sadly missed in the mob, and so he recovered his faith in his kind. A passage in a letter of his to Fox, the famous statesman, deserves to be quoted in this connection:

"Necessitated as you have been, from your public situation, to have much to do with men in bodies and in classes, and, accordingly, to contemplate them in that relation, it has been your praise that you have not thereby been prevented from looking upon them as individuals, and that you have habitually left your heart open to be influenced by them in that capacity. This habit [he adds] cannot but have made you dear to poets; and I am sure that if, since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single true poet living in England, he must have loved you."

It was Wordsworth's good fortune to number among his intimate friends some persons of singularly fine and excellent disposition and genius; and their society was an infinite blessing to him always, but especially at this time, when his heart was so depressed within him. Not less for-

tunate was he in discovering among the peasantry that lived round his humble home a real dignity of character, a true manliness, a natural nobility. Like the Shepherd-lord in his own exquisite poem,

"Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;"

and by the intimate knowledge he acquired of his humble neighbors—of their trials and the fortitude with which they were borne—of their principles and their ambitions and their ideals—he was inspired with a genuine admiration for lives so simple, so unexacting, so brave. And he was content to celebrate them, and the troubles and the defeats and the victories that darkened or brightened those unostentatious careers:

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find, or there create?

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear?
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

In the older poetry we are introduced to shepherds and shepherdesses and other rustics, but they are for the most part fine ladies and gentlemen thinly disguised, provided with dainty crooks and fine-spun blouses from the stores of the costumier. But now we have before us the real thing—the *bonâ-fide* milkmaid, the dalesman who

"had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him on the heights,"

the Female Vagrant, the Pedlar, the Old Huntsman, the Leech-gatherer on the Moor.

It would be easy to illustrate more fully this democratic movement in literature, and from the writings of other poets be-

sides Wordsworth—e.g., of Scott, of Campbell, of Coleridge, of Shelley; but we must now quickly glance at the fifth and last movement which we have specified as marking and directing the literary era that now concerns us.

V.

A very striking difference between this century and the last is presented to us, if we notice the attitudes of the two periods toward external nature—toward natural scenery in its most ordinary, and yet more noticeably in its wilder and grander forms. Very generally in the time of Pope, and by the school of Pope, natural phenomena were described without any real knowledge of them, the eye of the describer not upon the object, to use a phrase of Wordsworth's which is often cited nowadays as invented by Matthew Arnold, who, indeed, borrowed it from Wordsworth. There was little pure delight in nature and the things of nature. There was, indeed, some interest in nature when duly tricked out and arranged in a certain fashion; but nature, not artificially readjusted and so made presentable, had comparatively few friends. The taste for mountains had not yet arisen. Not a word is said in praise of those "great creatures of God." "Our earliest travellers—Ray, the naturalist, one of the first men of his age; Bishop Burnet and others who had crossed the Alps, or lived some time in Switzerland—are silent upon the sublimity and beauty of those regions; and Burnet even uses these words, speaking of the Grisons: 'When they have made up estates elsewhere, they are glad to leave Italy and the best parts of Germany, and to come and live among those mountains, of which the very sight is enough to fill a man with horror.' The accomplished Evelyn, giving an account of his journey from Italy through the Alps, dilates upon the terrible, the melancholy, and the uncomfortable; but till he comes to the fruitful country in the neighborhood of Geneva not a syllable of praise or delight."* In Defoe's "Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain," continued by Richardson, and by "a gentleman of eminence in the literary world" (seventh edition, 1769), the favorite adjective—the *constans epitheton*—for the mountains is

"frightful." Westmoreland is spoken of as "a country eminent only for being the wildest, most barren, and frightful of any that I have passed over in England or in Wales." Elsewhere we read: "But notwithstanding the terrible aspect of the hills, when we had passed by Kendal and descended from the frightful mountains, the flat country began to show itself; and we soon found the north and northeast part of the country to be pleasant, rich, fruitful, and, if compared to the other part, may be said to be populous."* In another passage we are informed that the writer and his companion or companions did "not think it worth our while to go among the hills and cliffs and rocks and terrible precipices of the Stanmore district, in the North Riding."†

Since such views were current, what a revolution in taste has come about! How complete is the contrast presented by the poetry of Wordsworth, of Scott, of Byron! The very regions which the typical eighteenth-century man carefully avoided, so far as he could, his successor began to visit and frequent with enthusiasm. A new sense of natural beauty developed itself. Landscapes that once excited only horror were now gazed upon with awe, but also with delight. The solitudes once thought so forbidding and so gloomy, were hailed as homes of refreshment and peace for the weary spirit. A veil was withdrawn from the face of Nature, and she showed herself in all her loveliness and in all her majesty. No wonder if those who so beheld her were fascinated by her charms. The beauty of the earth had never been so keenly realized, and it became a mighty influence. Things that lay all round, and of which little heed had been taken, were now discerned to be gems of price. One might almost say that men seemed now to see for the first time, or to see with a new clearness and appreciation, everything that God had made, and "behold it was very good." The visible world was crowned with a new glory, and drew men's eyes and thoughts toward it with a fresh attraction and a new-born ardor:

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,

* Wordsworth's "Prose Works," ii. 327.

* Defoe's "Tour," etc., iii. 304.

† *Ibid.* iii. 161.

The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling, and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye."

And, in Wordsworth's mind at least, this delight in the mere external form was followed by a yet deeper delight in what seemed to lie beneath or within it, and be expressed by it :

" For I have learned
 To look on Nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean, and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am
 I still

A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
 And mountains ; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth ; of all the mighty
 world

Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
 And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
 In Nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
 Of all my moral being."

And such a recognition of Nature and her sway—such a worship of Nature—is perpetually uttered in the poetry of Wordsworth, "of Nature's inmost shrine . . . the priest." Thus, to quote the whole of the fine stanza of which I have already in another connection quoted the first line :

" Love had he found in huts where poor men
 lie ;
 His daily teachers had been woods and
 rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Or, again, in the well-known lines called "The Tables Turned," where he disparages book-learning by the side of Nature's lessons for those who know how to receive them :

" Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife ;
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,

How sweet his music ! On my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

" And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher ;
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

" She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

" One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can."

Of such teachings that to most ears were inarticulate and obscure, Wordsworth was ordained the interpreter ; and if at times, like priests in other temples, he was excessive in his commentaries, yet not easily can be overrated the service he performed for his day and generation, and for days and generations to come, in making men feel—not only see, but *feel*—the beauties of the material world in which we live ; not only of its rarer and grander sights and shows, but of its every-day and common phenomena. To "see nothing in Nature that is ours," and to give "our hearts away, a sordid boon," that, he taught us, is a sorry condition, and this a miserable surrender. He taught us that life has ceased to be worth living when we find ourselves without any responsive emotion in the presence of what is lovely and divine, however common the spectacle of it ; when a thing of beauty ceases to be a "joy forever."

" My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !"

Other illustrations of this change in the general attitude toward Nature might be brought forward in abundance from other contemporary authors ; but this rapid survey must now be concluded. I trust that I have made distinct some at least of the influences that effected such a wonderful transformation in our literature nearly a century ago ; influences whose force is not yet spent, but is still active and beneficent. — *Contemporary Review*.

CHOLERA AND CLEANLINESS IN RUSSIA.

BY E. B. LANIN.

"YOUR roof leaks, I hear?" one Russian gentleman sympathetically inquired of another, some time ago.

"It does, the d—d thing; leaks abominably."

"Why not have it repaired?"

"Repaired! Why, how the deuce can I get it repaired in these torrents of rain?"

"Oh, I did not mean while it was raining; but in fine weather, you know."

"Why, that's just the point, man; in fine weather it's all right—gives me no trouble whatever."

This anecdote, lately retold by a Russian semi-official organ, admirably brings out the two extremes of alternating listlessness and repining with which the approach of the cholera was viewed by most thinking Russians, from the *mooshiks*, who dimly feel that the laws of God duly countersigned by the police shape their destiny, rough-hew them how they will, to the ministers who distinctly foresee national calamities but piously leave to Providence the arduous task of warding them off. It was thus that the famine was foretold with historic accuracy and received with blank astonishment, and that the numerous warnings given by the cholera were scrupulously recorded and as scornfully rejected as were those of Noah to his neighbors in the days when the ark was building. And yet it would be unjust, while exonerating the people, to blame severely their rulers for not undertaking a task which would have given pause to a thaumaturgus; for nothing less than the gift of working miracles would have enabled them to bring about that general state of cleanliness in which cholera ceases to be formidable. The Russian people are as pliant and malleable as the purest gold, or, to use their own picturesque expression, may be twisted into a ram's-horn by the meanest of their masters. But even to this capacity there are certain well-defined limits. A raw peasant can, at a pinch, be suddenly changed into a brave soldier, a skilful mechanic, a pious priest, or a desperate conspirator, but he cannot, without a miracle—which religion

occasionally performs—be metamorphosed into a clean, tidy citizen.*

Cleanliness, like the pursuit of virtue, or a liking for caviar, is an acquired taste whenever peculiar climatic conditions have not rendered it an absolute necessity. But the Russian's inveterate repugnance to it seems to have become a condition of his very being—a sort of counterpart in his physiological apparatus to space and time in the intellectual mechanism of all humanity. Not only does the average Russian endorse Lord Palmerston's view that dirt is beautiful in its proper place, but, going much further, he holds that its proper place is wherever it happens to be found, while he frowns upon cleanliness as a sort of moral delinquency, freedom from which is to be cultivated as a virtue and enjoyed as a pleasure. Like Eliphaz the Temanite, he cries out in the fulness of his heart: "What is man that he should be clean?"

"The loss of wealth is loss of dirt," sang the old English bard, at a time when the close relation between cleanliness and godliness was less clearly discerned than at present. "The loss of dirt is loss of wealth" seems to be the motto of the Russian people, writ large in their habits and frankly proclaimed in their proverbs. "The snow, though white," says a common Russian adage, "is not toothsome; but the poppy, though black, is the food of Boyars." "The wolf and the bear," says another proverb, "are healthy, and yet *they* never wash."

The love of the people for their hot bath—a sort of national institution—seems to rebut this assertion. In no part of Europe are public baths so common or so accessible to the lower order as in Russia, and probably no other people make so frequent use of them. But the contradiction is only apparent. The attraction

* The relative cleanliness of the members of the Stundist sect and the followers of Colonel Paschkoff is proverbial; and, strange to say, all Russians who join these persuasions soon become models of cleanliness to their Orthodox compatriots.

of the bath, which is in very many cases a gigantic nest of loathsome disease-germs, an abomination in the sight of angels and of men, consists not in the subordinate soap and water, but in the hot vapor beloved by the Russian alike in his hovel, his church, and his bath, in which he generally steams himself until his skin resembles the jelly called *kisell*, and occasionally till he faints. Nor is it unusual for people who regularly patronize these steam-chambers to dispense entirely with the services of the washer-woman, allowing the articles she may have cleansed and renovated to moulder in dust away.*

The Russian loves uncleanness for its simplicity and also for the feeling of unfettered homeliness it confers. "Our affection for dirt," says one of the most celebrated journalists of the day, "is a Pan-Russian trait."† "So thoroughly accustomed are we to filth," exclaims the most respectable journal in Russia, "that many people go so far as to doubt whether any useful end could be furthered by annihilating it."‡

This view, like most popular notions on such subjects as fall within the mental range of the crowd, has been enshrined in the tenets of the various native sects with which Byzantine Orthodoxy is honey-combed. The latest prophet arisen in the land, Count Leff Tolstoi, is at one with the earliest in his endeavors to raise uncleanness to the rank of a sacramental rite by conferring upon it the approval of philosophy and the sanction of religion.§ His disciples, less reserved than their master in their advocacy of his doctrine, and much more thorough in reducing it to practice, are occasionally called upon to suffer for their conviction. One of the most estimable of them all, after having been repeatedly warned in vain, was recently dismissed from his situation in a first-class shop in St. Petersburg for literally poisoning the atmosphere and driving away customers and colleagues in consequence of his studied violation of those elementary canons of personal hygiene which even four-footed animals may be trusted to observe. Influential friends

had much difficulty in getting the severe but righteous sentence rescinded, and still greater difficulty in shaking the resolution of this Russian Joseph Labre and inducing him to sacrifice the dictates of a curiously warped conscience to the health of his fellows, the interests of his employers, and the welfare of his own family.

It is only just to remark that these and kindred unæsthetic practices owe but their sacramental character, not their origin, to religious prescriptions like those of Count Leff Tolstoi. Every hamlet, village, town and city, every hut, house and palace bears profound traces of this national characteristic. Even in St. Petersburg the inhabitants of the enormous buildings which harbor more inmates than many an European village, live as if their first duty in life were to propagate disease-germs as the insects propagate the pollen of flowers. Describing a typical inmate of one of these typical houses (the house of Prince Vyazemsky, near the Haymarket), a man who has laid by a very fair provision against the rainy day, the *Novoye Vremya* casually remarks:—"He never has his linen washed. Whenever he puts on a shirt, he puts it on for good, and wears it till it drops in shreds off his back."*

Much has been hoped from the outbreak of the cholera; and if lethargy were the cause of the evil, the remedy might be trusted to prove as efficacious as it would be cheap. But as we have seen there are more potent factors at work than mere torpor; besides which the lower orders lack the education necessary to enable them to grasp the relation between filth and infection, cholera and foul water. Infection and contagion are unmeaning phrases to the people whom Mr. Stead is pleased to look upon as idyllic "brown sheep," blissfully grazing on the pastures of the shepherd-Tzar, and who now explain the outbreak of the cholera as the result of the diabolical machinations of English enemies, who, under pretence of distributing alms to the hungry peasantry, visited the famine districts last year and bribed mercenary Russian physicians to work the unholy spell. Relations, friends, and even perfect strangers will drink together out of the same vessels with and kiss the lips of those whom they see to be suffering from most loathsome diseases,

* Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 18th February, 1892.

† *Nemirovitch Dantschenko*; cf. *Odessa Novosti*, 14th September, 1888.

‡ *Week*, July 10th, 1892.

§ Cf. his article in the *New Review*, July, 1892.

* *Novoye Vremya*, 9th July, 1892.

without manifesting repugnance at the sight or entertaining fear for the consequences. And, apart from the question of squeamishness, this is perfectly intelligible, seeing that disease and death, in the theological system of the Russian people, are positive entities created by God and let loose by Himself, by evil-minded men or by the devil, in the same way as the lethal shafts of Apollo were aimed at the offending Greeks. The *mooshik* is as incapable of comprehending the nexus between dirt and disease as of discerning the causal relation between tides and the moon. That the Creator of the universe, when minded to send the cholera to chasten His people, should allow His inscrutable plans to be thwarted by dint of mere mopping and scrubbing of houses and streets, which are no filthier than ever they were before, seems to them an impious thought; its expression in words rank blasphemy. The prayers of priests and the counter spells of country lasses ploughing the village in the dead of the night, are the legitimate means of moving heaven and restraining hell; and the failure of these is a sure sign that further attempts in this direction would be tantamount to flying in the face of Providence.

Another difficulty in the way of sanitation is the cost. In the present position of affairs in Russia money, though somewhat less scarce than wholesome air and innocuous water, is infinitely more prized than either. It has been calculated by qualified experts that the sanitation of peasants' huts—which after all is but the first and least important step toward improvement—cannot possibly be effected for less than seven roubles (about 15s.) each, a sum which no sane *mooshik* would dream of parting with for the sake of lessening a danger which he deems imaginary. The sanitation of towns, cities, and rivers, would involve an outlay exceeding that caused by the famine; and a year after its completion the work would be as thoroughly undone as Penelope's web was wont to be in the early hours of the morning.

But far more decisive than all other difficulties is the vastness of the undertaking combined with the incapacity of those who, under the present system of political elimination, are alone qualified to execute it. Were each sanitary commission a Hercules disposing of an Alpheus

and a Peneus, none of the present generation would live to see the work accomplished. The stables of Augeas were neglected for only thirty years; whereas the towns, cities, and rivers of Russia have not been cleansed since the Scythians and the Turanians ran wild throughout the country. There is no periodical casting of the slough in Russia, such as is practised in all other lands, not excepting the settlements of comparative barbarians.

Not only is the sanitary state of the people and their surroundings disgusting, but the most cautious handling of the subject has a strong tendency to become equally so. To take the question of food and drink, for instance, it is as much as one can do to keep the subject within the broadest limits of the proprieties of language. The startling facts brought to light by the famine are still in the recollection of every reader, some of whom have not yet ceased to wonder how a Russian peasant can vie in omnivorousness with the ostrich, the shark, the shipwrecked mariner, and go on living and laboring as before. Any foreign visitor to the two capitals, who strolls down the "Glutton's Row," glances at the sickening objects laid on the filthy tables standing under wooden sheds, all which an energetic sanitary officer or fire from heaven or from hell should speedily destroy, and notes with what ravenous appetites this loathsome food is devoured by men and women, boys and girls, will have considerably increased the army of hideous visions which, in moments of despondency, rise up to people "tragical shadow's realm of sound and sight" and make one long to flit into some less wretched world than ours.

But it must not be supposed that the classes which are out of the reach of want are therefore exempt from the disease and suffering that result from unhealthy food and drink. The most gifted among contemporary Russian journalists has not shrunk from the unsavory task of describing the chambers of horrors known as "first-class" bakeries, confectioneries, and butchers' shops, in language which would affect the sensitive English reader almost to the same extent as a close acquaintance with the horrible realities themselves. The following extract from the article of this competent authority, though considerably pruned, is probably as much

as will bear translation. Describing the exquisite jams prepared by some of the most renowned confectioners of Russia, whom he mentions by name, he says :—

"Almost everywhere the berries containing little stones are prepared for the confectioners and freed from their stones, not by means of a mechanical apparatus, but by the application of human lips. Poor women suck them out from currants, barberries, gooseberries, etc."

Passing to the subject of the national drink, called *quass*, a beverage brewed from rye bread and other ingredients, the writer continues :—

"These quass establishments are positive *cloacas*. In the streets of Moscow, especially where large numbers of workmen are gathered together, you always see a crowd of little street Arabs carrying large glass jugs full of a muddy, sourish liquid, which they offer to the passers-by under the names of 'currant quass,' 'raspberry quass,' 'lemonade,' 'sweet sugary quass.' On sultry days, after a procession or some other religious or social rejoicings, enormous quantities of these drinks are consumed, and the street boys, whenever their jugs are empty, rush off and replenish them so soon, so surprisingly soon, that they seem to fabricate the quass while they run."

On the 15th June N. Nemirovitch-Dantschenko discovered how this feat is accomplished :—

"Three little boys were standing on the wooden platform on the banks of the river Moskva, where foul clothes are rinsed and washed; beside them stood their empty jars. One of the boys took from his bosom a couple of lemons, cut off some slices, and dropped them into the jar; the remaining slices he squeezed then and there with his dirty hands, sprinkled powdered sugar over them, poured in some of the yellowish fluid from the river, shook up the whole, and forthwith began to shout, 'Lemonade! lemonade!' with all his might and main in the centre of a crowd which swallowed his preparation in the twinkling of an eye. The method followed by another boy was more complicated—his speciality being 'raspberry quass'—which, as I noticed, requires straining. The ingenious youth, however, was equal to the occasion. Throwing off one of his boots, he drew a jute bag from his bosom, and poured about one pound weight of raspberries out of it into the boot. The next moment his foot was inside of the discarded boot, once more pounding those raspberries to a pulp; for which purpose he leaped, bounded, and danced about like a madman. . . . In justice to the lad, however, I ought to say that, bearing in mind the exigencies of cleanliness, he first rinsed his leg in the yellowish liquid of the stream. Having pounded the berries to his heart's content, he thinned the juice with

water taken from the same spot, and then, having covered the orifice of the glass jar with a piece of coarse muslin, he strained through that the entire contents of the boot. And 'raspberry quass' was ready forthwith."*

Doubtless, no person, however badly he wants to drink, is obliged to slake his thirst with quass, while water can be had for the asking. Unfortunately, the water is not a whit better than its substitutes, so that it is a case of jumping off the grid-iron into the fire. No city, no town, no village, no hamlet in Russia can be truly said to possess drinking water pure enough to satisfy the requirements of the most tolerant sanitary officer of western Europe. This statement is based upon the articles, reports, and digests of physicians, journalists, clergymen, and statisticians which now lie before me in scores. Speaking of the city of Rovno, at a time when preparations for the cholera had produced all the improvement in its condition which fear and zeal could effect, the organs of the press say: "The city literally floats in filth. All the streets except two, which are paved, are so flooded with dirt that it is impossible to pass through them. The people, when they make purchases of fuel, for instance, are always charged an extra sum for getting it towed safely through this ordure, which oozes into the river, the water of which is drunk by nearly all of the inhabitants."† "Every yard of every house," runs the report on the city of Yekaterinoslav, "is neither more nor less than a pestilential cloaca, poisoning the air around. In the centre of the city the greater number of wells contain foul water of a green color and horrible taste. This water is injurious to health, not only when used for drinking, but even when employed for household purposes."‡ In Baku, where the cholera found a most favorable soil, the water was, at least, as foul as elsewhere, if we can trust the statements of the semi-official journal, which tells its readers that "in many yards stand artificial ponds filled with water carried thither in jars. In this water the inhabitants are wont to perform their daily ablutions, bathing every day. They also use it to wash their fruits, their

* Cf. *Odessa Novosti*, 14th September, 1888.

† *Kievlianin*, 29th November, 1889. *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd December, 1889.

‡ *Odessa Listok*, 7th July, 1892. *Novoye Vremya*, 10th July, 1892.

commodities, and their persons, *besides which they drink it.*" *

"In the city of Voronezh the water-pipes have never once been cleansed since they were first laid down;" † "in Simbirsk the inhabitants are forced to drink polluted water;" ‡ while the people of Bogorodskoie have not even filthy pipes to convey the beverage that contains their daily rations of disease-germs; "they have to content themselves with the water of the ponds," and "in these same ponds hides are constantly washed and soaked." § It would be a matter of surprise were the sanitary condition of provincial cities less unsatisfactory, seeing that the inhabitants of the two capitals suffer without complaint from a state of things against which the Mucelasse Indians would have risen up in rebellion. Of the river Okhta, which, in conjunction with the Neva, waters the "Northern Palmyra," we read: "The odor it emits is so suffocating that the dwellers on the banks of the Neva, below the Okhta, dare not approach it to rinse their vessels. The mouth of the Fontanka—another river which flows between two rows of palaces—receives the contributory impurities of several large hospitals, and has a current the consistency of which is equal to that of chocolate;" || and the Town Council of the city lately insisted on supplying the inhabitants with water drawn from this particular spot. ¶ It would almost seem better "to suck the damps for drink" than to poison one's self ingloriously at these loathsome cesspools. The dwellings of the people are of a piece with their food

and water, and have often been described as mere dustbins, in which the least disgusting thing is the dust. "The *moo-shik*," we learn from a medical journal, "lives in narrow hovels, the air of which is unwholesome to a degree. In winter he keeps his calves, his hens, and his other fowls in the room in which he lives with his family." *

Such are the pens in which the happy "brown sheep" of the country districts while away their lives, presumably eaten up with zeal for their shepherd. In the two gorgeous capitals the conditions of life are naturally very different; the extent to which they may be said to be better, will depend upon the taste rather than the judgment of the reader. "In every house in St. Petersburg," says the *Graschdanin*, "not excluding the most magnificent, there are perennial sources of infection, perpetual *cloacas*, called the *concierge's* quarters, where even the tenant who pays £560 a year for his flat, is well aware that under his marble staircase a whole human family is hidden away in one room, in which the mother does the cooking at the moment that the children are using the place as . . ." † In a large palatial tenement house of St. Petersburg we read of forty-six men, women, and children huddled together in two little rooms. "The noisome smell at night would take away your breath. The atmosphere is positively unendurable to any but those who have grown gradually accustomed to it, and whose lungs are become coarse and hardened. Ordinary people coming into the room could not breathe it for long." ‡ I can myself bear witness that the atmosphere of these kennels emits the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Bad though this undoubtedly is, it is not by any means the worst, nor is the worst of a nature to be described in detail. Many of even these people are perceptibly better off than their fellows. There are thousands and thousands of hardworking men condemned to live with their families in boxes that might be aptly termed coffins. § At a meeting of the Russian Medical Society last summer,

* *Messenger of Legal Medicine and Public Hygiene*, T. II., Sect. IV.

† *Graschdanin*, 24th July, 1892.

‡ *Novoye Vremya*, 24th June, 1892.

§ *Ibid.*, 22nd November, 1891.

* *Novoye Vremya*, 8th July, 1892.

† *Medical News*, 1890, NN. 7 & 8. Cf. also *Novoye Vremya*, 13th May, 1890.

‡ Cf. *New Russian Telegraph*, July, 1892. *Novoye Vremya*, 5th July, 1892.

§ *Novoye Vremya*, 29th March, 1890.

¶ *Week*, 26th June, 1892.

¶ *Ibid.* Cf. also the scientific treatise by Dr. Kolokoloff on the water of St. Petersburg, from which it appears that all the rivers of that capital are impregnated with impurities, compared to which honest poison would be nectar. Thus the Fontanka has three hundred openings, through which it admits the impurities of the city; the Moika possesses two hundred, the Katerinovka two hundred and ten and the Neva one at intervals of seventy-five or ninety feet. What this means may be gathered from the fact that the first of these rivers receives daily one seventh of its own bulk in impurities! For the state of Moscow cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 29th October, etc.

Professor Kovalevsky read a report on the dwellings of these wretches which should have endowed the very stones with voices to accuse the gentle Shepherd of Gatchino of neglecting his uncomplaining sheep. He asserted, among other things, and quoted official documents to bear out the statement, that in Warsaw alone there are more than fourteen thousand *dvorniks*, whose lodgings are so small that they allow only 2 by 8 square metres of space for one adult and one child. In other words, that these human beings have less space to breathe in than the dead in their graves have to crumble away in. Corpses, even in Russia, receive 4 square metres, whereas these living, laboring men are allowed but 2 by 8.* Sometimes the distance from the ceiling to the floor in these coffins is *barely three feet*; and the *concierge, his wife and his family have to crawl on all fours in order to get to the rags which form their couch, and breathe the sulphurated hydrogen which usurps the place of wholesome air.*†

Inns and public houses which in other countries tend to become palaces of pleasure or sin, have in Russia little to allure even the nomadic citizen from his kennel or his virtue.

"The interior of these establishments," says the semi-official journal, "displays an inexhaustible store of disgusting foulness, eloquent signs and specimens of which cover the walls, the windows, the tables, the floors, and the kitchen. The whole place is permeated with abominable smells and venomous exhalations ruinous to health. At first the atmosphere stupefies the visitor, then produces giddiness and sickness. The unpaved yards of these establishments are mere *cloacas* abounding in miasms in the thick of which wagon-loads of fish, game, and vessels containing fresh milk are left standing for considerable periods. The provisions thus conveyed in filthy vehicles and impregnated with this mephitic atmosphere cannot but sow disease-germs broadcast among the population. If to all this we add the utter absence of those elementary sanitary conveniences with which all human habitations ought to be supplied, or, what is much worse than their absence, the existence of substitutes into which it is impossible to enter, and in the vicinity of which it is dangerous to pass, we shall be better qualified to form an idea of what those nurseries of disease termed inns and public-houses are like."‡

* *Warsaw Journal*, 19th November, 1891.
Novoye Vremya, 22nd November, 1891.

† *Russian Life*, 24th July, 1892.

‡ Cf. *Graschdanin*, 18th January, 1892.

The hygienic condition of yards, streets and public places is on a level with that of private dwellings, and the excreted refuse of houses which in European towns is made to disappear as rapidly, opportunely and mysteriously as a suspected subject of the Tsar's, is left as inviolate as if it were a sacrifice to the unclean gods.

"Even in our two capitals the method of removing refuse and impurities is so antediluvian that it would be an abuse of terms to allude to it as sanitation. In the most favorable cases the 'system' consists in digging a big hole in the yard of every house, and throwing into it all the garbage, offal, etc., and leaving it undisturbed for months, and for longer terms than months, until at last it is carted off in boxes and barrels to some place outside the city. It is easy to imagine to what extent the soil is permeated with filth, and the atmosphere vitiated with miasms, and in what an Eldorado the microbes of infectious diseases revel. And it must be noted that even this 'system,' defective as it is, is followed only in favorable cases, i.e. when private houses are provided with closets. As to the 'system' pursued when there are no water pipes and water is dear—it is better not to speak of it. It is a horror."*

The plain truth is that, from a hygienic point of view, there is not a sound spot in the empire; food, water, air, clothing, houses, streets, are all contaminated to such a degree that, as a Russian newspaper lately remarked, a century of effort would not suffice to bring about a perceptible improvement.

"The cities and towns of Russia are positively condemned to wallow in eternal filth."†
 "The citizen of Saratoff (who is no worse off than the citizen of any other city) is troubled by the thought that his shirt is washed in the Volga in the very spot where a filthy, foul-smelling evergreen stream of ooze, direct from the pipes of the Alexander Hospital, mingles with its waters, bearing myriads of germs of dire disease and death; in his first glass of tea his nose is assailed by the odors of the putrid bog which also supplies the apothecary with his *aqua distillata*; whenever he ventures into the streets, he has to protect his lungs from the lethal quartz dust which rises up in clouds and from the bacterias and microbes which ascend in legions from the yards and pits in which rotteness and decomposition are sempiternal. And what shall we say of the odors—those murderous smells that bring disease in their train and engender an ineffable loathing for the hole known as Saratoff?"‡

* *Week*, 11th May, 1890.

† *Russian Life*, 23rd July, 1892.

‡ *Saratoff Diary*, 3rd May, 1890.

All the year round the historic city of Uman

"suffers" from a horrible stench and clouds of dust; garbage and offal are flung into the streets where impurities accumulate till walking and driving are become impossibilities. Virulent diseases rage all the year round uninterruptedly, and in spring and autumn there is not a dwelling which is not a house of sickness. The population is thinned by typhus in all its customary forms; besides which it occasionally breaks out with strange complications that baffle the skill of the physicians." *

In Staraja Russ, Kiriloff, Tscherepovets, etc., etc., "cesspools are constructed under the floors of the houses;" † in Samara "the river banks consist of solid filth sprinkled over on the top with sand;" ‡ "the streets of Irkutsk are made pestilential by the putrid carcases of dogs and cats lying half buried in mounds of ordure;" § "the city of Veronesh is saturated with filth, the excreted impurities of the barracks oozing into the river, on the surface of which dead dogs are occasionally seen floating about;" || in Elizabetopol "the carcases of dogs and cats lie, undisturbed, on the streets in considerable numbers." ¶ In the most widely-circulated newspaper of Kharkoff—a city of over 200,000 inhabitants—we read among the advertisements: "House for sale: exclusively owing to the circumstance that nearly all the neighboring house proprietors continually throw foul water and every species of filth into the streets. Address:—Pesski, Ivanovsky Street, No. 25." **

Statistical figures declare that disease decidedly increases in virulency in Russia, that the death-rate is enormous, and that the process of degeneration is in full swing. Diphtheria, for instance, has developed a degree of malignancy absolutely unknown outside of Russia, while it has spread so far and wide throughout the empire that it has acquired all the characteristics of a national epidemic. In 1877 diphtheria occurred only in fifteen Governments; at present it rages throughout the length and breadth of the empire,

leaving populous villages without a single child; and "in 1888 the proportion of deaths from this disease to the number of persons attacked, was *greater than that of the most malignant cholera known in Russia.*" * Scarlet fever is undergoing the same process of intensification and propagation. In 1879 the number of cases was 2.8 per 10,000 of the population. In 1888 it had increased to 10.4. "The recorded cases of itch numbered in 1881 only 89,801; in 1886 there were 607,832 cases under treatment, which after all is but a fraction of the total number of persons afflicted with this ailment." †

In healthy countries the death-rate varies from 17 to 19 per 1,000 annually. In Russia it is 36 for the empire at large, while many districts lose from 40 to 50 persons in the 1,000. ‡ In Batoum, Soukhoum, etc., the death-rate has for years past exceeded the birth-rate. "And among those who survive one meets with numerous children deformed and disfigured by disease. . . . The very cattle sicken and die." § The university city of Kazan has never yet been known to have a birth-rate exceeding the annual drain on the living. Professor Dochmann, who has thoroughly investigated the figures for this century, is our authority. "Kazan," he declares, "is a vast churchyard in which the places vacated by those who disappear in the graves are filled by newcomers from the villages around." || Of Nischny Novgorod the same eloquent story is told. The annual mortality for the entire Government is 44 per 1,000, while the large birth-rate of the city is considerably less than the death-rate, the figures being respectively 1,900 and 2,200. ¶

The progress of degeneration is a fact, unfortunately, as little open to doubt. The press and the authorities complain bitterly year after year of the increasing difficulty of finding young men fit to serve in the army—and this in an empire of, say 120 millions, in which military service is obligatory. And yet the qualifications are extremely moderate. The official report on last year's enrolment reveals

* Week, 18th June, 1892.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 29th March, 1890.

‡ *Ibidem*.

§ *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd February, 1892.

|| *Medical News*, NN. 7 & 8.

¶ *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd July, 1892.

** *Yoschny Kra*, May, 1892. *Novoye Vremya*, 11th May, 1892.

* *Graschdanin*, 26th May, 1889.

† *Ibidem*.

‡ *Novoye Vremya*, 8th April, 1890.

§ *Crimean Messenger*, *Novoye Vremya*, etc.

|| *Novoye Vremya*, 20th January, 1892.

¶ *Kazan Listok* and *Odessa Novosti*, etc.

the significant fact that there was a positive deficiency of recruits in spite of the circumstance that the War Minister was able to make his selection from four times the number of men required. 874,101 males, turned twenty, were called up, and duly appeared, when it was found that among them all there were not 260,000 men fit for service. The Government had, therefore, to content itself with 258,763.*

There is not a Russian city which has not several thoroughfares which are literally and absolutely impassable for ordinary vehicles and highly dangerous to ordinary foot-passengers, owing to the Serbonian mud-bogs they enclose; the only difference between them lies in the number. In some cities it is a considerable minority; in others an imposing majority, which are thus more effectually closed to man and beast than were certain streets of London to Dick Swiveller. Thus the inhabitants of the city of Teem complain bitterly but fruitlessly: "On all sides we are cut off from the villages by dirt; we are literally drowning in filth."†

In Baku, when cholera was seriously feared in 1889-1890, a sanitary commission was appointed which went to work with the result that a year later a fine healthy dog was miserably drowned in one of the most frequented streets.‡ Kharkoff is an infinitely finer city than Baku; its fairs are second only to those of Nischny Novgorod; it is the seat of a university, a veterinary institute, and a polytechnicum; but in spite of all this its streets are scarcely better than those of Virginia before the Civil War. During a visit I paid to that city in 1885, a charming little girl while crossing the thoroughfare called Shandarmskaia Ploshtshad was drowned. The nearest city to Kharkoff is Kursk, the capital of the Government of the same name and once famed in story. So deep and dangerous is the mud in this city that the droshky drivers—a fearless race of men—drew up a joint petition to the town council, imploring to be dispensed from the perilous duty of driving people about the streets in wet weather.§ In

Bratslau, the watchman never ventures to move out of his place during the night, but remains cooped up in his little sentry box lest, if he stepped out, he should sink in unsounded depths of mire.* The streets of the city of Samara are, like the Vale of Giddim, full of slime pits, and on many of the thoroughfares the filth and odor reach up as high as the naves of the droshky wheels; in some streets much higher still, but through these no vehicle ever attempts to pass.†

I should be very sorry to generalize on the strength of a few incidents; and it is impossible for me to turn a review article into an endless list of deaths from drowning in the streets of Russian cities. For the sake of English Russophiles, however, whose desire for proofs in matters of this kind is insatiable, I will give one or two more instances of a state of things which I am tempted to call disgraceful. The next town is that of Nevinnoymyskaia (Cuban Distr.), and the occurrence is narrated in the words of the semi-official journal:—

"It is but a short time since the death of the military secretary (Nedopekin) was recorded, who was drowned in the dirt of one of the streets here. The same thing has almost repeated itself now in the same place. On the 22nd April, the second day in Easter week, Private Yussupoff had a very narrow escape from drowning in the street. The news of the accident spread all over the place, and produced a very painful impression on all the inhabitants, this being the second case of the kind. Private Yussupoff was walking along the street toward the yard of the 4th Company's barracks when his foot slipped, and he fell into the deep and sticky filth from which he was unable to extricate himself. Fortunately for him some military doctors happened to be standing on the opposite side of the street, on their return from a visit to some friends. Noticing the black mass floundering helplessly about in the mud, they rushed to his assistance at once. With the help of some soldiers who came up at the same time from the barracks, Yussupoff was drawn out, but without any signs of life, and completely covered with the stinking mud. Medical assistance was rendered on the spot, but at first proved unavailing. The unfortunate man was then taken to the hospital on a stretcher, where further efforts were made to restore him to life, which after a time were successful. Had medical aid come one minute later, there is no doubt that Yussupoff would have forfeited his life. Cases of officers and

* *Day*, 1892, N. 1338. *Moscow Gazette*, 16th March, 1892.

† *Kursky Listok*, 29th November, 1889. *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd December, 1889.

‡ *Novosti*, 30th January, 1890.

§ *Graschdanin*, 23rd September, 1889.

* *Novoye Vremya*, 7th August, 1890.

† *Graschdanin*, 16th August, 1889.

soldiers falling into the mud of this street are of frequent occurrence."**

It is evident that it is not merely the streets of obscure cities and towns that periodically swallow their burghers. "Well-ordered" and "model" cities are not a whit better. We have had some instances of what takes place in the populous and thriving city of Kharkoff. Odessa, supposed to be the Russian Vienna, is familiarly called the "Pearl of the Black Sea." And yet its East End baffles description. The soberest account of what daily occurs there would be too sore a trial for the most morbid credulity. "In the Maloross'skaia, Stepovaia, and other streets," says the journal *Svett*, "the mud and filth are simply impassable. A horse which recently stumbled in one of these streets was drowned in the dirt while its rider was with difficulty saved." † "In Mordovo, in a street near the railway station, along which cattle-dealers frequently pass, a man recently lost his footing in the mud and was drowned." ‡ In the city of Genitshesk the streets are of the usual Pan-Russian pattern. "To-day one of our merchants was returning home on a droshky," we read in the semi-official *Novoye Vremya*, "when his horse, as it was passing the church, stumbled and fell into the mud, where it was immediately buried and drowned." § Whatever evil effects may result from the presence of these death-traps in streets and public places, they seem to have at least one good side: they are eminently calculated to foster a man's love of home, and to induce a frame of mind in which he can relish the saying of Thomas à Kempis, that no man can go abroad in safety who does not love to stay at home.

In Novaia Grebla (Berditsheff Distr.) an energetic peasant slipped in the street, fell into the filth and was drowned. The newspapers which chronicle this event in the matter-of-fact way in which they record ordinary accidents, remark that death was not instantaneous. The unfortunate man fought hard for his life, exhausting his strength in his endeavors to save himself from that horrible death. ||

* *Graschdanin*, 16th May, 1889.

† *Svett*, 4th November, 1887.

‡ *Proceedings of the Agricultural Society of Borissoglebsk*, 1889. Cf. also *Graschdanin*, 20th August, 1889.

§ *Novoye Vremya*, 4th March, 1892.

|| *Week*, 31st January, 1892.

Such are the Augean stables which it is hoped may be thoroughly cleansed by a few sleepy sanitary commissioners, who in very many cases are striking instances of the salt that has lost its saltiness, the physician who cannot heal himself, the blind leading the blind. An instance which came to my notice some seven years ago in Odessa, is sufficiently characteristic of the ways of these commissioners to deserve a place here. The commission was formed for the purpose of sanitating the city in view of the expected outbreak of cholera; the Governor, General Roop—an enlightened man—desirous of encouraging these prospective public benefactors, asked them to call at his palace, where he would receive and thank them. On the morning appointed he was waited upon by a band of coarse, slovenly, greasy men, who contaminated the air of the reception-room with the atmosphere of the tannery. General Roop, disguising his surprise, received them affably, spoke a few words of gratitude and encouragement which, had they been men of ordinary intelligence, would have fallen as coals of fire upon their heads; but they listened with gaping mouths and blissful smiles. The General courageously gave his hand to each member of the commission, and, on their departure, called for soap and water, with which he thoroughly washed both his hands, and expressed at the same time his regret to one of his suite that the sanitary officers were not thoroughly disinfected and fumigated before being admitted to the palace.

Since the Sanitary Commission was appointed in the city of Yekaterinoslav, the streets, which were in a wretched condition at that time, have become considerably worse.* The Town Council of the wealthy city of Rostoff on the Don formed itself into a sanitary committee in 1890, and after a lively discussion of the measures proposed to be taken against the cholera which was then daily expected, decided that the most urgent and efficacious of all was to vote 1,000 roubles for a public hearse to convey the corpses to the churchyard. This funeral vehicle which was to be at the service of all classes of the community without invidious distinctions, was to be constructed on a scale of magnificence heretofore unknown in the city of Rostoff; it was to be provided

* *Week*, 10th July, 1892.

with a sumptuous canopy, gorgeous plumes of ostrich feathers, white and black ribbons and braids, tassels to match and rich silver ornaments.* Anything more frank and straightforward than this implicit confession of impotence in the history of sanitary commissions it would be impossible to discover.

When the unclean pestilence ravaged in their streets a few weeks ago the city fathers of Baku took to raving in their Town Council, with the result that—

“the cholera patients were carried to a wooden shed, open to all the winds of heaven, and flung on the earthen ground, men, women, children, pell-mell, covered with unnamable filth, and without any medical assistance. Neither Dr. Galperin nor his adjuncts had the courage to look in. There were no stretchers, no vans, no basins, no linen, no disinfectants. The sanitary physician, Dr. Raap, was unprovided with a microscope. Dr. Saranin brought a patient to the shed in person, but he and his patient were sent away on the plea that there was no room. The Mayor then accommodated the supernumerary patients with a wooden shed on the market-place . . . where they were laid on the bare ground, with no one to look after them, the servants having plumply refused to enter the shed, and having repaired instead to a neighboring public-house, where they got drunk. Things reached such a pass that there were not coffins enough for the corpses, which had to lie unburied for

several days. There was not even lime to put in the graves.”*

When we find town councils ridiculing sanitary measures as worse than useless;† mayors refusing to allow the ordure to be removed from the streets, in order to be utilized as manure;‡ doctors secretly draining the infectious impurities of their hospitals into the water which the unsuspecting inhabitants drink;§ and seriously maintaining in the press over their signatures that sanitation is not desirable, because cholera bacilli thrive in clean water while they perish miserably in filthy fluids;|| when we find professional physicians and sanitary officers fleeing panic-stricken from the cholera districts, and “the men charged with the work of disinfecting the cities, driving about the streets with filthy barrels that emit an unbearable stench, and watering the thoroughfares with excrements;”¶ surely we are fairly justified in drawing the conclusion that the best we can reasonably expect from Russian sanitary commissions will not bear comparison in respect of innocuousness—to mention no more precious qualities—with the honest endeavors of good Mrs. Partington vigorously striving with mop and pattens to push back the Atlantic Ocean.—*Fortnightly Review*.

HEALTH AND CONDITION.

BY N. E. YORKE DAVIES, M.D.

It may seem a strange assertion to make, but nevertheless it is a true one, that as soon as a man is born into the world he begins to die, and existence is really a struggle as to how to put off to the latest date the final hour of dissolution. It is a matter of wonder that with so many circumstances against the atom endowed with the spark of life, one or the other of them does not extinguish it in the first hour of its birth. Cold, accident, inherited disease, want of proper management, and the thousand-and-one ailments incidental to infancy are the first to make this assault; and if the period of infancy is survived the multifarious dangers of youth, adolescence, maturity, middle and old age, are

waiting to take their place, till at last the citadel yields to that great conqueror to whom the greatest of the earth must bow the knee in submission.

Life, indeed, consists in a series of changes of tissue, and the human economy is simply, as far as its material part is concerned, a machine, and primarily depends on food as the most important factor in keeping it in working order. When I say we commence to die as soon as we

* *Week*, 10th July, 1892. *Caspian*, 4th July, 1892.

† *Novoye Vremya*, 18th February, 1892. Also 1st August, 1892.

‡ *Ibid.*, 1st August, 1892.

§ *Ibid.*, 4th July, 1892.

|| *Russian Life*, 24th July, 1892.

¶ *Medical News*, NN. 7 & 8. *Novoye Vremya*, 13th May, 1890.

* *Novosti*, 7th April, 1890. *London Daily Telegraph*, 28th April, 1890.

are born, I of course mean that certain parts of the body immediately begin to perish; their existence is ephemeral, they come and go, are replenished and decay. They are the dying parts of that system of life which may last a little while, but which must eventually yield to the inexorable law of nature. The nails, the hair, etc., are observable as an instance of this decay. The same rule applies to every other organ and tissue of the body, though it is not palpable to the naked eye. The skin is always peeling. The food that is taken in the one hour nourishes the system and ejects that which was taken the hour before. Perfect health and condition, at whatever time of life we may apply the term, from infancy to old age, depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken and its natural elimination when it is done with, by the different organs that have to deal with it. Of course, heredity and a few other circumstances must also be taken into consideration in estimating the chances of life. If the exact amount of food necessary to nourish each tissue of the body were taken daily, having regard to work and other circumstances, and if the economy were kept properly employed, it would mean that the individual would be in the most perfect health and condition, and ought to live to the age of a hundred years or more. But how seldom does this occur! From some cause or other, more is taken than is necessary to supply constitutional requirements, and the result is that the surplus remains stored, and in some way or other acts prejudicially. If it does not cause absolute illness, it impedes vigor and elasticity and leads to a feeling of malaise and disinclination for work, making one's ordinary occupation a burden. We are tempted to eat when we are not hungry and drink when we are not thirsty, and if we do we must pay the penalty. More than this, in this life, at all events, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the old port drunk by the grandfather yields a crop of gout in the grandson. Stimulant taken to excess in the father transmits the curse to the progeny, and they start in the struggle of life handicapped from the first hour, and, like a race-horse with no stamina, fail early in the race.

During the period of youth the different organs are so active that it is not often

any very great harm arises from surplus food that goes to waste. Nature seems to find some outlet for the used-up material, and the natural elasticity and activity of early life burns up unused waste almost like a furnace. But after youth has passed and the body has arrived at full development a different state of affairs obtains, and it becomes then a serious matter (if robust health and condition are to be maintained) how to equalize the supply to the demand. If more food is taken than the system requires, or food unsuitable to it (the old adage is quite true, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison), it becomes stored in some way or other and clogs the machine either in the form of obesity or gout poison, rheumatism or indigestion, or biliousness, or in many other ways, that mean a departure from absolute health: and any departure from absolute health means an increased liability to all sorts of more serious diseases. It is a moot point whether a perfectly healthy body is not unassailable to disease of every kind, and it is certain that a number of individuals may be subjected to, say, the poison of cholera or typhoid fever and may entirely escape, while others, under the same circumstances, fall easy victims. Cases are well known to physiologists where a man may be insusceptible to certain infectious diseases at one time and at another time fall an easy prey to their attack. The inference would be that at the particular time when he was unassailable the constitution was in a perfect state of health, whereas at another time it was deficient in tone, or in that state of condition that enables it to withstand the attack of disease. I believe that if a person were put in a state of absolute health and sound condition, by dietetic means, he would be safe from an attack of cholera or any other disease that might then be sweeping away thousands. Certain diseases will only take root in congenial soil, the soil of low vitality, if I may so express it. They are like fungi, that require a particular soil and a damp, close atmosphere to spread in. A mushroom flourishes where a rose will die in an hour.

To learn how to attain a state of health that means immunity from attacks of disease, and the consequent attainment, bar accidents, of green old age, is worth all the trouble it entails—indeed, in many

cases it is a duty to do this, as the happiness of others may depend upon it.

Now, assuming a person to be out of condition from some cause or other, how is this to be remedied? Of course, in the first place it would be necessary that the diet should be properly adjusted and that its constituents should be such as the particular idiosyncrasies and mode of life demanded; and though this may seem at first a complex question it is really by no means so. In the second place, for a time the individual should undergo a modified system of training,* and this simply means

* Investigation by Dr. Morgan into the history of 294 "University Oars" shows conclusively that even severe training gives a long life average. He has followed up with personal inquiries the 294 "University Oars" mentioned above, and he finds, as was to be expected, that since 1829, when his list begins, some have died, some have been killed, some have fallen into ill-health, but 238 survive to describe themselves as hearty and strong. Of the deaths (39 in all) 11 were from fevers, 7 from consumption, 6 from accidents, 3 from heart disease, and lesser numbers from other special causes. Now, it is heart disease which is especially attributed to athletic sports, and it is a surprise to find statistics showing that their patrons have suffered from it rather less than the rest of the population, and much less than the sailors whom we are so solicitous to keep in good health. The death of two by drowning in attempting to save others, and three by gun-shot wounds, shows the possession of energy and unselfish courage, seldom the characteristics of a broken invalid. The cases of the seventeen who do not furnish a good account of their health are mostly somewhat vague. Among so many, several must have hereditary tendencies to disease; others say their medical attendants trace no connection between their complaints and previous muscular exertion, and in such a long period as forty years innumerable evil influences must have been in action; while in some families it seems traditional always to speak of their health as only moderate, and in others to look back upon the exuberances of their youth as follies. So that seventeen is in fact a small number to be occasionally falling into the hands of the physician. The best test of the value of anything is to reduce it to Arabic numerals, and pounds, shillings, and pence, as insurance offices act by our constitutions. Dr. Morgan has applied this test to the 294 cases under consideration. According to Dr. Farr's life tables the expectation of life at 20, the average age of University oarsmen, is 40 years. But the survivors have still an expectation of life of 14 years before them, and this must be added on, while a calculated allowance must be made for those who have died, and an estimate also deducted for the seventeen lives who reckon themselves damaged. The whole calculation

that for a few weeks regular exercise should be taken daily, so as to keep the skin acting and circulate the blood, and thus brace up the muscular and nervous systems. A certain number of hours should elapse between the meals, and these should be carefully apportioned with regard to their constituents and quality. Only three meals should be taken daily, and the best hours for these would be—breakfast 8 or 9 A.M., lunch or dinner 1 or 2 P.M., high tea or late dinner 7 or 8 P.M.: nothing but fresh fruit or liquid to quench thirst being taken between meals.

In preparing for the moors, or for the thorough enjoyment of partridge shooting, or for any pursuit requiring endurance, the reduction of fat should be carried on until the body only retains a little more than the normal quantity, and the amount of exercise should be gradually raised to that necessary for a fair day's sport. Many a sudden death has occurred on the moors and in the hunting-field through neglect of these precautions, for there is nothing more dangerous than to take violent exercise day after day before the heart and nervous system are toned up to it.

The pain in the back and side which hunting and sporting men often experience at the beginning of the season, arises generally from imperfect expansion of the lungs, due to want of condition.

In ordinary breathing the muscles of the trunk are strained in the effort of expiration during exercise, and the rules that I have here laid down would obviate this.

Where this occurs in ladies, the use of the dumb-bells and exercise—walking and riding, or tricycling, gradually increased from day to day, will soon remedy the fault; and of course tight lacing should be avoided.*

is too long to be gone into here, but the result is decidedly favorable; for, taking the experience as it stands, the expectation of life of each individual comes out, not 40, but 42 years. So that any insurance office which had taken them all at ordinary rates would be making a handsome profit and exhibit a good prospective balance-sheet. The conclusion is inevitable that for young men in good health very severe athletic training strengthens the constitution and lengthens life.

* No girl who tight laces can retain her beauty long. The compression of the different organs whose free play is necessary to health soon tells, and a pale, pasty complexion

The occupation of the fairer portion of creation being, as a rule, more sedentary than that of men, it is even more essential for them to learn the few rules that lead to the attainment of perfect health, and the preservation of symmetry of form and beauty. The proper enamel for the complexion is health, and the proper way to keep the figure within the lines of beauty is by diet and exercise.

An excess of fat is not hid by tight lacing, or by the wiles of the fashionable dressmaker. In truth, she only makes it more prominent. All adventitious aids to beauty advocated by the charlatan or the quack in the way of cosmetics only destroy it. The sulphurous atmosphere of London makes the use of bismuth and all other skin enamels very palpable in a few hours after they are put on, by giving them the peculiar leaden blue tint so observable, alas! too often.

Very simple rules indeed are necessary to insure health and condition, and these rules can be carried out without interfering with the comfort or the mode of life from day to day. It may be broadly put in this way—that to insure proper condition the human animal requires a little more of tissue-forming food, and a little less of heat-forming food, or the converse, according to the requirements of the system and the work that has to be done.

In this way the balance of supply and demand may be kept as nearly even as may be. Further than this, a little consideration must be paid as to the mode of life. A man or woman leading a sedentary life requires a little different kind of food from one who does a large amount of physical work, and it is an incontrovertible fact that health and condition cannot be attained without a certain amount of exercise. The horse offers the best illustration of what diet and exercise will do, and for health and usefulness fresh air and exercise are as important a factor in the attainment of proper condition as food. If a horse is brought in from grass fat and out of condition, and is put in the stable and fed on corn and hay, he will rapidly part with his surplus substance and become high-spirited and active, but if he is not properly groomed and exercised he will not

gain the condition that is essential for hard work and continued health: and what exercise and grooming will do for a horse it will also do for a man.* I think every one who keeps horses will agree with me when I say that a horse kept in good condition and properly fed and groomed is far less liable to disease than the converse, and will do hard work for a greater number of years; and this applies with equal force to human beings. More men rust out than wear out. It is an incontrovertible fact that men in penal servitude enjoy better health than those in workhouses. During the cholera epidemic in 1847 the inmates of the workhouse at Taunton died like flies, while those in the jail escaped. That was due to the fact that the prison inmates had more fresh air, work, and exercise than the unfortunate pauper who was doomed to end his days in that horrible den known as the "Union." Let us hope that before another epidemic comes the waifs and strays of our civilization may have a happier lot and a better home for their declining years, and that they may not be the focus from which epidemics spread, as has often been the case in the past.

The advantages and benefits of training, which really means putting the body in a perfect state of health, are well put by Dr. Chambers. He says it leads to—

1. The removal of superfluous fat and water.
2. The increase of contractile power in the muscles.
3. Increased endurance.
4. "Wind," that is, a power of breathing and circulating the blood steadily in spite of exertion.

The first object is aimed at by considerably adding to the daily amount of nitrogenous food, *i.e.* meat, and diminishing farinaceous foods and sweets, and provid-

* Of late years massage has attracted a great deal of attention, and really it does for the human being what grooming does for the horse, for grooming is really massage, and is undoubtedly a great adjunct to health and condition. An extremely handy appliance for this purpose is the "Massage Rubber," which can be procured from Mr. E. Crutchloe, of Albert Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster. The use of this in the case of people who are unable to take active exercise, either in walking, riding, or any other way, will undoubtedly tend to conduce to robust health and keep the skin acting healthily.

and general want of tone result. Indeed, these are by no means, bad as they are, the worst penalty the votary of fashion pays for the questionable honor of looking like a wasp.

ing that the supply should be so consumed as to be fully digested. The second and third are secured, says Dr. Chambers, by gradually increasing the demands made upon the muscles till they have learned to exert at will all the powers of which they are capable, and for as long a period as the natural structure of the individual permits. Wind is improved by choosing as part of the training an exercise, such as running, which can be sustained only when the respiratory and circulating organs do their duty fairly.

The muscles of the limbs become under a regimen of this kind more "corky" or elastic, and more prominent when "put up" in a state of contraction. They improve in quality and efficiency, but that they become larger is extremely problematical; nor is this necessary. Increase of size does not always mean increase of strength.

The skin becomes soft and smooth, and apparently more translucent, so that the red bloom of youth shines through it more brilliantly. The insensible perspiration is regular and even; while at the same time sweating is not so readily induced by bodily exertion, and it is never cold and sudden, even with mental excitement.

Superfluous fat is removed from all parts of the person, as is evinced by loss of weight.* This requires to be carefully tested by the scales from time to time; for if the reduction be carried beyond a certain point, which varies in different men, a loss of power and of endurance is felt, and probably future evil results may arise.† This point is technically called the "fighting weight," but the observation of it need not be confined to the pugilistic trade. The meaning of this is that when perfect condition is attained, a rigorous mode of diet and exercise should be stopped and a moderately easy one made to supplant it. This, of course, may be life-long.

Training increases wonderfully the vital capacity of the chest, so that a much greater quantity of air can be blown in and out of the lungs, and with greater force than previously. And this vital

capacity endures longer than any other of the improvements—indeed, it lasts for the whole of life under certain conditions, and increases its length. It is evidence of the permanent elasticity of the pulmonary tissue, an efficient protection against asthma, emphysema, and other degenerations of the organ of breathing.

Indigestion, acidity of stomach, sleeplessness, weariness of life, nervous indigestion, dyspeptic palpitations, and irregularity of the bowels disappear under a system of conditioning. But if they exist the regimen should be entered upon with more than usual caution and under medical advice.

But to proceed: the evils of want of exercise may be seen in the muscles of a broken limb, where, from disuse, they soon become wasted and powerless, and though the muscles that are exercised may be in the highest state of efficiency, these, simply from the waste of inactivity, are weak and flaccid. Not only do we find this apply to the individual, but it even applies to their progeny, where sedentary work is carried on from father to son for generations; for it is an absolute fact that the weavers of Spitalfields who have been compelled, by the nature of their work, to indoor labor for many decades, and whose exercise consists in watching the spindle and the loom from generation to generation, and who scarcely know from the cradle to the grave what a holiday means, are a small, puny, ill-developed set of people, and look old before youth is over. Were they not an abstemious class they would long ago have died out altogether. On the other hand, as specimens of fine physique, due to proper food and exercise, and all the surroundings that conduce to robust health, take the royal families of Europe and the upper classes. Perhaps there are, however, compensations even in these extreme cases, and the luxurious suffer from many ailments, such as gout, obesity, etc., almost unknown to the underfed, underpaid Dorset laborer or London seamstress.

I may be asked, How is robust health to be obtained and maintained at any given period of life? Of course it would be easy for me as a dietitian to draw out for any individual at any age, as I do in hundreds of cases, proper, easy rules as to diet and exercise which should compass this end, and in doing so I should only

* See *Foods for the Fat: the Scientific Cure of Corpulency*. By N. E. Yorke-Davies. London: Chatto & Windus, 214 Piccadilly.

† A sixth part of the weight of the body should be of fat; more than this is incompatible with proper condition or absolute health.

need to take into consideration the particular occupation—whether sedentary or active—of the person and the peculiarities of his or her constitution; but it is, of course, difficult in an article of this kind, limited as it is in space, to apply such knowledge so as to make it serviceable in all cases, because really so much depends upon the occupation of the individual, his mode of life and environment. A few rules may be laid down, however, which will apply in most cases. Many people seem to think that exercise will do everything, and that it does not matter what food they eat, or how much it may consist of, or how often they take it. They never experience the effect of that grandest of all medicine—hunger; a finer medicine, in many cases, than all those contained in the pharmacopœia. I am often amused watching boating men on the river in summer endeavoring to work off the results of over-eating and drinking during the other months of the year, more especially when this takes the form of obesity. This they try to do by violent exercise in the way of rowing. They seem to think that, if they tire themselves in this way, good condition is assured; and the observer will see them, after a hard day's work, sitting down to a heavy meal of meat, potatoes, bread, puddings, pastry, beer and sweet wines, bread and cheese, to say nothing of more elaborate menus. Now, what is the result? They do good in one way and undo it in another. It is true they exhaust themselves, and possibly improve a little in condition, or, from overdoing it, the reverse, but they do not lose fat, or gain stamina, and for this reason: they do not adapt their diet to their work. If a man who is out of condition and overburdened with fat and other effete products, which make themselves known in the form of gout, rheumatism, biliousness, and other ailments of overfeeding and underworking, were to take the same amount of exercise, and then go home or to an hotel and have a little clear soup, a nice piece of plain boiled or grilled fish, a good cut of roast joint, some green vegetables and plenty of salad, a fair supply of fresh fruit, and half a bottle of hock or some dry Moselle,* or if a teetotaller a bottle of sparkling Rosbach table water

(and I think that every one will admit that this is a luxurious dinner), he would take off about a pound of fat a day, and certainly improve in health and condition,* because in this case nearly all the food taken would be utilized for the formation of muscular and nervous energy, and not for the formation of unnecessary adipose tissue, which in excess, even in middle age, is a bar to enjoyment of life, and in old age is a positive danger. Of course a diet of this kind can be varied at every meal, but if condition is to be attained until the system is freed from all waste and surplus fat, certain constituents must be carefully eliminated.

It may be urged here that a man cannot always live by rule and apportion out his food, but this is by no means necessary. Condition and equilibrium may be kept with perfect ease when normal weight is once attained. Until the close of middle age the attainment of good condition is very much simplified by the fact that the individual, male or female, can take a large amount of exercise. Nothing, in my opinion, looks better, or is more conducive to the improvement of a race yet unborn, than to see on "the silver Thames" a fair young English girl feathering a pair of oars—a Grace Darling perchance in some future hour of danger. When middle age is over, if condition and robust health has to be attained, more must be done by dietetic than by any other means, and as a dietitian my experience is, that in no case is a properly adjusted dietary so beneficial as in the case of the old and, I may say, of the aged. My daily occupation teaches me that the ordinary food consumed, as a rule, by old people is not the best for them.

It seems to be the general opinion that elderly people should be constantly taking food, and that their food should be mostly farinaceous, like the pap of their infantile days. My experience is that this is a mistake, and that old people really require the food of energy—that is, animal food—in a greater proportion than they are led to believe. I wonder where this idea of pap and farinaceous messes being suitable for the aged originated? Where are there a hardier race than the fisher-folk of our sea-coast towns, and the boating men

* Mr. Aldous, of 66 Hatton Garden, Holborn, imports pure dry Moselle.

* The other meals during the day should of course be properly adjusted as to time, quantity, and quality.

of the sea-side resorts?—and they live almost entirely on fish, and enjoy excellent health until they become old, weather-beaten, and wizened. I daily in my professional occupation as a dietitian get instances of this. A few days ago a most estimable and well-known dignitary, who has long since passed the three-score and ten of the Psalmist, and whom by dietetic means I had relieved of two or three stone of fat, told me that he had not felt so active or strong for many years, and that it was a pleasure for him now to do work that had previously been a burden. The tendency, as is well known, in elderly people is to lay on fat to excess by, as I have said before, improper diet; and this, of course, being a dead weight, hampers their movements as well as being a barrier to enjoyment and a danger to life. It would be impossible for a person well in the seventies to take the amount of exercise that would rid the system of surplus fat if a larger supply of farinaceous food is taken than is necessary to sustain the heat of the body, but there is no difficulty by a proper system of diet in quickly getting rid of it, and at the same time increasing the muscular and nervous strength and constitutional stamina even of the very aged of either sex. Broadly speaking, this can be done by considerably curtailing such articles as bread, farinaceous foods, puddings, pastry, sweets, and sweet wines, and substituting in their stead, to a large extent, strong beef tea, soups, fish, meat, poultry, green vegetables, and fruit; but really every case should be treated dietetically on its merits, and the many hundreds I advise personally and by correspondence prove to me more and more the necessity of this. In old age, when the nervous and muscular power begins to flag, as I said before, the proper food is that which improves the tone of the nervous and muscular systems; and in spite of all that vegetarians may say to the contrary, animal food is the only thing that will do this, and do it with perfect safety. It may be necessary to supplement the animal food with a slightly increased quantity of fluid, and undoubtedly a little good wine is beneficial to the aged. Timothy, as we know, would not have been a welcome guest at a temperance meeting at Exeter Hall; but he knew what was good

for old people, and was not afraid to say so. Of course, elderly people are not wise in making rapid changes in their mode of life without seeking the advice of those who make abnormal states of the system a study. It is best to take a watch that wants cleaning and repairing to a watchmaker, not attempt to do it yourself; and so it is always best where health is concerned to seek the advice of a physician, because there may be weak points that should be taken into consideration, and really no man is a clear judge of his own condition. It is a true saying that "If a man is his own lawyer, he has a fool for a client," and the same applies to others, even a medical man. Even a physician, if he is ill, generally finds it best to consult a professional brother; therefore, how much more important must it be that those who have no knowledge at all of the complex organism of the human body should do so, and seek the assistance of those who have made the physiology of life a study! Long life—and, still more, healthy life—is not attained by constantly taking medicine, but it is attained by regulating the daily routine so as not to have to take medicine at all, and this can certainly be done by proper diet and by carrying out the very simple laws of hygiene. Of course, some individuals are not born with the same constitutional power as others; they may inherit a weakness from birth; but if early life is survived, proper care and attention afterward will often, if not always, carry them on to old age. Nelson was a puny, weakly stripling, and many men who have left footprints on the sands of time were in early life anything but athletes. As I said in the early part of this article, we are at constant war with death, it is assailing us every moment of the day from the cradle to the inevitable hour when the strongest must succumb. As time goes on the human fortress becomes more and more open to attack, and more and more necessary is it to repair the breaches as quickly as possible. So long as this is done the fortress is pretty safe, but if neglected it must crumble into pieces at the first serious assault, even if this takes place before age and wear and tear has weakened the fabric.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

A PHILOSOPHIC defender of liberty the other day, in a warning addressed to the friends of strong government, pointed to the frequent miscarriage of political machinery even when most carefully devised. He remarked that the last thing the French revolutionists had expected of the Constitution which they so elaborately framed was that it would cut off all their heads. A less tragic but not less signal instance is the election to the Presidency of the United States. The framers of the Constitution after long and anxious incubation produced a contrivance which they thought would secure the tranquil election of the chief of the State by a select body of the best and wisest citizens. It is strange, and a warning for confident projectors, that these men, undoubtedly wise and credited with almost preternatural wisdom, should not have foreseen that the election by the people of a set of men to vote on a particular question would result in a popular mandate. Had they vested the election of President in any standing college or body, the effect might have been what they desired. When they vested it in a body to be itself elected for the occasion, the result was sure to be what it is. So thoroughly is it understood that the electors are mere bearers of a mandate, that in the case of Hayes and Tilden, when the election was doubtful, and party feeling ran so high that people began to talk of civil war, it was thought morally impossible that any one of the presidential electors should settle the question and avert the crisis by transferring his vote to the other side. The political aptitudes, the good sense, and above all the good humor, of the Americans make these enormous faction fights less dangerous in the United States than they would be in any other country. But even in the United States they are full of danger, as well as of the most angry feeling, commercial disturbance and loss. They draw all perilous questions which have already been awakened to a head, and they lead to the awakening for an electioneering purpose of perilous questions which might otherwise sleep. It seems scarcely possible that this should go on forever without

a crash. One crash in fact there has been already; for it was the election of Lincoln as President that caused the slavery question to explode in civil war. Yet change seems hopeless. Even such a modification as the extension of the presidential term to six years so as to make the conflict less frequent, with the abolition of that power of re-election which is apt to keep the executive on the stump, though widely approved and desired, is not likely to be brought to pass. There is nobody to initiate the reform. Neither of the two political parties has any particular interest in it, and that which touches only the interest of the commonwealth at large is practically without champions. Moreover, the people have become passionately addicted to the game. It is the grand political Derby. This is a more important element in these questions than is commonly supposed. Paley gives it as a serious reason for preferring popular to despotic government, that popular government is far the more diverting of the two. He says that if he were at liberty to lay out all the money which he pays in taxes just as he pleased, he could not buy more amusement with it than he gets from politics and political journals. But what was the fun in Paley's time and country to that which an American now enjoys in the delicious agony of a presidential election? The excitement even about the nominating convention is extreme. The Republican Wigwag at Minneapolis during the struggle between Harrison and Blaine was the scene of frenzied demonstrations and counter-demonstrations, which were telegraphed not only hour by hour, but minute by minute, to all quarters of the Union. Most conspicuous and vociferous among the shouters for Mr. Blaine was a bevy of fair ladies.

For five minutes (says the report), without stopping, the young woman waved the white umbrella and steadily screamed the name of Blaine. At first two women who sat on either side of the Republican boss of Missouri tried to check her enthusiasm, but her tremendous success with the crowd soon carried them off their feet, and while one helped to hold up her tired arm the other fanned her constantly. At the end of five minutes the wonderful

young Blaine woman, not satisfied with the row that was going on, opened her parasol and waved it round her head with amazing strength and persistency for one so frail. Immediately a thousand umbrellas and parasols were up all over the house, and all the lung power that had been held in reserve was brought into use.

Not that an American election to the Presidency is more dangerous or more irrational than the election of the Prime Minister in England, which a general election has now come to be ; which it has come to be even without disguise since the practice was introduced by Disraeli of resigning not to Parliament, but to the electorate. The House of Commons, instead of being a mere representation of the people over against the government, is now the government itself ; and thus at every general election government is thrown into the cauldron of a widely extended suffrage. This practice is attended by the same evils as a presidential election, including that of causing dangerous questions to be raised for an electioneering purpose. While this paper is being written, a whole set of questions most dangerous to the Empire and society, besides Home Rule, is being raised for no other purpose than to give the Opposition force enough to storm power. The same is the case in colonies under what is styled parliamentary government. The first aim of the constitutional reformer in England should surely be the restoration of the stability and authority of government by the abolition of general elections, now a most pernicious anachronism, and the substitution of some system by which the life of parliamentary government would be made continuous and free from convulsions. But who is there to undertake that or any other constitutional change, except the changes which are too surely made by the Dutch auction of factions bidding against each other for votes ?

To the two nominating conventions this year more than usual interest attached. In each of them there was a struggle between the thoroughly "machinist" section of the party and the section less loyal to the machine and more loyal to public morality. Both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison have probably done their best, each of them in his turn, to give effect to the principle of the Civil Service Bill in opposition to the system of "Spoils." Their power has been limited by the neces-

sity under which every leader of an organized party finds himself, and while party government lasts will continue to find himself, of paying the men who work for the party. But each of these has done enough to provoke the resentment of the extreme party men and the upholders of the spoils system. The machine and spoils section of the Democratic party, with Tammany at its core, found a leader and a candidate of its own for the presidential nomination in Mr. Hill, a man of preternatural skill in party management, to which he has devoted himself, and master of the machine in the State of New York. The machine and spoils section of the Republican party rallied round Mr. Blaine, who however was enabled by his immense reputation as a political leader to draw support from a wider and less equivocal circle than that which supported Mr. Hill. A large section of his party had convinced themselves that he was the man and the only man who could win ; and the pressure put upon him by this section probably absolves Mr. Blaine from any charge of treachery in suddenly coming forward at the last moment after what appeared a final disclaimer, though the event has shown that his sagacity and that of his prompters was at fault. Mr. Blaine is so able a man and has done so much for his party that the existence of enthusiasm about him could be no mystery. What has always been to me a mystery is the peculiar kind of enthusiasm which has existed. Let nobody accuse the American people of want of imagination when they can picture to themselves General McClellan as a young Napoleon and Mr. Blaine as the "Plumed Knight." To ordinary observers Mr. Blaine seems to have nothing about him suggestive of plumes or knighthood. He appears simply as a very high and typical specimen of the American politician. The only thing connected with him, at all events, that can be thought "plumed" is his policy of South American reciprocity, combined as no doubt it is with certain political aspirations for his own Republic. He is a first-rate speaker, but rather in a forcible and weighty than in a "plumed" way. He unites great strength and readiness to use it for the ends of his party, to a very courteous and sympathetic manner to all who approach him from whatever side. In point of manner he had the advantage

over his competitor, who had made enemies of some of the most active spirits of his party not only by his want, in their estimation, of loyalty to party ends, but by the coldness and stiffness of his demeanor. Nothing fails like failure, and there is now much dancing on Mr. Blaine's political grave. Those who wish to study his character and to estimate the man fairly should read his book, "Twenty Years of Congress," which has not been enough noticed in England. They will find it the production of an able, large-minded, and cool-headed man. In the chapter on relations with Great Britain there is, as might be expected, a good deal that challenges an answer, especially in regard to the conduct of the British Government toward the Confederate States; but there is nothing more jingoish in tone than were the speeches of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. In another part of the book, speaking of the settlement of the Oregon question, Mr. Blaine says:

Wise statesmen of that day felt, as wise statesmen of subsequent years have more and more realized, that a war between Great Britain and the United States would not only be a terrible calamity to both nations, but that it would stay the progress of civilization throughout the world. Future generations would hold the governing power in both countries guilty of a crime if war shall ever be permitted, except upon the failure of every other arbitrament.

There is no reason for doubting the sincerity of these words, and if they are sincere he who penned them can hardly be deemed an ogre of anti British sentiment, nor can his fall be justly hailed as a redemption from aggressive violence and war.

"Platforms," like Newcastle manifestoes and party documents in general, are drawn up not for the enunciation of great truths, but for a more practical purpose. That purpose is usually served to a great extent by an ambiguous comprehensiveness vulgarly termed straddling. In this the advantage lies rather with the party that frames its platform last, because knowing the ground taken by the enemy it can adjust its own position so as in appearance at least somewhat to outbid him. Both parties have "straddled" on the silver question. The object of both is to avoid committing themselves to what they know would not only be a vast fraud upon

all holders of gold, but fraught with confusion to commerce, and yet to avoid estranging the silver men and the silver States. Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland have to their great credit declared themselves in favor of honest money, but the Democrats as a party had committed themselves more deeply to complicity with the silver movement than the Republicans. In the early part of the session of Congress it was supposed that the Silver Bill would pass the House of Representatives, which is overwhelmingly Democratic, by a majority of about forty, and after passing the Senate also, which is Republican, by a very small majority, would be vetoed by the President, under cover of whose veto some of the Republican senators would probably have voted. But the general alarm of the commercial world, and not of the commercial world only, but of the vast army of military pensioners and all who had fixed stipends, produced such an effect on Congress that the Bill unexpectedly received what proved to be its death-blow for the session in the Democratic house. The wording of the paragraph in the Democratic platform, which affirms that the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal *intrinsic* and exchangeable value, is deemed by the friends of honest money more satisfactory—at least less unsatisfactory—than the corresponding paragraph in the Republican platform. There is little delusion about the subject on either side except in minds rarely gifted, as some minds are, with the power of self-mystification on economical subjects. Nobody who seriously considers the matter from an independent point of view can suppose that it is possible to make silver by legislation equal in intrinsic value to gold, or to have two different standards of value at the same time. The silver men want to have the community compelled by law to take their commodity for more than it is worth, and the politicians in general desire or fear the silver vote. That is the whole account of the matter. To avoid alienating the grand army it is proposed to insert in the Bill a clause enacting that the pensions shall still be payable in gold; this is a virtual admission by the framers of the amendment of the real character of the Bill. No silver man when the Bill had passed would take silver for gold in his own transactions. By issuing base

money and making it legal tender the United States Government would break the faith of existing contracts, as it did by forcing creditors to accept inconvertible and depreciated paper under the Legal Tender Act.* The Supreme Court has, unfortunately, upheld the power of the Government to do this. But there are not a few who believe that the judgment of the Supreme Court in this case was political. The spectacle of the two parties proclaiming that they dare not refuse to do wrong for fear of losing votes and of a selfish interest enabled, by playing on their mutual fears, to lay the community under contribution, is not edifying or consolatory to the friends of free government. But it is a spectacle which all countries under the party system exhibit, and to which the advocates of that system will some day find it necessary to turn their attention. The power of selfish or fanatical combinations, regardless of the broad interests of the commonwealth, and bent only on the attainment of their exclusive object to force legislatures to do their will by taking advantage of the balance of party, is an evil which of late has been disclosing itself, and to the growth of which, when the representative is turned into a mere delegate, it is difficult to assign a limit.

Both parties pay a nominal deference to the principle of the Civil Service Act, but it is vain to suppose that a machine can do without spoils. Who will work

for the machine without being paid, and without assiduous and expert workers devoted to the business how is a machine to be kept on foot? How, again, is a political party to be kept on foot without a machine, especially in times when there is no great question at issue to bind men together by their natural interest in it, and incite them to spontaneous effort? The machine and a provision of spoils by which those who work it may be paid seem to be the inevitable outgrowth of the party system, as the party system again seems to be almost the inevitable outgrowth of the system of elective government; for how, but by means of organized party, is any cohesion to be produced for the choice of representatives, or for any other purpose, among the innumerable and unconnected particles of political power? The world is now brought face to face with this problem, and will have presently to solve it or to move on some new line.

The main issue, however, in the coming contest will be Tariff Reform. On this momentous subject the line is now clearly enough drawn between the two parties. The Democrats "straddle" no more, they distinctly renounce protectionism as robbery of the many for the benefit of the few, and the imposition of duties for other than revenue purposes as a breach of constitutional principle. The Republicans, on the other hand, nail their protectionist colors to the mast, only qualifying their profession of the old faith by the addition of reciprocity which they owe to the comparatively liberal genius of Mr. Blaine, and which formed the plank whereon, in the great shipwreck of the last Congressional election, most of the survivors reached the shore. This is, of all American questions, the one which has most interest for foreign nations, and in particular for Great Britain. What the decision will be it is very difficult to say. The emphatic condemnation which the McKinley Act received in the last Congressional elections would naturally seem conclusive. But the feeling appears to have considerably abated. The interests favored by the Act will, of course, fight hard for it, while those that it has damaged are politically as well as commercially weakened, and commerce generally has adjusted itself to the new arrangement. This is a political advantage, which, un-

* I was once taken to task by a high authority for saying that the Constitution of the United States forbade legislation impairing the obligation of contracts. It is true that the express prohibition applies not to the Federal Government, but only to the States. But such legislation is prohibited to the States apparently as a thing evil in itself, in conjunction with bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws, things evidently evil in themselves, and the granting of titles of nobility, which is evil in a republic. Whatever is prohibited as evil itself is regarded as morally renounced on the part of the prohibiting power. If the express prohibition is not extended to the Federal Government the reason seems obvious: the Federal Government has nothing to do with contracts, which lie within the jurisdiction of the several States. Moreover, powers not expressly given to the Federal Government are withheld, and no power of altering contracts, or doing what the Legal Tender Act implies, is given. There can be little doubt in regard to the Legal Tender Act what was the real mind of legislators who had passed through the experience of Continental paper.

happily for free trade, is enjoyed by all protectionist legislation. It is, moreover, to be constantly borne in mind that the portion of American commerce affected by any tariff is comparatively small. The Union is a continent producing almost everything of importance except tea, coffee, and spices within itself. The bulk of the trade is between States, and the article of the Constitution which prohibits any States from imposing import duties is practically the largest measure of free trade ever enacted, and is the real source of the prosperity perversely attributed to Protection. The present protectionism of the United States is the survival of the war tariff sustained by the interests to which it gave birth, and by the party which carried on the war. But with the aid of patriotic sentiments and antipathies it gained an amazingly strong hold on the minds of the American people generally, and even now an economical reformer takes his political life in his hand if, instead of talking of tariff reform, he frankly declares in favor of free trade. That it is possible to enrich a country by taxation seems a proposition too absurd to be entertained by any rational being; but, as we know to our cost, the American people have by no means been alone in failing to see its absurdity. The great fact that protection does not really raise wages has begun to dawn upon the mind of the American mechanic, as the increase of the mechanic vote in favor of tariff reform shows. The professors of political economy in the universities have hitherto been on the side of free trade, and have consequently been branded by the protectionists as unpractical, that is, disinterested. But their allegiance to commercial liberty is beginning to be shaken by the growth of "Socialism of the chair." The question between protectionism and free trade, or, to speak more accurately, between protectionism and a revenue tariff, will be the grand issue in the approaching contest. The silver question will come second. If the United States embrace free trade, Canada must follow suit. Voluntarily, whatever abstract resolutions her Parliament may pass, she will not reduce the duties on British goods, at least so long as her Government is under the influence of her protected manufacturers. The protected manufacturers encourage the movement in favor of preferential trade

with Great Britain only as the means of diverting the mind of the people from reciprocity with the United States. Much of our "loyalty" springs partly from the same source.

The Democrats write economy on their banner, and the inscription may well be popular. The prodigality of the last Republican Congress was extreme. It is true that in the vast annual expenditure the army pensions counted for no less than one hundred and thirty millions of dollars, and that, while all deplore so enormous an outlay in private, no Democrat dares any more than a Republican to say a word against it in Congress. Even the Southerners, who are paying for their own subjugation, have as members of a Federal party the fear of the army vote before their eyes. But it is the obvious tendency of protectionism to increase expenditure in order that there may be an apparent necessity for taxation, since taxation without apparent necessity, simply for the purpose of keeping up the price of manufacturers' goods, if it is not too monstrous to be practised, is too startling to be nakedly avowed. The Republican leader in the last Congress did not shrink from saying that he considered public prodigality a good thing. Had the minister of a monarchy said this, loud would have been the declamation against the insolence of despots who shamelessly feed their extravagance with the earnings of a plundered people!

Another issue, and a tremendous one, is that of the treatment of the South. Out of the grave of slavery has arisen a question between races which a party government seems powerless to solve. A question between races can, in fact, be solved only by a power placed above both of them. The Imperial Government was able to solve, with tolerable success at least, the question between the black and white races in the West Indian colonies, because it was placed above both of them; much as the Russian Government, being supreme, was able to arbitrate between classes, and effect without bloodshed or disturbance the emancipation of the serfs, while in America the emancipation of the slaves could be effected only by a civil war. The negro in the South is now (and the Southerners do not conceal it) in a state of political suppression. He is not allowed to cast his ballot, or it is not

counted if it is cast. He is the political client of the Republican party, to which he owes his emancipation, and for which, if he were allowed to vote, his vote would generally be cast. To enable him to vote, the Republicans brought in what was called the Force Bill, giving the Federal Government power to guard the process of elections, with a view to the protection of electoral freedom. But any interference by the Federal Government with elections was viewed as usurpation, and the Bill becoming manifestly unpopular fell to the ground. The Democrats on their platform trample on its memory. The present Republican platform demands, obviously with reference to the suppressed negro, that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast a free and unrestricted ballot in all public elections; in other words that the Force Bill shall in some form be revived. But it is not likely that any such policy will be adopted. Whichever party may triumph, it is pretty safe to predict that the negro at the South will be left in his present state of political subjection. Nor are all his Northern friends disposed to deny that this may be on the whole the best provisional settlement of a desperate problem, provided that the personal and industrial rights of the negro can be preserved. But there is another paragraph in the Republican platform obviously relating to the negro in the South, which denounced "the continued inhuman outrages perpetrated upon American citizens for political reasons in certain States of the Union." The reasons for which the outrages are perpetrated are not really political, but social. In many cases they are acts of lawless and brutal revenge for rapes committed, or alleged to have been committed, by negroes on white women. But the lynchings of negroes are numerous and frightful, nor does the practice show any tendency to abate. In some cases the negroes have been burned alive. The other day a negro accused of an outrage on a white woman was tied to a tree, his clothes having been first saturated with petroleum, and burned alive in presence of thousands of spectators, the injured woman putting the match to the clothes with her own hand. It is obvious that that sort of thing must be repressed if the honor of the United States as a civilized nation is to be upheld, and the Republican

party alone can be expected to make even an attempt at repression. The Democrats enjoy what to them is indispensable, the support of the solid Southern vote, and on the subject of negro wrongs their platform observes a significant silence.

The Republican party is the more intensely American of the two, partly because it retains the tradition of the war, and it forms the principal seat of whatever there may be of national aspiration. Its patriotism and its protectionism in fact are closely allied. Its platform accordingly contains a reaffirmation of the Monroe doctrine together with a profession of belief in "the achievement of the manifest destiny of the Republic in its broadest sense." But the Republic is now so much distracted internally by the contest between the two factions for supreme power, and so much divided into local interests, each of which has a veto on national policy, that the pursuit of any object of national aspiration requiring a far-sighted and steady policy is almost hopeless. Toward Great Britain the demeanor of the Washington Government is likely to be the same whichever party may have in its hands the department of State. Both parties alike are influenced in their behavior to England by the Irish vote. If, on the one hand, a Republican President-elect signs an address apologizing for Irish outrage, a Republican Secretary of State sends Mr. Egan as minister to Chili, and a leading Republican senator palliates the Phoenix Park murders; on the other hand a Democratic President ostentatiously breaks the rules of international courtesy in the dismissal of a British ambassador, and his incivility is a tribute to the same power of evil. Democrats and Republicans alike have publicly voted for resolutions of sympathy with Irish disaffection in American legislatures, and taken part in the Congressional reception of Parnell, while they have alike acknowledged in private the violation of international decency which such intervention in the affairs of a foreign country involved. This subserviency of American parties and of the American Republic to the Irish vote is a bad omen for free institutions. But who can cast the first stone? What is it but subserviency to the Irish vote that at this moment has brought Great Britain herself to the verge not only of dismemberment but of social revolution? Did not Canadian

Legislatures pass Home Rule resolutions? Did not a leading Canadian politician, and one who has just been knighted for his loyalty, subscribe to the Parnell fund, and carry a vote of censure on the renewal of the Crimes Act? Do we not hear complaints of the same influence in other colonies, and are we not told that in Victoria the tariff hostile to British trade was first imposed by the help of the Irish vote?

We must not, however, ascribe too much to Irish influence, or suppose that whenever an American President takes what he thinks a patriotic line in diplomacy he has his re-election in view, and is pandering to the Irish or the anti-British vote. The British press unfortunately stirred up ill-feeling at Washington at the crisis of the Behring Sea negotiations by its comments on the Chili affair. It assumed that President Harrison must be appealing to jingo sentiment for an electioneering purpose when he demanded satisfaction of Chili. He could not be appealing to jingo sentiment, for the simple reason that no such sentiment prevailed. There was not the slightest wish to trample upon Chili. President Harrison is intensely, perhaps somewhat narrowly, American and very tenacious of his purpose; but he is thoroughly honest, and he was simply insisting upon what he believed to be his right. In the Behring Sea case again President Harrison was assumed by part of the British press to be indulging in electioneering bluster. But here again he was merely showing himself characteristically tenacious of what he believed to be his right. After all, though Mr. Blaine may have taken untenable ground on points of law, is there not something to be said from the practical point of view on the American side? An animal valuable to commerce breeds on the American coast. It is wandering in its habits and liable to be exterminated unless the sea is patrolled. Who is so designated by nature to patrol the sea as the power upon whose coast the animal breeds, and which is also the tutelary power of those parts? The seclusion and remoteness of the Behring Sea, though they do not make it a close sea, are a practical element in the case. Any separate arrangement between two maritime powers for a close season is as much a

limitation of the freedom of the sea as anything claimed by the United States.

When Englishmen resent the unfriendly attitude of American diplomacy, they ought to bear in mind that, irrespectively of Irish influence, there is a cause of constant irritation in the political position which Great Britain chooses to retain on the American Continent. Suppose, as has been said before, that Scotland were a dependency of the United States; that like them she were republican; and that she were openly cherished and abetted by their politicians as a nascent power of antagonism to England, and as an instrument for preventing the consolidation of the island and the extension over it of English institutions. Would not England be galled by the intrusion, and would not her irritation mark itself in the demeanor of English diplomacy toward the United States? Great Britain herself may never give any provocation to the Americans, but a Tory government of Canada under English protection may. The Canadian Government like other party governments must live; to live it must make political capital, and this it is sometimes tempted to do by pursuing a spirited policy toward the United States beneath the shield of the imperial country and at her risk. Ask any British ambassador at Washington whether he has not occasionally had trouble of this kind. At the last Canadian election the Tory prime minister of Canada and his colleagues made a distinct appeal to dislike and suspicion of the United States. Their followers of course improved on their example, and the platforms rang and the walls were placarded with insults levelled against the American people and their flag. The ministers afterward wished to disavow or explain away their offensive utterances, but the American Government had secured accurate reports. Were Great Britain to withdraw politically from this continent Anglophobia would subside and the Irish vote would lose its power. Petty questions such as that of the fisheries or Behring Sea, if they could any longer arise, would no longer assume an angry or dangerous character. If the British people choose to run the risk for the sake of the grandeur, well and good; only let them understand the risk they run, and, if the Americans seem sometimes unaccountably

disagreeable to them, let them remember that Great Britain keeps a perpetual thorn in America's side.

Both platforms contain fresh evidences of the power of the foreign vote. In both these are censures of Russia, the firmest friend of the United States in their sorest hour of need, for not allowing her whole realm to fall under Jewish exploitation; and in one there is a censure on her for her treatment of the Lutherans, intended of course to propitiate the German vote. The motive is too palpable to be mistaken; there is no clause in either platform censuring Turkey for her oppression of the Armenians, or breathing sympathy for any other foreigners who are wronged but have not a vote to represent them in the United States. The Jews apparently are fast gaining influence, and are likely soon to add America to the number of their conquests. They are getting American journals into their hands, and they have already got into their hands a considerable share of the wealth of the North and, as we are told, a still larger proportion of the wealth of the South. There is in some quarters a slight reaction of national feeling against their growing ascendancy; but money at present rules the world.

Some words in the Democratic platform, if they are to be taken as referring to Canada, seem to indicate a consciousness that the Canadian vote is becoming something of a power in the United States. There are now believed to be a million of Canadians south of the line, and they are still going over in streams. There is a large colony of them at Chicago, where the Democratic convention was held, and its platform composed. Of late they and the British in the United States have been getting themselves naturalized, which for a long time they generally refused to do. The British and Canadian votes combined must now be a not inconsiderable force, and should they ever become anything like a counterpoise to the Irish vote the effect on the demeanor of the politicians will soon appear.

The contest is likely to be close. The shrewdest and most independent judges appear to think that the odds at present are slightly in favor of Mr. Cleveland. They assume that he will again have a good deal of the independent support which he received in his first contest, though the special objections to Mr. Blaine

which caused a number of old Republicans on that occasion to turn against their party do not exist in the case of Mr. Harrison, whom nobody accuses or can possibly accuse of corruption. They must also assume that the schism between the Cleveland and Hill sections of the party, desperate as it has seemed, will be healed, as the most desperate schisms in American parties have before been healed, by party discipline when the day of battle comes. Perhaps they think that whatever weakness it may leave will be countervailed by the similar schism between the Harrison section of the Republican party and the Blaine section to which the most active workers belong. But they do not pretend that the result is certain. Allowance must be made for the disturbing influence which may possibly be exercised by sectional votes, such as those of the Prohibitionists, the Labor party, and the Farmers' Alliance; though as a rule these sectional votes have hitherto, when the contest commenced, been pretty well absorbed by the great parties, and have not played the important part which they threatened to play. The only thing which is certain is that between this time and next November there will rage over the United States a vast faction fight, attended by no small portion of the moral evils of a civil war. In the meantime a similar faction fight has been raging over Great Britain with instructive incidents. To win a party victory men otherwise most upright have been ardently supporting a policy which Bright said, probably with truth, that hardly any of them sincerely approved, and which they must see is, to say the least, not unlikely to lead to the dismemberment of the realm. Englishmen have not scrupled to accept the aid and sympathy of England's bitterest enemies. Social passions the most malignant and dangerous have been deliberately and systematically excited for an electioneering purpose. Christian statesmen have appealed to the hatred of the masses for the classes, and have labored as it seemed to poison the heart of society. Men who owe everything to culture have taught the people that intelligence is the inveterate enemy of justice. Men identified with property have pandered to vague hopes of public plunder. Promises of revolution ecclesiastical, political, and social have been used by men who can scarcely them-

selves be revolutionists as bribes to the ignorant portion of the electorate. It is difficult, in short, to see what will be left for the next faction fight to destroy. Un-

less the world can find some way out of party government, the next generation is likely to see serious times.—*Nineteenth Century*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW society, which has recently been formed in London, and includes many scholars of distinction, is called the Society of Archivists and Autograph Collectors. Some of the primary objects are: To band together for their mutual benefit collectors at present scattered over Europe and America, part of such mutual benefit being that it would facilitate the exchange of duplicate specimens, etc., among the members, by means of lists issued by the Society. To exchange views at meetings, to be held at intervals, as to the collection and preservation of MSS. To hold exhibitions at conversazioni either in London or some other large town. To publish a quarterly or half-yearly journal which might, besides recording the results of auction sales, etc., contain facsimiles of celebrated documents and MSS. To form a library accessible to members of works connected with the Society's objects. To compile a reference catalogue, as complete as possible, of the many valuable MSS. scattered about the country in private and other collections; and to form a permanent loan collection of MSS. and facsimiles which should enable country members at any time to have access to authentic examples of rare MSS. and autographs, without the trouble of coming to London. The subscription for fellows is to be a guinea a year, for members half a guinea, and for honorary members five shillings. The honorary secretary is Mr. Saxe Wyndham, Thornton Lodge, Thornton Heath.

PROFESSOR R. F. HARPER, of Chicago University, who has been spending the last year in England for the purpose of studying cuneiform despatches, will shortly publish with Messrs. Luzac & Co. the first part of a collection of the letters from governors of cities in Mesopotamia, addressed to Sargon, Senacherib, Esarhaddon, and Assurbanipal. The entire work will consist of six parts, the last two of which will be devoted to a general description of the contents of the letters, vocabulary, etc.

THE Life and Letters of the late Dr. Magee,

which are being prepared by the Rev. Dr. John Cotter Macdonnell, Canon of Peterborough, and formerly chaplain to the archbishop, will shortly be issued in two volumes. The volume of Speeches and Addresses delivered on various occasions by Dr. Magee is ready for immediate publication.

THE council of the International Arbitration and Peace Association offer a prize of £50 for a model chapter on "Peace and War," to be incorporated in elementary school readers. Papers may be written in any language, but the selected ones will be translated into French or English before being forwarded to London.

VOL. XIV. of Mr. Stevens's "Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives relating to America, 1763-83," Nos. 1372-1450, is nearly ready. The greater part of this volume consists of the correspondence of Lord Stormont, the British ambassador in Paris, a series begun in vol. xiii. With this series of letters are incorporated numerous papers from the French and other archives, the two volumes being in chronological sequence. The portion of Lord Stormont's correspondence covers the period of Dr. Franklin's arrival in Paris to negotiate for assistance from the French Government—an event viewed by Lord Stormont with great misgiving from his estimate of Dr. Franklin as a "subtle, artful man, void of all truth" (1386). Several further letters from Beaumarchais also appear in this volume.

THE Berlin Geographical Society has undertaken to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, by publishing a work descriptive of the MSS. and old maps in Italian libraries relating to the history of that event, written by Dr. Kretschmer. The accompanying atlas will contain thirty-one maps, now published for the first time. The German Emperor has given a subsidy of 12,000 marks (£600) toward the expense of the undertaking.

AN interesting announcement is that Mrs. Zelia Nuttall has been placed in charge of the Mexican department at the Chicago Exhibition, and that she is having copies made of

the most important Mexican mss. and other antiquities to be found in the libraries and museums of Europe.

THE archivist Dr. Henning, of Zerbst, is reported to have discovered in the town library of that place another batch of letters from Luther and Melancthon, which have special reference to the course of the Reformation in the Anhalt territory in general, and at Zerbst in particular.

THE Basilian monk Padre Cozza, one of the Vatican librarians, has found among the newly acquired Borghese papyri a codex of the year 854, containing a grant of territory at Ravenna, made by a certain Johannes de Nobula or de Novalo, consul or governor of the city, in favor of the archbishop who then ruled that see and of his successors.

At a recent sale at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms a copy of Dickens's "Strange Gentleman: a Comic Burletta," realized £45; and the first edition of his "Sketches of Young Couples," and of Thackeray's "Second Funeral of Napoleon," sold for £8 15s. and £42 respectively.

THE time has come when the popularity of Hendrikk Conscience is waning in Flanders, and the question is now under discussion in the Flemish press whether he was a genius or superior to his contemporary novelists in Holland. Conscience was himself the author of the tribunals which now undertake to judge his fame.

A GESCHICHTSFORSCHER-KONGRESS is to meet in Munich from September 25th to 29th. The chief topics of discussion will relate to the reform of the teaching of history in secondary schools, and the use of historical instruction as a preparation for public service in Church, State, and municipality.

THE Sultan has adopted a new measure with regard to his Arab subjects, which may have important results. Hitherto the Arab tribesmen have been left to their own devices, but a school has now been founded called the Ashyret, which is to be for two hundred students, four from each district. The course of study is to be for five years, and the pupils will thus have the same opportunities as other populations in the empire.

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE, hitherto the only college in Scotland for the university education of women, was founded in 1883. Glasgow University Court has now, at the instance of the Council of Queen Margaret College, accepted an offer made by the Council to hand

over to the university the government, the endowments present and prospective, and, with the consent of the donor, Mrs. Elder, the buildings of Queen Margaret College—the endowments and buildings to be reserved for the exclusive education of women, and the college to become incorporated with the university as its department for women. By this step has been secured the amplest fulfilment of the object continually kept in view by the founders—viz., the provision of a university education for women.

THE only society in Europe for the promotion of the study of the English language, that at Berlin, has disappeared. It was under the patronage of the Empress Frederick, the presidency of the Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg, and the vice-presidency of Professor von Gneist, and the eminent philologist and politician, Professor Dr. Carl Abel, was secretary. It gave way to the German Colonial Society.

FROM Paris comes intelligence of the decease of a voluminous author, M. Amédée de Bast, aged ninety-eight, and the oldest member of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

ELISE HEULE, the Bavarian poetess, died at Frankfort on August 15th. Her comedies have twice attained the honor of being "preisgekrönt."

A PRAISEWORTHY deed is reported from the capital of Hungary. Herr Brody, the proprietor of the *Neues Pester Journal*, has set aside, on the occasion of his silver wedding, the sum of 100,000 florins as a *Pensionsfond* for the benefit of the contributors to his paper.

A NUMBER of distinguished scholars at Leipzig have issued an appeal to the friends and admirers of the Germanist, Dr. Zarneke, whose death was announced last October, for the foundation of a Zarneke-Stiftung, for the benefit of students of Teutonic philology.

AUSTRIAN papers announce that a society, consisting of authors and professors, has been formed at Buda Pesth for the purpose of founding a "gymnasium for girls." The object of the institution will be to provide women with a general education preparatory to their joining the medical or philosophical faculty.

MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. will issue in the autumn a volume of essays by the late Richard Jefferies, dealing mainly with the agricultural laborer, under the title of "The Toilers of the Field." Five of these papers were contributed

to *Fraser's Magazine*, and others have been published since Jefferies's death in *Longman's Magazine*. An unpublished story of farm laborers in Wiltshire will also be included in the volume.

MR. CONSTABLE will shortly publish in his "Oriental Miscellany" Dryden's tragedy of "Aureng zebe," as a fit sequel to Bernier's "Travels," upon which the play was founded, though with considerable poetic license. The English version of Bernier was published in 1671-72, and "Aureng zebe" seems to have been first acted in 1675. Many passages in it reproduce the observations of the French physician at the Moghul Court. The edition will be illustrated (like the new edition of Bernier) with a colored reproduction of one of Colonel H. B. Hanna's exquisite Moghul miniatures, of a date probably somewhat anterior to the reign of the emperor who forms the subject of the tragedy.

UNDER the title of "Cairo: Sketches of its History, Monuments, and Social Life," Messrs. Virtue will republish in a collected form various articles contributed by Mr. Lane-Poole to their "Picturesque Palestine, Sinai, and Egypt," to the *Art Journal*, and to other periodicals. The materials have been thoroughly revised and brought up to date, and considerable additions have been made. A final chapter will treat of the admirable results of the English administration of Egypt.

"DR. CURTIS, the editor for thirty-four years of *Harper's Magazine*, and a high authority on educational questions, died on Wednesday last at New York, in his sixty-ninth year." And this is all that the *Athenæum*, the foremost literary weekly of Great Britain, has to say of a man distinguished in so many ways as George William Curtis; and what it does say is wrong. Mr. Curtis was never in any special sense a high authority on educational questions, nor was he ever the editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

MISCELLANY.

NAPOLEON AND WILLIAM AT SEDAN.—After Bismarck's departure—I resume my own notes—Napoleon, who was then out of doors, spoke a few words with his officers, and then for a time sauntered moodily and alone up and down the path in the potato-plot on the right of the cottage, his white-gloved hands clasped behind him, limping slightly, as he walked, and smoking hard. Later he came and sat down among his officers, maintaining an al-

most total silence while they spoke and gesticulated with great animation. Busch was among the onlookers, and has described the Emperor as "a little thick-set man, wearing jauntily a red cap with gold border, black paletot lined with red, red trousers, and white kid gloves. His whole appearance," to Busch's genial perception, "was a little unsoldierlike. The man looked too soft, too shabby I may say, for the uniform he wore." At a quarter past nine there came from Donchery a trot a detachment of the Bismarck Cuirassiers, which briskly formed a cordon round the rear of the block of cottages. The burly lieutenant dismounted two troopers, and without a glance at the group of Frenchmen or semblance of salute, marched them up behind the Emperor's chair, halted them, gave loudly the order "Draw swords," and then gave the men their orders in an undertone. The Emperor started suddenly, glanced backward with a gesture of surprise, and his face flushed—the first evidence of emotion I had observed him to manifest. At a quarter to ten Bismarck returned, now in full uniform, his burnished helmet flashing in the sun rays. Moltke accompanied him, but while Bismarck strode forward to where the Emperor was now standing, Moltke remained with the group gathered on the road. Half way to Vendresse Moltke had met the King, who approved of the proposed terms of capitulation, and intimated that he could not see the Emperor until they were accepted by the French commander-in-chief.

Wiping his hot face, Bismarck strode up to the Emperor and spoke with him a few moments. Then he ordered up the carriage which Napoleon entered, and the cortège, escorted by the Cuirassier "guard of honor," moved off at a walk toward the Château Bellevue, which lies nearer Sedan than does the weaver's cottage. The charming residence, bowered in a grove, overlooks the Meuse and the plain on which Sedan stands. The main entrance is in the first floor, reached from without by a broad staircase. The Emperor occupied the drawing-room in the central block, where he remained alone after Bismarck left him. He seemed ill and broken as he slowly ascended the steps, with drooping head and dragging limbs.

The armistice had been prolonged until nine A.M. The members of the council of war, which Wimpfen had summoned for six A.M., listened to that unhappy chief, as in a voice broken by sobs he stated the conditions ob-

stinately insisted on by Moltke. Two officers voted for continued resistance, but ultimately the council was unanimously in favor of acceptance of the conditions. Nevertheless hour after hour Wimpfen procrastinated. Before riding away to meet the King, Moltke had sent an officer into Sedan with the blunt ultimatum that hostilities would be renewed at ten o'clock unless by that hour negotiations should have been resumed. Wimpfen still hanging back, Captain Zingler remarked cheerfully that his instructions, in case of an unsatisfactory reply, were to give orders as he rode back that the German batteries should open fire promptly at ten o'clock. In stress of an argument so strong, Wimpfen accompanied the Prussian captain to the Château Bellevue, in the panelled dining-room in the ground floor of which, about eleven o'clock, the articles of capitulation were signed by Moltke and the French commander. Then the latter had a moment upstairs with his Imperial master, whom he told with great emotion that "all was finished." The Emperor, he writes, "with tears in his eyes approached me, pressed my hand, and embraced me. . . . My sad and painful duty accomplished, I rode back to Sedan, 'la mort dans l'âme.'"

The Prussian King, with his son and their staffs, had been awaiting on the Frenois hill the tidings of the completion of the capitulation, and now the great cavalcade rode down into the grounds of the château. As Wilhelm alighted, Napoleon came down the steps to meet him. What a greeting! The German tall, upright, bluff, square-shouldered, with the flash of victory from the keen blue eyes under the helmet, and the flush of triumph on the fresh cheek. The Frenchman bent with weary stoop of the shoulders, leaden-faced, his eye drooping, his lip quivering, bareheaded and dishevelled. As the two clasped hands silently, Napoleon's handkerchief was at his eyes, and Wilhelm's face was working strangely. Then the "good brothers" mounted the steps and entered the château. Their interview lasted about twenty minutes; and then the Prussian King set off to ride through his victorious soldiers bivouacking on the battle-field. He who was left remained in the Château Bellevue until the following morning, and then went away into captivity at Wilhelmshöhe.—*Archibald Forbes, in Nineteenth Century.*

THE JEWS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—These Christian kings and princes, who banished all

the Jews from their kingdoms, had not learned as yet how to exist without them. Commerce came to a standstill for lack of ready money. The Jews, living off nothing in their corner of the ghetto, working hard, planning acutely, adding son to son, had been so many reservoirs of ready money in the land. Their savings, fallen into spendthrift hands, were soon dissipated, and nothing remained. Yet there had never been so great a need of their commodity. Throughout Europe the terrible mortality of the Great Plague had been followed by a rise of wages, which, in two years, doubled the prices paid to the surviving laborers and workmen; and in France this crisis was aggravated by the tremendous ransoms exacted by the English from the captives of Crécy and Poitiers. The cry was gold! gold! and there was no gold. The king strove to parry the national disaster by creating a deteriorated currency, intended to answer the same purpose as the paper money of Italy and Argentina. The national credit was not strong enough for this expedient to serve. The result was an illegal premium on gold. The pound *tournois*, whether paid in gold or in the king's falsified silver, was officially of the same value, but the golden *tournois* was practically rated at about fifteen shillings of our money (double its intrinsic value), while the king's silver pound sometimes fell as low as fourpence. In vain the Royal edicts commanded the French to take no more than twenty of the new debased shillings in exchange for a good golden pound. Every shopkeeper had a different price for the man who paid him in the king's silver and the man who paid him in gold. This private illegal currency, although it could not attain its end, which was to restore gold to its intrinsic value, at least attenuated the evils with which the Royal currency threatened private fortunes. But it put an end to trade. No man with a bag of golden sovereigns, earned by his father, would put them into circulation, in exchange for a pile of trumpery tin medals, which, to-morrow, might be absolutely worthless. All through France, all through Europe, there went up the same cry for the divine yellow metal which had so magically disappeared. All the little princes of Germany and Italy began eagerly to recall their Jewish alchemists. And in France, after Poitiers, one of the first public acts of the Regent Charles was to invite the Jews to come and take up their abode, wheresoever they pleased, in town or village, throughout his kingdom.—*Fortnightly Review.*